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Press Opinions

About

The Imitator.

AS to the author, whoever he may be, he deserves the thanks of the reading world for his clever presentment of the new wrinkle in our National costume. It may do us good to see ourselves as others see us.—*Chicago Journal*.

The story is told with great skill, cleverness and wit. The author's language is irreproachable English. . . . The man who wrote this book . . . is fitted for nobler things. He is capable of writing a great novel, not merely a biting clever one. And against the background of manikins, duds, swells and generally unimportant personages who roam or dance through its pages shines one clear star. And that is *Jeanette*. She is as lovely and spiritual as a half-open rose. Nothing mars her absolute womanliness, her ideality and her strength. She is the most beautiful picture of a charming woman that literature has produced for many a year.—*Chicago American*.

"The Imitator" is decadent and artificial in spirit. Although avowedly a satire and an exposure of the evil and corrupt trend of New York society, with which, presumably, the anonymous author is familiar, the atmosphere of the book is unwholesome and repellant. . . . Considerable cleverness of style tends to make the story of the experiment more or less interesting in a way, but it is read under increasing protest. There is in evidence a deliberate choice of material which, save by the decadent school, is not preferred and, save by decadent readers, is not relished.—*St. Louis Republic*.

"The Imitator" is not elaborate in its construction, nor is its delineation of the personages dealt with in the plot of an especially exhaustive kind, but its style, though somewhat mannered and, here and there, a little perfumed, is good, compared with much that is written and commended. There is a tendency toward epigrammatical sparkle and poetical trope, not always well considered, yet now and then there is a flash of social wisdom or a perception of the beautiful in life that is very pleasing.—*Baltimore News*.

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Robert Louis Stevenson went into ecstasies over Marcel Schwob's "Mimes," and as for that, Mr. William E. Henley, who found a strange delight in the work, was an advocate for the Englishing of the original French. When the Greek terra cottas, known as Tanagra, were first seen, then there came to us some more certain idea of antique art, for in the little figurines there was no standoffishness, but that familiarity which seemed to arise from actual acquaintanceship. Marcel Schwob is saturated with the Greek spirit. It may be in Athens that the scenes, the incidents, the characters have an existence. There are beautiful girls, cocks, slaves, flute players, wine drinkers, and a wonderful description of the sailor, who passed beyond the Hercules pillars. . . . Marcel Schwob, bent on recapturing Greek life, forgets the world of to-day, and revels in the classic age. Laudation of the publisher, Mr. Mosher, has to be often repeated, for the books which issue from his press are past perfect.—*The New York Times Saturday Review*, December 14, 1901.

"Deirdre Wed, and other Poems" is also a failure, as an attempt to prolong interest in the somewhat hackneyed story of Deirdre. But that and all Celtic legends become immortal through the magic hands of Fiona Macleod, who is as much the queen of the Gaelic branch of the legend as is Mr. Yeats king of the Erse. If poetry is a vision of the imagination, this little volume of a hundred pages, entitled "From the Hills of Dream," is worth all others which we have been describing; and how easy it must be to write dreamy verse if one's cradle has been rocked by such a wondrous lullaby as this (*Invocation of Peace*). *The Nation* (N. Y.) Dec. 5, 1901.

Mr. Thomas B. Mosher is at his best in the production of this book. He has followed the graver old style, and the initial letters, in a fine red ink, are most impressive. There is on the pages with wide margins, the antique style of ruling. To sum it all up, "The Blessed Damozel" is a great little book, and to be treasured by the collector.—*The New York Times Saturday Review*, December 14, 1901.

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GOING TO THE THEATER.

BY THE DEADHEAD.

Never a man and a woman, married, went to the theater, or to any like entertainment, in truly Christian spirit. Look in their faces, in the cars, going down-town of an evening, and behold the blackness of hate. If they seem gay, note the nervousness of their speech, the almost hysterical gayety of their laughter. Look at them in their pneumatically-tired carriages, and you'll see the same condition.

Warfare is the normal mood of people who go to the theater, unless they be courting.

I defy any married man or woman to name more than four occasions when they went to the theater and arrived home without a quarrel during the evening.

Any evening you're at the theater just look at the audience and see the scowling between men and women who sit alongside each other. Often you can hear these people snarling at each other. That is, you can hear the men snarling. But the desperate intentness upon the stage, even though the curtain be down, the intensity of ignorance of the man's remarks by the woman, is more eloquent than the man's growls and grumbles.

Of course people in the early and imbecile and ecstatic phases of courtship wear that aspect of absurd joyousness at the theater, as elsewhere. They don't care where they are, so they are in propinquity. The going to the theater, with them, is only an addition to that exquisite agony they mistake for enjoyment. They'd think it a picnic in the furnace with Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. They are more completely swallowed up in themselves than were Core, Dathan and Abiron in the earth. They are not proper criteria by which to estimate the physio-and psychological condition of the average theater-goer. They are abnormal, for love is a madness.

I am convinced, most firmly convinced, that home towns are not good show towns, because of this peculiarity which I bring to notice. The good show towns are the towns with a large transient or floating population; people who go to the theater because they have nowhere else to go. These people must be amused. With intent to be amused, they are amused easily. This spirit in New York and Chicago makes the success of bad plays. Crowded houses greet the rottenest productions for months. The lonely transients pack into the theaters to kill the hours between supper and bed. They don't criticise. They applaud everything that mitigates their loneliness and so we have thousand-night runs of some plays that can't crowd a house one night in "the provinces." The big runs in New York and Chicago are the result of the "jay" population that shifts from day to day. The successful plays are not successes with the dwellers in New York or Chicago by any means. The big runs, therefore, mean nothing as to critical judgment. They mean, as often as not, successes with the most uncritical and uncivilized audiences that could be gathered together anywhere. The "yaps" from everywhere go to the theaters because tired of the streets. New York and Chicago are, therefore, the greatest "jay towns" on earth.

Here in St. Louis, where, very often, we do not appreciate good plays, we, invariably, do not patronize a bad play. The theaters are not crowded because there are not so many people who have to go to the

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theater or go to bed without being sleepy, or get drunk. The railroads have fixed it so that there are few transients in St. Louis. Connections are close between all trains and all roads. Our beautiful Union Station is a device to prevent stop overs and the expenditure of money by strangers. Everybody is, is shot through. No one stays over in St. Louis unless it is necessary. There is, therefore, no temporarily homeless population that must be amused, and that will desperately enjoy anything put before it. St. Louis is a city of homes and the homes are far away from the theaters. The theaters cannot be filled with the tide of down-town strangers as can the theaters in New York or Chicago. Which brings me to my point.

Home dwelling people are home-lovers. It is mighty hard sometimes to get a man home, but it is always hard to get him out if things be pleasant therein. A man gets home from work. He is tired. His wife is tired of being in the house all day. She wishes to go to the theater. He doesn't. Both are in no mood for argument. The man doesn't argue. Like as not he has bought the tickets, as per instructions, and brought them home. He submits sulkily. Women must dress, and Lord, how long it takes 'em! A man has to change clothes, shirt, collar, cuffs, etc. Can't find anything. Can't fix his cuff buttons. Thinks of something he forgot at the office, of something he intended doing that evening at home. He becomes rattled.

His wife is calm and cool. No woman is ever so deliberate as when dressing to go out with her husband. She talks to him unintelligibly, with her mouth full of pins, even of hair pins. All he can make out is that she doesn't like the tie he has chosen or the way he has tied it. The clock always has stopped.

Well, she's ready at last. No, not quite. His nose is shiny. She must dab it with powder and as he looks up to say something, —he's usually in the rocker,—she dabs him in the mouth and he sputters chalk all over himself and her.

There are four hundred and seventeen instructions to the servant, the gloves are remembered down stairs, the opera glasses, when out on the street. Then the tickets are in the other vest. Then the street cars are blockaded. This last is inevitable. I don't think they blockade to discommode theater-goers so much as to harass people who have to catch trains at theater time.

All the time the madam is serene, diabolically serene. She indulges in airy converse with him, who is calling up all his power to smother his wrath. "Dear," she calls him. He detects irony and mockery in the word. She tries to make talk. She tells him everybody is noticing him. "Damn everybody," is what he's thinking. The dime he gives the conductor is lead. He has to find another, all the car-load staring at him. He wonders if the heat in his face and neck is apoplexy. His collar is a size too small. His shirt front reminds him of a straight-jacket. And no man's dress suit ever was anything but too tight for him.

His wife seems more beautiful than ever, but he detects heartlessness in her beauty. She tells him his hat is a-tilt. She tells him he ought to put on his gloves. Finally she tells him he didn't use to act like this, once upon a time, before they were married. He thinks of the primping he has done to go and shine before people to whom in business he owes money. He knows they'll think he's "over his head."

And yet we wonder at crime, sui-and-omicidal.

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THE MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

The theater seats are cramped. The rack won't hold his hat. He can't stretch his legs. His wife says, "For goodness sake bow to people. Don't be a bear." As if he can see people, with his eyes turned inward upon his own misery.

Is it any wonder that such a man thinks that heroics are fustian, that sentiment is slush, that comedy is unamusing? Nothing short of Neronian massacres could ease his mood. He will not applaud when his wife tells him. He just sits and glowers and fumes and resolves to go home and smash all the glassware and crockery. He has a large content for his wife's childish susceptibility to the performance's moods and motives. When she laughs he shudders. When she weeps he wishes she were weeping for him.

It has to be a mighty fine show to shake a man out of this mood. It has to be a fine show that will tempt a woman to force her husband to undergo such an experience, when he wants to be home in smoking gown and slippers. This it is that makes her content to wait for the matinee. This it is that accounts for many empty seats at the best shows. And this is why the people in home towns, as a rule, do not take up theatrical enthusiasm.

The theaters do not suffer alone. Society suffers. Men must be racked in this same manner to get them to a reception, or a dance, or a dinner, or even to make calls. No person with business enough to get on his mind, or mind enough to get anything on it, cares to prepare for the ordeal. This accounts for the dismal nature of social gatherings.

Every man, worth anything, "funks" at a function."

Theater-going has become too much of a "function." It is needless to point out that the atoms of a floating population do not feel any of the agonies I have described. They go to the theater in their workaday clothes. They are unknown to the natives. They don't care for neighbors. They are as free as children of nature and they can give up themselves to enjoyment. They are not critical, or, if they are, they are lenient, even to the execrable.

The "Remnant," however—Matthew Arnold's miserable, masterful minority of "Remnant"—go to the theater in a mood to damn "Lear" and hiss *Bob Acres*, though Kean played the one or Jefferson the other. They bring a mood to the appreciation of a play that it is impossible to soften. It is a marvel that any plays are approved of.

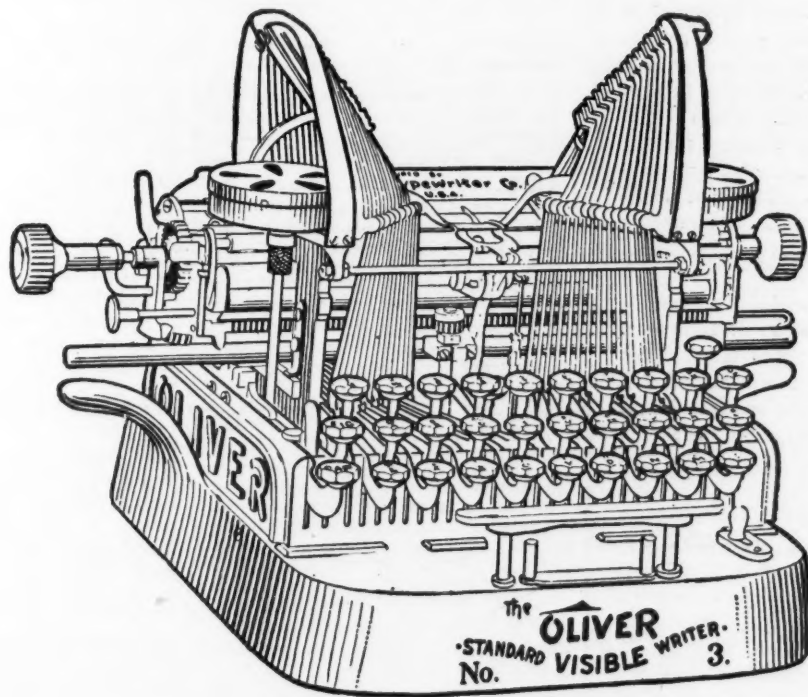
There should be a reform in theater-going. Lovers of art who like to dress and primp up should not set the fashion of doing so. I sigh for a time when it will not be "bad form" to go to the show in the clothes one works in all day, when the ladies even will go attired for comfort and not for style, when people may go to a show to see the show, not to show themselves.

Fashion is killing the theater, in making attendance an ordeal. Art cannot stir the soul if the body be miserable. It is largely the function feature of theater-going, I think, that drives many people to the easy abandon and negligee in which the continuous performance may be attended. It isn't the dollar or dollar and a half that keeps people from the theater. It is the hour and a half of making ready and getting there to sit through a performance in more or less stylish and formal discomfort.

Let us have a Society for Comfort at the Theater. It will do much for dramatic art, for it will put people in a frame of mind to enjoy art. It will make dramatic art—and indeed all art—a minister of happiness instead of, as now, under the tyranny of fashion, an affliction to the flesh and a sorrow to the soul the flesh contains.

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VI

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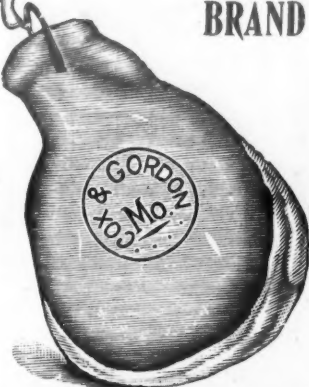
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The Mirror

PRESS ARTISTS' LEAGUE.

It may be said at once that this unæsthetic community has never keenly felt the lack of the artistic atmosphere of a local *Quartier Latin*. In one way this has not been regrettable, because that undefined and undefinable Bohemia wherein "atmosphere" (in another sense) is more important than ventilation, and sepia washes outrank soap dittoes, is no longer the ultimate ambition of the artistic fraternity. Indeed, there is to-day a decorous demeanor and sartorial primness about the painter and illustrator that suggests at least a speaking acquaintance with a bank account. The conventionalism of Philistia governs the artistic situation now to that degree that Fred Oppen, the creator of many ventripotent comicalities, looks like the cashier of a country bank, while Richard Outcalt, the president of the Press Artists' League, sells his photograph to tailor shops for advertisements, and John Wilton Cunningham, Paul Cornoyer, R. O. Anthony and other well known men of the brush and pen, have become so conventional in dress and manner, as to attract no more attention than the most ordinary wayfarer—there having been occasions, even, when some of these lights of Bohemia have been known to accept an invitation to drink with the erstwhile despised millionaire!

All of which is by way of introduction to the important announcement that the Press Artists' League is to give an exhibition by the newspaper and magazine illustrators of the country, in the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, beginning April 21st. The League, in a sense, an educational enterprise, having for its primary object the solemnization of wedlock between amorous art collectors and coy original drawings. It had its inception in New York, where its annual exhibitions at the Waldorf-Astoria are given under the patronage of such well known men as Andrew Carnegie, H. O. Havemeyer, Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Mark Twain, Seratons Platt and Hanna, Sir Thomas Lipton (who purchased more than a thousand dollars worth of drawings at the last exhibition) and other art patrons of national prominence. This black and white show will be the first ever held in St. Louis, and somewhere in the vicinity of fifteen hundred drawings—washes, pen-and-inks, water-colors and crayons, on subjects, political, sentimental, comic and otherwise—will be shown at the forthcoming display.

Perhaps civilization knows no vital necessity for a Press Artists' League, or an exhibition of original drawings. If Corn, Coal or Cotton be king, original drawings can hope to serve no better purpose than to act as jewels in the crown. There is no idea on the part of the projectors of the forthcoming exhibition of serving any higher altruistic purpose than to show the public the dignity of the work of the country's newspaper and magazine illustrators, as expressed in the best examples of their work; and also to benefit the Young Men's Christian Association by turning into the coffers of that institution a portion of the financial proceeds from the exhibition.

To this end many prominent citizens of St. Louis are taking an active interest in the affair. Among those who have already accepted the League's invitation to act as patrons are: Judges E. B. Adams, Shephard Barclay and Selden P. Spencer, Bishop Tuttle, Hon. Rolla Wells, Messrs. Reid Northrop, Charles W. Knapp, James L. Blair, C. H. Huttig, Charles Nagel, L. D. Dozier, Fred W. Lehmann, I. W. Morton, E. H. Semple, W. K. Bixby, Goodman King, E. C. Robbins, J. Charles Cabanne, Edward F. Goltra, Edwin Harrison, T. S. McPheeters, F. J. V. Skiff, John L. Mauran, Scott Blewett, Charles P. Johnson, Charles Clark and many other gentlemen of prominence. Mr. Homer Bassford, of the *Republic*, is acting as the League's treasurer, and the active management of the display is in the hands of Mr. George M. Baxer and a committee of assistants.

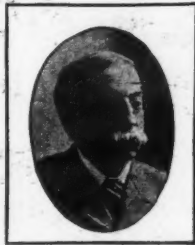
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Ladies' Rubber Goods.

A need—sorely felt in St. Louis—has been filled by the converting of our mezzanine floor into a perfectly private apartment, completely stocked with Ladies' Rubber Goods of every description including many novelties. This department is in charge of a trained nurse—thus insuring ladies ease and comfort in the selection of these articles. Our prices are, as they always were—the lowest.

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COMING ATTRACTIONS.

David Warfield will begin his engagement at the Olympic Theater Sunday evening, the 30th, in David Belasco's, "The Auctioneer." Mr. Warfield will, of course, be the center of interest. The character of Simon Levy will give him the fullest scope in the line of comedy which has made him so successful in recent years. Mr. Belasco has given his best endeavors to this production, supplying it with new scenery and a score of pretty girls. Moreover, he has brought together an uncommonly strong company. Among these the most important are Marie Bates, Odell Williams, Maude Winter, Eugene Canfield, Nellie Lynch, William Boag, Brandon Tynan, Helena Phillips, Harry Rogers, Horace James, Elizabeth Berkeley, Rachel McCausland, Georgia Randall, Cyril Vezina, Herman Lechner, Dorothy West and Ona Lowe.

On Friday and Saturday evenings, April 4 and 5, Theodore Thomas and his Chicago Orchestra will give the last two concerts, for the present season, at the Odeon. The programmes have been prepared to illustrate the most popular forms of orchestral music and will contain, besides a number of old favorites, several novelties never heard heretofore in St. Louis.

If the St. Louis musical public wish to hear Theodore Thomas and his orchestra next season, now is the time to demonstrate that wish by packing the Odeon for these concerts. The guarantors are perfectly willing to bear the expense of Mr. Thomas' visits provided the people of St. Louis wish to hear their concerts, but they do not consider their money well spent unless, out of a population of six hundred thousand people, at least four thousand can be found who wish to attend the performances. Therefore all those who desire to hear the finest orchestral music in the world should vote in favor of the return of Mr. Thomas next season by being present at the concerts to be given at the Odeon Friday and Saturday evenings, April 4 and 5.

The Castle Square singers during the coming week will present "Martha" and "Lohengrin" at the Century Theater with casts sure to do ample justice to the sonorous phrasing and

stately measures of the Wagner music and the arch gaiety of the score and story of "Martha." The floto opera will be sung on Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings and at the Wednesday matinee with Miss Norwood as Martha, Miss Ivell as the laughter-loving Nancy, Mr. Delamotta as Lionel; Mr. Carrier as Sir Tristan, and Mr. Coombs as the Sheriff. On Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening and at the Saturday matinee, "Lohengrin" will be sung, with Mr. Sheehan—the ideal English singing "White Knight" in the title role. Telramond will be sung by Winfred Goff and Francis J. Boyle will be heard in the dignified and sonorous role of King Henry. J. Parker Coombs will be the hero and Miss Ethel Houston DuFre will sing the important music allotted to Ortrude. The role of Elsa of Brabant will be sung alternately by Misses Josephine Ludwig and Gertrude Kannyson. Mr. Emanuel and the Castle Square orchestra, as augmented for the St. Louis engagement, will be heard in a Wagnerian opera, for the first time here, on Monday evening.

"The Trans-Atlantic Burlesquers" at the Standard, this week, are playing to large audiences. The costuming and scenic effects are above the average, and the musical turns, skits and acrobatic features are eliciting hearty applause. Next attraction, "The Knickerbockers."

The Germania Stock Company presented the great folks play "Der Meineid bauer," Sunday evening, to a large and appreciative audience. The songs were especially entertaining and well rendered. Wednesday evening Mr. Adolf Telcky's benefit was well attended. The offering, "Kabale und Liebe," was well staged and admirably played by all participants. Sunday, March 30, Mr. Willy Walter will be tendered a benefit, on which occasion, "Em Gemachter Mann" (A Self-Made Man) will be the attraction. Blumenthal and Kadelburg's comedy in four acts, "Das Mauernebunchen," will be presented.

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Orchestra of 70 Musicians.

Popular Programmes.

Tickets—Parquette \$1.50, \$1; Balcony \$1 and 75c; Boxes \$12. Sale opens at Bollman's, Monday, March 31.

"I don't understand why any wealthy gentleman should object to giving up his box at the opera for the accommodation of Prince Henry," said Mr. Cumrox, as he looked in the glass to see if his white necktie was on straight.

"It does seem a little inhospitable," replied his wife.

"Not only that. Why should he neglect

such a splendid excuse for not going to grand opera?"—*Washington Star.*

Do not fail to attend the Easter opening of the Day Automobile Co., at 1010 Olive St., on next Saturday, March 29,—will also be open all day Easter Sunday to visitors.

Several new style automobiles on display—with special features—everybody invited.

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THE BLACK CLOAK.

A thinly clad man, who was trudging afoot through a wintry and shelterless region, met another wrapped in a big black cloak. The cloak hung heavily on its wearer, and seemed to drag him back, but at least it kept off the cold.

"That's a fine warm cloak you've got," said the first man through his chattering teeth.

"Oh," said the other, "it's none of my choosing, I promise you. It's only my old happiness dyed black and made over into a sorrow; but in this weather a man must wear what he's got."

"To think of some people's luck!" muttered the first man, as the other passed on. "Now I never had enough happiness to

make a sorrow out of."—*Edith Wharton in the Century.*

He (planning an elopement): "And at twelve you sneak out of the house and meet me at the corner. I won't have a carriage, as we must be as economical as possible." She: "Oh, I've made papa promise to pay for the carriage."—*Tit-Bits.*

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Quit on the minute—*Pat*: "What caused the big explosion?" *Mike*: "Riley wuz carryin' a case av dynamite when the whistle blew."—*Ex.*



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Easter Clothes ^{FOR} Easter.

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A WORLD-INSTITUTION.

WITHIN the last ten years the industrial growth of St. Louis has been such that it is now the custom to express it either in the fulsome verbiage of the commercial gazetteer or the dry statistics of the trade compendium. But something more than mere superlatives is necessary to convey an idea of America's largest and finest beer-making plant, the Anheuser-Busch Brewery.

St. Louis has waterworks, we will say, commensurate, quantitatively, with present needs. These works can lift from the Mississippi River and distribute through the system of mains, approximately, when driven to their fullest capacity, say, one hundred million gallons in twenty-four hours. The Anheuser-Busch Brewery in one twelve-month of its existence converted that quantity of fluid into beer, barreled and bottled it and shipped it out of the plant, some of the product, within that year, going to the farthest confines of the earth and, in some instances, beyond the pale of civilization. Sixty million gallons of beer in a year is now an ordinary output for America's leading brewery and, as a matter of fact, the one million barrels per annum, a recent achievement, will certainly be excelled in the future.

Prince Henry of Prussia, early this month, said many handsome things concerning this country. In private speech he more than once remarked that nowhere in his travels was there a brand of beer to be had quite so good as that made by his personal friend, Adolphus Busch, of St. Louis.

Within the last decade the advancement of the Anheuser-Busch Brewery has been such that it is without a rival in the world. There may be famous breweries in Europe but there is none that equals the Anheuser-Busch institution and none that turns out a better product. We read a good deal about the ale plants of Guinness and others in England and about the breweries of Munich and other German cities. But ale is not beer, and no British brewing plant approaches in size or excellence of equipment this St. Louis concern, and while many of the German breweries stand in such close relation with the government that their prosperity is marvelous, there is not a brewery either in Germany or Austria whose output compares with that of the institution over which Mr. Busch presides, or comes nearer in output than one-half its number of barrels per year.

Mr. Adolphus Busch became President of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association in 1880. Some years before, he conceived the idea that the only way in which beer could be made a temperance drink, the only way it would more universally be deemed a legitimate dietetic part of the people's daily nourishment and not a means of social abuse, was to brew the most honest beer that honest material and honest manufacture, coupled with advancing methods could produce.

"Not how cheap, but how good," became the motto of the establishment. Mr. Busch knew that in the limitless realms of modern chemistry there daily loomed up new processes, new expedients, which, applied to the popularly mysterious art of beer-making, made substitution a comparatively easy and a certainly profitable matter.

Mr. Busch, a quarter of a century ago, declared that the only way to make the beer-industry in the United States the finest in the world was to adopt an advancing standard of quality. The beer of 1881, said he, must be better than that of 1880, and every year must show a betterment over its predecessor. He applied this theory and to-day the Anheuser-Busch Brewery is the country's model establishment.

Mr. Busch and his associates built for honesty, solidity, bigness and strength. No St. Louisan and no foreigner can stand long at the corner of Ninth and Pestalozzi streets and let his vision sweep over that terraced complex of red masonry that stretches to the west, the south and the east; he cannot long regard those fortress-like masses, feudal in their dignity and modern in their application, without being deeply impressed. The sky-line of the Anheuser-Busch plant, viewed from the Mississippi River, or from a nearer station, is alone one of the sights of St. Louis, and a nearer view shows that a fine economy was practiced in the rearing of those giant masses. Like the *burgen* on the Rhine, they are placed to last forever. The best-priced material, laid by the best-priced labor, directed by the best priced supervision, has

welded those walls of brick, stone and cement into a time-defying whole and they are thus a visible object-lesson in that true economy in building that permits investment in betterments instead of requiring large outlay in repairs.

And the betterments last year, the additional improvements made necessary by natural increase of business, involved an expenditure of \$2,000,000.

But if the frame of the plant impresses, the interior well nigh bewilders. Within those walls three thousand men from humble day-laborers in stable and wagon-shed, to famed chemists in the laboratory; stokers in the vast engine-room, reminding one of the delvers in the bowels of a man-of-war, to the army of expert accountants in the office, find well-paid employment. The atmosphere of the place is as urgent with the sense of competence and ability, as the air is fragrant with the aroma of the finest hops and malt on earth. The interior aspect of the plant speaks of a certain moving serenity. Though the daily output is twenty-seven hundred and fifty barrels of beer, brewed, aged, barreled and shipped, and countless thousands of bottles of beer, brewed, aged, bottled, stoppered, labeled, crated and shipped, and enormous quantities of special products, there is no confusion, no noise more than the whirr of the giant planer that converts the wood of entire forests into bottle-casings, or the almost human machine that fills, corks and wires the army of green glass vessels steadily marching toward it in never-ending phalanx. This brewery has the greatest electrically driven plant of machinery in the world.

Deeper in the interior of the place stand the brewing and cooling vats, enormous forms that, in the semi-twilight, look like the hulks of monster argosies resting on the shores of eternity. Wide, glistening tubes of golden copper connect them, forming a startling labyrinth which Nature herself will some time "take a day off" to improve upon.

Beyond are the malting floors, acres upon acres of cleanly-swept granitoid whose dun color contrasts pleasantly with the long, flat heaps of malt, closely watched by an army of men with sense of temperature who manipulate this precious product until it is ready for the kettles.

The perfect engine-room with its restless, patient power-giant, the marvelous refrigerating plant defying winter's blast and summer's heat in the output of its mechanical frigidity, the stables of the three-hundred draught animals in daily use, the acreage of cooper shops the wagon sheds, stretching out like barracks, the coal piles eloquent with stored energy, the miles of private streets and alleys that intersect the *carree* of buildings with precision, affording a display of order and cleanliness which, under an advanced municipalism, will be a public inspiration—all these are "the elongated shadow of one man."

In addition to supplying its own cooperage, the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company operates its own bottling, that is to say, glass-casting plant. This industry has developed amazingly in the Western country within the last few years, and the ceaseless activity at Alton, Ill., and in many of the cities of Southern Indiana, where natural gas is available, need only be cited in this relation. But even this steady output and its ready access was not sufficient to meet the requirements of the greatest bottled-beer industry in the world. There is not on the planet a greater bottle factory than this concern's.

In August of last year, Mr. Adolphus Busch was informed by cable, during his summer sojourn at his chateau, at Langenschwalbach, that for the year then closed the Anheuser-Busch Brewery had brewed, barreled and shipped out of the plant one million barrels of beer. These constituted what are technically termed the Brewery's "sales in wood." Its "sales in glass," as the bottle trade is called, amounted, in the same period, to over forty-two million bottles. This means that between one hundred and ten and one-hundred and fifteen thousand bottles had to be brewed, filled, corked, labeled, packed and shipped every day in the year of 1900-1901. The bottle-casting plant, exclusively owned and operated by and for the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company is taxed to its entire capacity in providing for this astounding "sales in glass" item. The company has its own ice-houses along river and lake, no system of refrigerating plants sufficing for its requirements despite the fact that it is constantly extending its lines of refrigerating cars that in mile-long trains carry its product all over the Union and to every big shipping port East, South and West. On Ninth street, south of Pestalozzi and due East, there are freight yards under the company's control that many a common carrier might

envy. Dozens of freight trains are switched directly into the brewery plant daily from there, the coal supply of the plant alone employing hundreds of men all the year round.

The business and private office section of the brewery reminds one of nothing quite so much as a government department building in Washington. Visitors are courteously treated and guides escort them all over the plant every half hour in the day, in relays; the aspect of the offices of the heads of departments, the thoroughness of all the appliances for the transaction of business, the impressive, not uselessly ornate elegance of everything, the ready access granted to all who have legitimate use for the time of the establishment—all these indicate, nay prove, the mastery of the man from whom the whole great institution has sprung.

Neither the State nor the Treasury Department in Washington has a more perfect system of communicating with its foreign agents than that of the Anheuser-Busch Brewery. The company has its men in every quarter of the globe. Its trade has preceded and followed the flag to the envy and discomfiture of all its competitors. Anheuser-Busch beer was sold in the Klondike by agents on the spot almost immediately upon the world-wondering gold discoveries. The same sterling article was sold by agents in Manila less than a week after Dewey scuttled the Spanish fleet. Then people of Farther India get regular supplies of the good stuff that is started on its long journey in St. Louis, and the big red letter "A," with its screaming Eagle perched on the cross-bar, has done more to make a St. Louis manufacture known throughout the civilized and semi-civilized world than perhaps any other one thing that ornaments the streams of commerce. There are sixty of the leading cities of the United States that have completely equipped Anheuser-Busch depots. Every one of them sends in a daily wire report and the telegraph department of the local plant has the constant appearance of the wire-news room of a big daily newspaper.

Up to January, 1902, nearly three-quarters of a billion bottles of Budweiser beer had been sold. This a twenty-year record absolutely unequalled by any other article, bulk for bulk, since the dawn of history. Budweiser is and will remain "the King of Bottled Beers" so long as its present quality is maintained, and Mr. Busch and his associates would rather go out of business than impair the worth of their product. Their Michelob, Muenchener, Faust, Pale Lager and Anheuser-Standard are carried on every man-of-war and cruiser of the United States, on every Pullman dining and buffet car, on all the leading ocean and lake steamers and served in every first-class hotel and club in the country and are in daily use, besides, on the tables of hundreds of thousands of the best families of the Union.

Reference has been made to Mr. Busch's work for temperance. That work was done by his development of the bottled beer business. He strove to get his product direct to the people and to avoid the building up of the saloon. This he has succeeded in doing. The use of bottled beer in the home has been a hard blow to the saloon everywhere. Its use at table has made for moderation in use. It has been put to the only legitimate dietetic use of alcohol, stimulation *after* work, not as an aid before work. It has diminished the evil of bar-drinking for sociability. The case of beer in the ice box has displaced the jug of whiskey in the closet. It has prevented men from leaving home for the saloon, at night, for refreshment. It has operated in every way to modify the appetite for strong liquors and to reduce the saloon evil to a minimum. Therefore, the great Anheuser-Busch establishment is in reality a monument of philanthropy as well as a great temple of industry. It is of this temperance work that Mr. Busch is more proud than of all his other achievements in his busy life. With his pride of that fact goes also the pride that he has been able to cheapen the product to the consumer without using materials that are ruinous to the stomach. That is a supreme business virtue.

When the English scheme to syndicate all the local breweries was first broached, the representative of that plan of consolidation offered Mr. Adolphus Busch ten million dollars cash to put his plant into the combination. Mr. Busch's reply was: "Your offer does not tempt me, nor would a considerable increase do so. The Anheuser-Busch Brewery is one of the things that no man's money can buy. Neither is my or my associates' devotion to our business and the splendid results achieved thereby, a purchasable commodity." That answer revealed Mr. Busch's secret of success.



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1—2lb. pkg. Ralston Hominy Grits
1—2lb. pkg. Purina Pankake Flour
2—12lb. sks. Purina Health Flour

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

THE PRESIDENT.

SO many letters have been received by the editor of the MIRROR from persons who read his address to the Knights of St. Patrick in response to the toast "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES," he has concluded to make those remarks the subject of the next issue of THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS. The Republic's excellent report of the address was not exactly what was said, for the speaker in actual delivery made changes inspired by the occasion. The demand for the address in convenient form is the on excuse for the issuance of the production. The MIRROR PAMPHLET to succeed the one upon "THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES" will deal, as has been announced before in this place, with "FRANCOIS RABELAIS."

The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are sent to subscribers for 50 cents a year, and sold at the news-stands at 5 cents per copy. The trade is supplied by the St. Louis News Company or its branches.

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THE RETURN.

BY W. M. R.

THE Spring returns, more sweet
Than e'er before.
The world's heart leaps to greet
The joy once more.

The blue skies are a smile;
Sunlight, a kiss.
Bland breezes, soft, beguile
To old-time bliss.

Life and the World are fair
To see, to sing;
But in the beauty rare
There lurks a sting.

Why is the Spring more sweet
Than any known,
To one who now must meet
The charm alone?

Why should the ancient spell
Of myriad years
Come now, with who can tell
What touch of tears?

O Spring, thou bringest back
All sweets save one,
Though brighter for this lack
That dims the sun.

The sum of all thy grace
Is only this:
Some hint in thy fair face
Of one I miss.

From out the dark and cold,
Bring back with thee
One who made life, of old,
All Spring for me.

REFLECTIONS.

Queer Democrat

McLAURIN, claiming to be a Democrat, has given his support to the great syndicate ship-subsidy steal. This action makes the people think much better of Ben Tillman, and inclines them to suspect that much of the "progressiveness" of McLaurin has its promptings in those amenabilities to inducement which the pitchforker thought he suspected in McLaurin's vote for the Paris treaty ratification. Any man claiming to be a Democrat and voting for a subsidy is about as much of a Democrat as Cardinal Gibbons is a Presbyterian.

City Beautiful

ALL those men and women who are doing so much gassing about the New St. Louis should show they mean what they say, by joining the Civic Improvement League of St. Louis. It will cost them only \$2 per year and they will have an opportunity to participate in the actual work of making the city a better place to live in. The Civic Improvement League explicitly declares itself out of politics. It aims to organize effort for material municipal betterment in all sections of the city. It

will co-operate with anyone who wants to beautify any street or enforce any ordinance for public cleanliness or comfort. Here's an opportunity to get in with people who want to put their dream of a city beautiful into actual realization. Here's a way to get the whole community interested in the city beautiful, in clean streets, door yards, fine houses, decorated open spaces, the banishment of sign boards and the clutter of walks with scrap paper. If you really mean what you say about New St. Louis and the City Beautiful, sit you down and send \$2 to Earle Layman, Secretary of the Civic Improvement League of St. Louis, 613 Century Building. Money talks—even for the City Beautiful.

Bryan and Cleveland

Mr. BRYAN always has the best of Mr. Cleveland in an argument upon Democracy, because Mr. Bryan has the majority of the Democracy upon his side. The people who voted for Bryan repudiated Mr. Cleveland's Democracy in 1896, and they who think that Mr. Cleveland's brand of faith is coming into vogue again, imagine a vain thing. It is utterly useless to talk of reorganizing the Democratic party by leaving Mr. Bryan and the Bryan ideas out of the party plans and policies. If such a thing were done, the party ticket at the next election would be lost in the shuffle. Mr. Bryan may or may not be "an afflictive visitation;" he is at least a fact and he cannot be laughed down or sneered away. He represents many new things, not known in Mr. Cleveland's political creed—things that a fair majority of the Democratic party believe in as a new gospel, and those things cannot be ignored. Mr. Bryan may not be nominated again for the Presidency, but he will name the nominee, and the man chosen will not be of the Cleveland stamp. In the opinion of the MIRROR, the Democratic party would actually fare better in the next election by reasserting Bryanism, with the extreme of emphasis, than by trying to make a straddle to suit those who agree with Mr. Cleveland. A daring set of men, in the present situation of the Democratic leaders of the West, would be wise if they would make their next platform as frankly Socialistic as possible and demand reforms that would be revolutionary if effected. Paltering with issues brings the party into contempt, because all paltering means only that the party is afraid to speak its mind and that it cares less for principles than it does for votes. If the followers of Mr. Bryan were given a chance to vote for all the things that lurk behind the Chicago and Kansas City platforms, they would make a campaign unexampled for enthusiasm. If they are put off with hedgings and dodgings they will feel that they are only being played with for the purposes of place-hunting politicians. Mr. Cleveland is not a Democrat, according to Mr. Bryan, and Mr. Cleveland's following in the Democratic ranks is less than three per cent of the total Democratic strength. There is no sense in the suggestion that the other ninety-seven per cent should allow the three per cent to run the party. There is no probability that any new issue can be made to take the place of what is called Bryanism. The party cannot get away from Mr. Bryan and it cannot get back to Mr. Cleveland. The party has become a radical party and as such, possibly, it fulfills a more useful purpose than it would if it again became a party with only such delicate shades of difference of opinion and methods as are to be found, let us say, between David B. Hill and Thomas C. Platt. There is no pros-

pect of new issues to obscure Bryanism. Outside of Bryanism, the other issues are dead. McKinley stole the tariff-reform issue in his last speech. President Roosevelt is nullifying imperialism by his stand for Cuba's right to free trade. Expansion is accepted by the country. The President's action against the Northern Securities Company is a more definite, more probably effective attack upon the Trusts than has yet been made, or even suggested, by any Democratic leader, outside of the advocates of government ownership. There is absolutely nothing left for the Democrats to stand for, except what is vaguely known as Bryanism. The party should stand for Bryanism more firmly if it expects to survive. It should even go to the extremities that Altgeld went. The conservatives are all, practically, in the camp of the Republicans. A few of them are still railing against imperialism, but they know in their hearts that this country cannot recede from its position in the Far East. They are mostly crying anti-imperialism solely to drown out Bryanism, and they encourage Mr. Bryan's anti-imperialism because they know its hopelessness and believe that its only value is its effect of shelving all the other issues, explicit and implicit, in the policies chiefly represented by the man from Nebraska. The vast majority of men calling themselves Democrats do not believe in any Democratic policies that are not identified with the general spirit of the Chicago platform. They must be held together or there will be no Democratic party. Mr. Bryan is the only man who could hold them together. Mr. Cleveland is absolutely without influence upon them. They would rather go farther away from Mr. Cleveland than go back one step in his direction.



The South and the Negro

THE Solid South is up in arms against the Crumpacker investigation of the suppression of the black vote in that section. The South is illogical. It wants the blacks disfranchised. Very well, say the Republicans; the blacks shall have no vote for themselves, but neither shall the white man vote for them. If the black man does not vote he shall not be counted in the population as entitled to representation. There is absolutely no getting away from the logic that if the South deliberately diminishes its voting population it must suffer a reduction in the number of representatives in Congress. There is no justification whatever for a condition in which one white man shall count in the South for as much as five or six white men in the North, and it is in the North that the issue will have to be fought out, not in the South. If the negro have no citizenship he should have no representation; no more, let us say, than the Indian. The South may govern the black without his consent, but the South should not attempt to govern the North on the strength of the suppressed black population. The South does not want the "nigger" to rule that section, but it wants the strength of disfranchised "niggers" to participate in ruling the North. When it is proposed that the South shall be represented in the halls of Congress on the basis of its voting population, it raises the cry of "force bill." The cry is a fraud. The Crumpacker programme contemplates no force whatever. It contemplates only taking the South's word that the negro should not vote, and allowing the South legally to disfranchise him; then the programme contemplates giving to all Southern voters just the proportionate representation that is allowed to communities in the North. The South shrieks loudly against our treatment of the Filipinos, but it wants to rule the negro by denying him what the Filipino is supposed to be fighting for. The South declaims against an industrial and political system by which a few men in the North are said to fatten upon the robbery of the many, yet the South insists that the chosen few in that section shall have a political power in National affairs based

upon the numerical strength of black men who are denied the ballot. They will not let the negro vote but they want to vote for him and use that vicarious vote of his against the white men in the North. That the white man in the North should protest against this seems absurd to the South, but if the South is to be represented on a basis of a population that has no vote it might as well be represented on the basis of the number of horses, sheep, cows or other cattle, and thus make the dumb brutes in that section the equivalent of white men in the North. The South contended it could bring slaves into new territory, prior to the compromise, just as white men brought their cattle, but it wanted to vote on the strength of its slaves and it would not allow the immigrant from the North to vote on the strength of his cattle or any other chattel. The South's contention is the same to-day as then. It is not necessary to say that the South's attitude is unjust to the negro. It is now admitted, seemingly, at least, that the South must be permitted to handle the race question in its own way, but it is not admitted, and it never will be admitted, that a voteless black in the South shall be as much of a force in directing this Nation's affairs as an intelligent, voting, white citizen in the North. That the South should be made to abide by the "one man one vote" idea is only justice. It should abide by the reverse proposition of "one vote, one man." The National government does not propose to force the South to give the negro a vote. It does propose that the negro without a vote shall not have equal voice with the white man who has a vote in the other sections of the country.



The Boers' Victory

RUMORS of peace negotiations between the British and the Boers are gladly welcomed by the world. There is a universal hope that peace will soon be arranged. The further prosecution of the war would only be a continuance of British blundering and Boer sacrifice. As the war now stands it seems that Great Britain has lost the game. Whatever the terms of peace may be, it seems certain that Great Britain can only succeed in holding South Africa longer by such concessions to all the people there as will give that region, finally, even more independence than is possessed by Canada and Australia. The fact is demonstrated that against anything like a popular uprising England could not hold South Africa, that it would be lost as surely and in much the same way as the thirteen States of the American colony were lost in 1776. It seems certain that, eventually, the hold of the British on South Africa will be loosened as a result of the splendid stand made by the Boers. The people of South Africa have seen that British power is pitifully weak against an almost ridiculously small force, and it were folly to ignore the fact that the recent display of British weakness will be a standing invitation to adventurous spirits to start an uprising to wrest South Africa from the Empire. The other colonies have been England's temporary salvation in this war, because the war was against "the Dutch," but if ever there shall come an uprising of the English-born it is doubtful if Canada and Australia would take up arms against their brethren. The passing of Cecil Rhodes, which is inevitable, even though he should not die of his present illness, may make for peace in South Africa, for most of the trouble there has been due to his ambition to write his name all over the map of that section. With Rhodes out of the question it is practically certain that the British will be at a greater disadvantage than ever before, because, whatever else may be said of that man, he is a man of large brain and great force of character. He was great enough to bring about the war, however unjustly he proceeded, and it was his organization that prevented the spread of the Boer uprising. There is no doubt that Rhodes had a dream beyond the mere establishment of British su-

premacy in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. There was back of his move upon Johannesburg the idea of another United States, with Rhodes as a sort of dictator-president, and all the Cape Colony and other territory to be called, as one vast territory is now, Rhodesia. Rhodes dreamed once of independence, and so intimated to Mr. W. T. Stead as far back as 1894. Events turned out so that the attack upon the Boers had to be made in the name of the Queen and the Empire, but it is doubtful if the dream of independence ever wholly vanished from his mind or from the minds of thousands of others who were forced, finally, by circumstances, to push the Jamison raid to its conclusion in the cause of the Empire. In this view of the matter the Boer war has served to keep the loyalty of British South Africa vital for a time, but the story of the Boer war has shown that a rising, at any time, for South African independence must almost necessarily be successful. England has demonstrated, to all practical intents and purposes, her inability to hold South Africa against any considerable force. There is no way, then, by which England can maintain supremacy in South Africa except by making concessions of the most sweeping character whenever demanded by the people. The threat of Cape Colony to imitate the example of the Boers will, in future, secure anything that Cape Colony may desire. The Boers, therefore, even though they may technically have suffered defeat, have, in fact, gained a great triumph. They have, as certainly as the sun shines, prepared the way for the eventual realization of the hope of "South Africa for the South Africans." Some future leader with the nerve of Rhodes will lead South Africa to absolute independence, and every shot fired by the Boers, from Majuba Hill to the capture of Methuen, will have contributed much to that event. Great Britain has lost South Africa. It has been shown how easy it will be for South Africa to break away when it determines to do so, and the experience of Great Britain with a handful of Boers, for the past four years, has been such that, eventually, Great Britain must prefer to let South Africa "go in peace" rather than risk a more colossal humiliation than has been meted out to her by the Boers. Whatever the people of Cape Colony may ask in future, that they will receive, even unto absolute independence. The Boers have made it plain that Great Britain is unable to hold any of its colonies against their will.



Books and Other Things

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE continues to dispense libraries with both hands every hour of every day, except Sunday. Mr. Carnegie undoubtedly is doing a good work, and what he thinks is the best work, but he is somewhat too insistent that his is the greatest work in the world. Education is not necessarily the best thing in the world, and providing books for people to read will not, of necessity, make men wise, or gentle, or successful. Without disparagement of Mr. Carnegie's beneficence, it may be asserted that people need something more than books to make them happy in this world. There are numberless people who, under existing conditions in this country, cannot find time to enjoy the books that Mr. Carnegie intends to store up for his fellow countrymen. There are people in all the big cities who want work and bread before they want books. Furthermore, there are many evils to flow from unrestricted reading, evils that we cannot now more than surmise. Reading without fundamental training of the mind beforehand is certain to breed many wild theories and much trouble. There is no greater danger threatening the country than that of imperfect self-education. Many libraries will enable many persons to obtain access to books, but this is not wholly and absolutely good. Without being anxious to pose as a reactionary, the MIRROR must assert that there are innumerable indications in the life of to-

day that already the people of this country may be said to read too much and to think too little. There is too much so-called literature, that does no one any good, on the shelves of most of the existing libraries. The enormous amount of reading indicated in the circulation of a great many works of fiction of to-day is not a good sign. Most of the "best selling books of the week" are books that give false views of life and are not conducive to well-ordered thinking. The people are devouring a mass of fiction, very little of which is first class, most of which is uninstructional, much of which is neurotic and some of which is mephitic. There is vomited upon the people, daily, stupendous volumes of ill-digested thought and flagrantly distorted views of life. That this sort of reading may leave a deposit of evil in the mind is a proposition neither to be denied nor disputed. Any reading is better than no reading, but the question is not of a choice between any reading and no reading. The question is whether the establishment of so many Carnegie libraries is the great boon that Mr. Carnegie imagines it to be, without qualification. To be sure, Mr. Carnegie says he would have no volume on library shelves less than three years old, but the craze for the up-to-date product in everything is not one that the Carnegie libraries can stem. The Carnegie libraries will have to be very carefully managed indeed to prevent their being made the media for the distribution of literature that will weaken and possibly debase the popular intelligence and shatter the public nerves. The MIRROR would not have Mr. Carnegie quit giving away libraries—not at all. It would simply suggest that there are aspects of mere reading that are not wholly and absolutely beneficial to a nation. The man who gives the people access to books is a benefactor, but there are other things that come before books. It would be well for this country if it could be assured that every child thereof should receive such a grounding in education as would enable it to use intelligently, later in life, the Carnegie libraries. It would be well for this country if it were made more certain that children would be permitted to go farther in public school education than they now go, on the average, instead of leaving the class-room for the store and factory at from eleven to fourteen years of age. If they might do this they would be much better fitted to use wisely, later, the Carnegie libraries. If it were rendered much more likely that young men would have a chance in life, better than they now have, against vast combinations and against the absorption of opportunity by the bestowal of privileges, they might more wisely use the Carnegie libraries to the attainment of a moderate culture. The betterment of the people is, of course, measurably promoted by the Carnegie libraries, but the access to books is not apt to be sought in the future, so much as men like Mr. Carnegie seem to think, when, all the time, the struggle for existence grows more desperate. Men want, first, a better chance to live. After that they may want a better chance to familiarize themselves with the sayings of "the dead but sceptered sovereigns who still rule our spirits from their urns." Men want justice before they want charity. Men want their share in the wealth that a governmental policy has taken from them to give to the man who embarrasses them with libraries, or with other gifts. Mr. Carnegie's gifts are splendid and they will undoubtedly do much good, but a greater good that men like Mr. Carnegie could do, but will not do, is to make war upon the growth of a system which builds up vast fortunes from the tax upon the millions of consumers. Mr. Carnegie may give libraries and libraries and yet again libraries, but he would do better were he to show his countrymen that all he has given, or may give, in largess of many kinds, is not a drop in the bucket compared with the sums which, taken from the people

in tariff taxes, has made him the golden colossus that he is. Give the people a chance to live and they will find chances to learn. Narrow their opportunities, shackle them to necessity and make them vassals of a government-aided oligarchy and what are books to them, but treasures they cannot find time to look upon? Let us honor Mr. Carnegie, by all means, for what he does and for what he thinks he is doing, but let us not forget that Mr. Carnegie's vast fortune stands as much for privilege as it does for his own efforts, and that that privilege stands for something taken from the people, for which all his libraries are not a reparation. Mr. Carnegie is only one of the mighty class that is now showing a tendency to ease its conscience by returning to the people, in ways more or less effective, the profits raped from them by favoritism in taxation. Let us remember that if the people are granted "equal opportunity under the law" they will be able fully to educate and save themselves without the charity of millionaires. This may have a suspicious sound, as of "anarchy," to some people, but it is true, everlastingly and unalterably true. Libraries will do the people no good so long as the country and the States and the cities continue to enact laws giving to men like Mr. Carnegie the right to tax their fellow-citizens, the right to use the property of their fellow citizens without just compensation, the right to use the values created by society's concentration for the benefit of the few. We cannot have too many libraries, but let us beware that the growth of our system of privilege does not make for us a class of people inured to dependence upon the bounty of millionaires for bread as well as for books.



World's Fair Publicity

WE hear a great deal about the publicity cure for the evils of trusts and of public-service corporations. Why would it not be a good thing for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Company to publish a statement of the persons drawing salaries, what they draw the salaries for, what the salaries are, etc.? If this were done we should then know just to what extent the patronage is being, or has been, bestowed for family and political reasons, how many sons and sons-in-law, or brothers-in-law, of how many directors are drawing fat salaries, how many political bosses in various States are taken care of through the employment of their relatives, and all that sort of thing. We should then be able to tell just how close a corporation, politically, and socially, and financially, our World's Fair has become. Such information would be much more interesting than the "flimsy" flubdub that is now sent out by the Fair management. Is this suggestion offensive? Well, hardly. The whole people are stockholders in the World's Fair. They have a right to know how their money is being expended and by whom and upon whom. They have a right to protest against nepotism, and against the use of the patronage of the Fair to pay political debts—if such abuses exist. The World's Fair management has given the people no information whatever on the points mentioned. It has made brief general statements as to finances, but the roster of salary-pulling appointees has never been fully published, and it should be published. The World's Fair management is operating too much in the dark. It resents inquiry. It calls criticism "treason." The Governor of Missouri is snuffed out as a nobody, because he thinks the Fair cannot be held in 1903. All anybody can get from the inner circle is a snub. Even the directors are given to understand that they are expected to ask no questions, but do as they are told. Meanwhile the work of getting the Fair in readiness is not advancing perceptibly. There are but thirteen months to get the Fair buildings up and the exhibits in them. There are several buildings now under way down town in St. Louis, each one of which, and all of which together, do not constitute such a building prob-

lem as is presented by the Fair, and not one of which has been or could be completed in a year. The whole World's Fair cannot be built in less time than it has taken to put up the Bank of Commerce Building or the Mercantile Trust Building, except upon a basis of expenditure that would almost exhaust the Fair's funds in building alone. The World's Fair Management has made a mistake in not proclaiming a postponement of the Fair six months ago. The Fair cannot possibly be held in 1903 and be a World's Fair. Mr. W. H. Thompson says the World's Fair will not be postponed until he says so. Mr. Thompson is a strong man; deservedly do his fellow magnates defer to his opinion, dictatorial though it be. He has been the nerve and backbone of the Fair movement, the supreme pusher of work. Nevertheless, Mr. Thompson is not superior to time, and he is no *Aladdin*. It is time for him to say that the Fair will be postponed. Such an announcement will not prevent the paying up of subscriptions or the appropriation of money by State Legislatures. The subscriptions that are backward will continue to be backward, and the Legislatures that have delayed, are delayed, for the most part, until the first of next year, anyhow. There is now no further reason for maintaining the pretence of holding the Fair in 1903 upon anything like an adequate scale. The time has arrived to disclose the facts and the time has arrived for Mr. Thompson and his associates of the inner circle to tell the people something about the manner in which the people's millions are being expended. It is insultingly absurd that the magnates should say that no one has a right to know anything of the World's Fair's inner workings except those who can put up \$10,000 for a place upon the directory. The World's Fair is not a private corporation. The World's Fair is not Mr. W. H. Thompson's Fair. The World's Fair is not an institution to provide fat berths for an army of relatives and political friends of certain conspicuous directors. The sooner the gentlemen of the World's Fair inner circle recognize all these facts, the sooner they will find the country at large ready to support the Fair with enthusiasm.



Miss Roosevelt

LAST Sunday's papers contained a long story to the effect that Miss Alice Roosevelt is to marry the son of the German Emperor. On its face the story is so absurd as to call for little comment, although it must be said that the narrative would seem to be malicious. It could only have been prompted by a desire to injure the President in the opinion of people who have a fear of "entangling alliances" with Europe. Besides being silly as to conception, and malicious as regards the President, the article was cruelly insulting to the President's daughter. The suggestion that she marry a Prince who might put her aside "for reasons of State" is wantonly offensive. The suggestion that this daughter of a thoroughbred American President, and a thoroughbred American herself, is to be united in marriage to a man she never saw, and in the face of all that is known of royal marriages to those not of royal line, is positively brutal. Miss Roosevelt has given no one any cause to write of her in such a fashion. She has not done anything to justify any intimation of snobbish ambition, such as has been ascribed to her by indirection. She is a modest girl, who has deported herself with exquisite seemliness in high station, and it seems a shame that any American writer should lend his pen to such aspersions upon her sense and such intrusions upon her delicacy of feeling as are manifest in the story of a possible marriage between her and the Kaiser's son. As an underhanded attack upon the President the story is not justifiable, because it is so utterly impossible. Of all men in the United States, Theodore Roosevelt is the last who could be most remotely suspected of harboring ambitions for a union of his family with royalty. What-

The Mirror

ever other faults Theodore Roosevelt may have, he is an American, without capitulation or compromise; American in politics, American socially, American in his regard for womankind. To intimate that he is, even possibly, a party to any such scheme as the marriage referred to, is almost insanity. Still Theodore Roosevelt can stand even such forms of insidious attack. They defeat their purpose. But this particular exhibition of journalistic romancing about Miss Roosevelt is a new form of foulness, especially atrocious because of the circumstance that the bespatterment of it is anonymously conducted. Miss Roosevelt should be treated with as much respect as any other American girl. No one should undertake publicly or privately to intimate her readiness to enter upon any marriage, to say nothing of the insinuation that she is party to negotiations for a morganatic alliance. Such familiarity of handling the feelings of a girl, such rudeness of intrusion upon her privacy, and such brutality of alleged revelations of her character, in the article under consideration, make up what must rank as easily first among all the unspeakable feats of modern progressive journalism. To realize the nature of the offense let any father try to imagine what he would feel if a newspaper announced that his daughter was to contract an alliance with a prize-fighter, or an idiot, or a notorious crook. Not that the Emperor's son is either an idiot, a ruffian, a *roue*, a crook or anything of the sort. That is not the point of offense. The insult lies in the ingenious presentation of the imaginary devices by which the marriage of the President's daughter to the Emperor's son might be made valid at the Emperor's court. We are to have laws to protect the President's life. Surely there would seem to be need of some method whereby the privacy of the President's family could be secured against invasion, and not only the President's family, but all families. There should be something done to save the women and girls of the country from those forms of newspaper exploitation which profess to probe their most secret thoughts and lay bare the most sacred emotions of their hearts. It is not because Miss Roosevelt is her father's daughter that the newspaper stories about her are resented, but because she is a girl and because a girl should not be dragged forth from her natural maidenly reserve and publicized like an actress making advertising capital out of marriages and rumors of marriage, that all right-thinking people are grieved over her treatment in the sensational articles about her that have been recently multiplying. The girl and her parents have the sympathy of all the people of the country, outside of the offices of the yellow journals. If the articles about Miss Roosevelt are a part of politics, then politics is baser than ever before. If such articles are enterprise, then newspaper enterprise can go no further in violation of the sanctity of the home and of individual reserve. It is possible that such stories are thoughtlessly written and printed. But thoughtlessness that so vilely affronts and cruelly wounds persons innocent of anything calling for comment, is a crime more vicious than mayhem or murder.

For the Supreme Court

MISSOURI'S Supreme Court has decided that the peaceful boycott is not lawless. The decision may or may not be good law. But right now it is politics. It is put forth to make the people forget that the Supreme Court of this State is a corporation engine, not less than a political machine. The Supreme Court of Missouri is selected, elected and controlled by the corporations. Even now the corporations have chosen the Democratic slate for Supreme Justices, and they have turned down that simple, good man, Judge Valliant, because he is not a corporationist. They have united in support of the learned but too ingenious Sherwood. The Supreme Court of Missouri never gives a corpora-

tion the worst of it in conflict with the State. The Supreme Court stands so low in men's estimation that corporations regularly employ as attorneys men who are lawyers only by courtesy but political bosses in fact to represent them in that court. The lobbyist is more influential as a pleader than the ablest lawyer. The man who can deliver nominations can always get decisions. The decision of the court can always be depended upon to be in harmony with the views of the leaders of the Democratic Central Committee. If a man with corporation influence in politics undertakes a case he has no difficulty in getting the court to go so far even as to reverse two former decisions rendered in the same case prior to the corporationist politician's engagement in the case. Never does the Supreme Court of Missouri render a decision that interferes in the slightest degree with the Democratic schemes to make every election a "cinch." Never does the Supreme Court of Missouri decide a case in such a way as to put Democrats out of jobs. Never has the Supreme Court of Missouri sent a ballot-box stuffer to the penitentiary. Its decisions are always discounted in advance in the brokers' offices of St. Louis and Kansas City. If one knows just how about half a dozen politicians and financiers stand on any given case before the Supreme Court, that person can forecast the decision. If one knows what the Democratic machine wants, one knows what the Supreme Court of Missouri will give. This being the case, it would be well for the people of Missouri to watch closely the nominations for Supreme Justices this year, and, if the present plan of sending to Jefferson City men to take care of the corporations and the machines be pursued further, to defeat the Democratic Supreme Court ticket. The time has arrived when the people of Missouri should wipe out the disgrace of a supreme tribunal that everlastingly plays politics and that invariably takes the corporation view in every issue between the corporations and the State, save when, as in the case of the beer inspection law, the party in power thinks the corporations should be made to "cough up" large gobs of fees.

About Love

ELSEWHERE in this issue of THE MIRROR appears an article entitled "Maggie Tulliver," from the pen of a man, now dead, who was, in his day, believed to be "the greatest living scholar," Thomas Davidson. This essay was recently discovered among the papers of a family in Kirkwood. Professor Davidson read the essay to a club in that suburb nearly thirty years ago. The greatest scholar in the world, of his day, makes out a strong case against love, in this paper, but all his scholarship only illuminates the fact that he knew more about books than about men and women. His attack upon the love-motive in life has, of course, much truth in it, but that truth does not save it from the great fault of trying to estimate a passion academically. The great professor, a modern Scaliger, a professed philosopher, utterly ignored the fact that there has been brought into the world since the days of the Greeks, the Romans and the Troubadours, a spiritualization of the physical passion of love. He utterly failed to see that love, as it is now generally conceived of men and women, is something higher than mere sexual instinct working its will in human flesh. Those who may be led to attach too great weight to the lucubrations of the great scholar by his display of learning and of logic, have only to look into their own hearts at what they call love to find out how tremendously he has failed to observe that the passion, as we now know it, is changed from what it was in the days of the ancients. The true expression of modern love, as Vernon Lee has pointed out, began with Dante's "Vita Nuova." It came about through the yearning for spiritual union with Beatrice. Dante gave love a soul, and it has had a soul ever since, with those who have had a soul for anything else. The ancients

thought of love, as Professor Davidson wrote, as merely animal because the ancients never really had any faith and never had more than a dim hope of life beyond the grave. Even the Hebrews had not a very lively faith or fervent hope in immortality, for all that the commentators may say. It is no wonder, then, that the classical thought as to love was that it was at its highest in mere carnality. When the Christian religion came into power the deodorization of love began in the Church somewhat, though not exactly, as Professor Davidson pointed out, but it never found genuine utterance until Dante Alighieri said it all, once and for all, in "The New Life." It was indeed a new life the sad-faced Florentine bespoke, a life that reached out beyond the grave for love that vanished from the earth. The whole tone of modern literature of the best sort is in accord with the Dantesque, rather than the Davidsonian, conception. That there is much to be said in pleading for greater sanity in marriage is plain to every one, but that the utter rejection of love as a motive would be proof of sanity is a proposition not tenable. The writer of the "Maggie Tulliver" essay professes to deny that proposition, but his argument is all against his denial. There is no human possibility that love will ever be eliminated altogether as the controlling factor in marriage. There is no manner of doubt that if it were eliminated we should readily revert to the classical ideal of love and to the corruptions that sprung from that ideal. There is no denying the fact that in just the element of society wherein love is least regarded as a dominant marriage-motive, and where love is held most closely in the classical estimation, there corruption is most flourishing. We have only to look about us, in the papers, in the books, in the poetry and in the drama of the day to find that love with the soul element in it, is the salvation of society, while the relegation of love to the position in which Professor Davidson's article places it, tends only to moral and social degeneration.

The President and Mr. Kerens

ANNOUNCEMENT comes from Washington that Mr. Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior, "must go." This is taken as an indication that Mr. Richard C. Kerens, of Missouri, has "got in his work" with the President. Mr. Kerens has declared himself for President Roosevelt for a second term. The President, however, should beware of the professed friendship of Mr. Kerens, for that gentleman is tied up with the Hanna syndicate and tied so tightly that when the syndicate pulls, he jumps. Mr. Kerens is a nice old gentleman with vaseline manners, and boasts over-much of a Vatican pull, but he is an interloper in Missouri, and he has no following in politics outside of the men for whom he has secured offices. Mr. Kerens, as usual, relies upon influences outside of Missouri to make him the representative of Missouri. It is understood that he has the support of Postmaster-General Payne and Secretary of the Treasury Shaw, but his support in Missouri is practically nil. If President Roosevelt should sacrifice Mr. Hitchcock to help the ambitions of Mr. Kerens, the act would be treason to the President's own past record, a sacrifice of efficiency to mere politics, a subordination of brains to the carpet-bag. Mr. Hitchcock is no politician, but Mr. Kerens is nothing else but a politician, and his care for his party, in this State, is strictly limited to his desire to be its Senator. The President, possibly, should not make war on Mr. Kerens, and probably will not, but if the President desires to maintain his party's solidarity in this State and to make it possible to carry the State, he should know that Mr. Kerens' supremacy in the party, secured by official recognition, will defeat that object. Mr. Kerens was a good enough man to eliminate the old boss, Mr. Filley, but he is not the man to harmonize the party, for the simple reason that the best men in the party put Mr. Kerens, whether rightly or wrongly, in the same class with Hanna and Quay. *Litte.*

"LAW AND ORDER."

BY WHIDDEN GRAHAM.

THE recent strike of the freight handlers and other railway employes at Boston has given occasion for another series of tedious editorial platitudes, by the profound and powerful thinkers of the daily press, on the necessity for the maintenance at all hazards of "law and order." As though inspired from some common source the newspapers have hastened to criticise the action of the thirty thousand men who stopped working out of sympathy with a small number of their fellow-workers who they believed had been unjustly treated by their employers, and while admitting that, as an abstract proposition, these men had a right to strike, seized the opportunity to lecture them on the sacred duty of preserving the peace. Even the papers which profess to be in sympathy with the efforts of the workers to secure shorter hours of labor and higher wages, repeated the old commonplaces about the wickedness of any interference by the strikers with the men who took their places.

The quackery of all this prating about "law and order" can be readily seen by a brief examination of the actual conditions of the social order of to-day. For by "law and order" the shallow oracles of the press simply mean that when workers have been forced, by the exactions of their employers, into going out "on strike" to obtain fair treatment, they must submit in patience to have their livelihood taken away by other men who are compelled by their necessities to take the positions of the strikers. And the question therefore arises: are the social and economic conditions in which there are always a large number of men, able to work and willing to work, who are ready to fill the places of men who may strike, those of true "law and order?"

The answer is an emphatic, No! A state of society in which the mere privilege of working for an employer at the lowest wages for which he can secure men, is of such importance that its loss makes the employes so desperate that they will resort to violence against the men who deprive them of the opportunity of getting a living, cannot truthfully be said to be orderly. And while, technically speaking, any forcible interference with men who take the places of strikers may be contrary to law, yet this infraction of law is trifling as compared with the violation of natural laws which leads to the acts of the strikers.

For the "law and order" for which the press clamors is really "anarchy and disorder," in the sense of being opposed to the wise and harmonious order of natural laws. It is the kind of "order" that reigned in Warsaw when the Russian soldiers killed men, women and children and established "peace." It is the order of unjust institutions, outworn systems, and legalized wrongs.

If it were not for the vaunted "law and order," which shuts out the willing hands from natural resources, from the vacant city lots on which they would build houses, from the idle coal or iron lands from which they would dig wealth, from the timber lands, farm lands and all other unused lands on which labor could get a living, there would be no army of unemployed ready to take the places of workers who believed that they were not getting their fair share of the wealth they produced.

And here a word as to the "scab." I have every sympathy for the men so contemptuously described. For the scab is human and must live. Very often he, too, has wife and children. Shall we blame him because he takes the place of the striker and forces him into idleness? Not so. It is not the "scab" who is responsible. It is the monopoly laws and the system of privilege which makes "scabs."

The meaning of one feature of the Boston strike seems to have been quite lost on the intelligent editors of the country. This was the fact that the employers found no difficulty in getting a great many men to take the places of the strikers, and claimed that in a few weeks they could get enough new men to entirely replace their former employes. Granted that this is true, what does it show? That in spite of the alleged "prosperity," of which we have heard so much in recent years, there are always a great number of men, able and willing to work, who can find no work. What kind of "prosperity" is that?

The conclusion of the matter. That the humbugs and hypocrites who prate of "law and order" would do well to look carefully below the surface of things and see whether the strikers who try to drive away the men who have taken their means of living—in many cases forcing them and their dependents into poverty—are so much to blame as the respectables and conservatives who, by their oppressive laws, deny the natural order and perpetuate legalized anarchy.

MARCH.

BY ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

MY steps have passed beside the lanes,
I melt the lingering snow,
And fresh with breath of later rains
My blustering winds do blow.

I bring the promise of the grass,
And from the broken sky,
Where shredded cloud-flakes float and pass,
Comes down the kildee's cry.

The forest feels the quickening sap
And slow with languor thrills;
While, towzled from their Winter nap,
Uprise the giant hills.

On northern slopes still lie the drifts
By dull December sown;
But eastward the horizon lifts
In blue perspective shown.

In noisy crowds the blackbirds dip,
Then wheel in black array,
And close in airy fellowship
The wandering swallows stray.

By divers paths I take my ease
And faint, mid coverts cool,
I trace the profile of the trees
On many a woodland pool.

Nor any eye shall see my face,
Though swift my pulses beat;
And none may hear, in hollow space,
The echoes of my feet.

Nor any power shall bid me stay
As fast I follow on;
Like night, that slips into the day,
My thin, gray ghost is gone.

You see me in the violet's hue,
The yellow-hammer's wing;
I keep my tryst in fire and dew,—
The Spirit of the Spring.

MAGGIE TULLIVER.

BY THOMAS DAVIDSON.

"Was there not evil enough,
Mother, and anguish on earth,
Born with a man at his birth,
Wastes underfoot and above,
Storm out of heaven, and dearth,
Shaken down from the shining thereof,
Wrecks from afar over seas,

And peril of shadow and firth,
And tears that spring and increase
In the barren places of mirth,
That thou, having wings as a dove,
Being girt with desire for a girth,
That thou must come after these,
That thou must lay on him love?

Atalanta in Calydon.

THE laws which regulate human society deal with men's deeds and words, seldom with their thoughts. We consider it, and all civilized nations consider it, a despotism of the worst kind to endeavor to coerce the secret springs of unperformed action. What we do and what we say make up the sum of those activities whereby we come into relation of any kind to the world around us. It is through these that we can come into collision with external powers and act the tragic or the comic. But behind these activities there is a world which is their spring, and which the outward world can lay no direct hold upon. His world of thought each man has all to himself. But, notwithstanding that this world is governed by a monarch, he is not one of absolute sway. Here there are collisions, wars, tragedies, and even comedies. There is many a tragedy acted within the circle of a human breast that the world never dreams, never reckons of. Many a soul of purest touch and feeling, laden with all gentleness, charities and loves, has Prometheus-like, stolen the fire from heaven, to bless men therewith, and now lies chained to a stormy Caucasus, on the limits of the human, with the vulture of eternal regret preying on his vitals. He knows Jove's secret, and the day of the downfall of the gods that be; but that avails not to calm the disquiet and sooth the pain of his tortured breast. Many a life that the world thinks is all sunshine, is darkened and desolate as a wilderness over which the flames of destruction have passed—darkened by something that the world does not dream of and that manifests itself only by moments of sudden distraction and preoccupation, and in the gathering wrinkles of the once serene forehead.

The inner life of the soul has its tragedies too, and it is here, more than in the fantastic tragedies of Greece, that the inherited curse breeds on its baleful brood from generation to generation. This may have been what the Greeks had a dawning of, but the excessivity of all their thinking and all their art led them to represent it in the form of external action. Modern tragedy, and by this I do not mean merely those works which take a dramatic form, differs essentially from ancient tragedy in trying to give form to the tragic of inner life. But the forms of the drama proper, whether ancient or modern, demand imperiously external manifestations and are, therefore, at best, but ill-suited to embody the occurrences of the inner life. The tragic form for this inner life is the novel—the modern novel, and on this ground alone, and in this sphere alone, I think it is that our modern novels can justify their existence. In them can be enacted those soul-tragedies which never see the outer light, and which no action or word manifests save the bended knee, the suppressed cry for help and shriek for deliverance, in the silence of the midnight chamber, and the sigh of returning consciousness at the greeting of the morning light.

Of all the artists who have undertaken to write the

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life of the soul, the authoress of "Adam Bede," of "The Mill on the Floss," of "Silas Marner," of "Romola," of "Felix Holt," of "The Spanish Gypsy," is, I think, by far the most successful. Woman enough to feel the inward divisions and rendings of the heart with feminine keenness, philosopher enough to grasp them in their outlines and trace them to their hidden roots, artist enough to mould in living forms of everlasting calm, as the statue of Laocoon, and finally, human enough to bring them home with stern force to every breast, she has produced works whose very greatness, and calmness, and truth, render them less popular than the gaudy tinsel that so many vulgar minds succeed in charming the world with.

Of all the characters produced by this truly great woman artist, in my poor opinion, that the world has ever produced, the most noteworthy perhaps, is *Maggie Tulliver*—the heroine of the "Mill on the Floss." Like those of all great artists, the plots of George Eliot can generally be related in a few words. The story of "The Mill on the Floss" is this: Near a small provincial English town, where old-fashioned respectability is everything, and progress and progressive ideas nothing, there live, in good circumstances, a miller and his wife, with their one son and one daughter. The miller is a hot-headed, passionate man, his wife, a mere picture of the moon—pretty enough—of a range of thought that approaches stupidity. An ill-matched couple enough. The son has his father's inflexibility moulded into a hard, impassionate and dogged firmness by his mother's stolidity; the daughter has the father's ardent, sanguine temperament, with her mother's lack of resolution and her soft heartedness. The children develop as one might suppose. *Tom* is hard and practical, but sternly honest; *Maggie* is romantic and unquiet. In process of time the miller fails and is sold out of house and all, whereupon the miller becomes almost crazy and his wife more stupid than she was before. The children must shift for themselves. *Tom* has got a good education and masters the problem of the world easily enough. *Maggie* educates herself and pursues her own course. She finds congenial food in "The Imitation of Christ." She is ardently and nobly loved by a deformed son of her father's worst foe. This lover, however, does not altogether fill the measure of her great, unrestful, romantic heart, so rebellious against the commonplace. Circumstances seem to favor her becoming his wife, however, and she might have done so had she not, in an evil hour, come into the sphere of her cousin's intended, who is at once enamored of her and takes advantage of her astonishment and temporary mental excitement to carry her off with the intention of marrying her. Ere it comes to that, her high nature comes into play, she refuses to marry him, and both return home. The world passes its own foolish judgments. *Maggie* is placed in a false position, but maintains her firmness to the right. At this the Floss comes down in a flood and she tries to rescue from jeopardy *Tom* who had treated her with the world's disdain and cruelty. The boat containing them upsets and they are drowned in close embrace. "In death they were not divided" is the motto of the book. The emphasis is upon the word "death."

This is the outline of the book, and it suggests many considerations only a few of which I can at present touch upon. In the first place we find ill-matched parents. The miller loves his wife and is loved by her. The misalliance does not lie there. And yet they are ill-matched, the curse of the misalliance descending to the children instead of alighting on the parents. Our strong ideas of individualism cast for us into the background that strong sense of the solidarity of the family which was so present to the minds of the ancients, particularly of the Hebrews and Greeks. A

jealous god "visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," is no mere figure of speech. It is a stern fact in the order of nature, look upon it as you will, accept it kindly or reject it disdainfully. The diseased parent transmits his malady or the tendency to it to his offspring. The ill-matched parents transmit the elements of irreconcilable temperaments to their innocent children.

It is in this connection that many curious questions suggest themselves. The first and most important is, how far are the feelings in general, and those of love in particular, trustworthy guides in the journey of life? It is considered a mark of intellectual emancipation not to believe in dreams or omens or first impressions, while it is considered a token of a healthy, manly unselfish mind to believe in love. Now I would not ask to be understood as wishing to make a tirade against love, or love-matches; but I should like to ask: is love a safe guide in any affair that involves life-long interests? Is it a safe guide, even in marriage? It is considered by most persons a sufficient justification for two persons marrying to say that they were deeply in love with each other. My question simply means, is this a correct judgment? Perhaps every one of us could point, within the limits of his own acquaintance, to cases of love-marriage which have not resulted in all that was expected of them. Perhaps some that have turned out the very reverse of happy. Such facts seem hardly to shake the general faith in the validity of love matches, but in some way are passed over with the paradoxical hint that "the exception proves the rule." Perhaps all of us know cases of what is called *marriage de convenance* that, as far as we can judge, are very far from being unhappy. Marriages contracted late in life and second marriages, in neither of which the love element is supposed to be particularly strong, are almost proverbially productive of comfort to both parties. At any rate, if we will think for a moment, we shall find that love alone does not insure happiness in the married state. If so, is it a justification, or anything approaching a justification, of any given marriage to say that the contracting parties were violently in love with each other? The mere asking the question, I presume, answers it.

How then did we ever come upon the idea of the supreme virtue and value of love? Nothing, perhaps, strikes a reader of ancient and modern literature more forcibly than the difference between the part played by love in the former and that assigned to it in the latter. While there is not a single work of art, in the higher species, belonging to the classic days of Greece, whose plot turns upon love, it would be tolerably hard to find one in modern times, whose plot does not so turn. Read Homer and Aeschylus and Sophocles and Euripides, the mighty names in the ancient world of poetic art, and you cannot find a single plot involving mere love. Run through the works of the ancient art, and nowhere will you find a single group representing a courting scene or a figure representing a love-stricken youth of either sex. All that belongs to modern art. Whence came the change?

"Whence?" we may well say. From art in which love does not form a principal motive at all, to art in which it forms the principal motive is a long way. To travel along it, and trace every step would be tedious at any time, and impossible here. Nevertheless, a few points it may be interesting to touch upon. In what did the ancients look upon love as a condition of marriage? By the "ancients" I mean the Jews, Hebrews and Greeks. And to begin with the Hebrews. Leaving aside Adam, who seems not to have had much of a choice, we find Isaac marrying a woman whom he had never seen till she came to know him as his wife, and throughout the whole of the Old Testament, it would, I believe, be impossible to find a case in which the love between the man and the

woman is spoken of as a high motive or made the ground of any great action. In the case of the wife of Uriah the Hittite, King David had good reason to repent of his love, and this same David, in his wonderful lament over Jonathan, tells that the love of Jonathan for him was wonderful, surpassing the love of women. In fact, through the whole of the Old Testament, not only is love not regarded as a noble and ennobling motive, but it is in almost every case, looked upon as a degrading thing, warping the judgment and leading to base and mean actions. It is nowhere inculcated, or even recommended, in the Mosaic law. Marriage with the Jews was a well-defined institution with well-defined aims, with which love had very little to do. Love was relegated to its proper position of a dangerous, blinding passion, all the more dangerous that it was so delightful. In other than a figurative sense, the Song of Solomon would be repulsive.

Among the Greeks the absence of love as an element in marriage was most conspicuous. In the days of their historical greatness it could hardly be otherwise for, in the higher ranks of life, at least, the husband and wife hardly saw each other till their marriage. These were mostly contracted between the parents of the bride and the bridegroom who were thus often engaged to each other many years before they could marry. Even in the early ages of Greece, as pictured to us in Homer, we do not find love spoken of as a ground for marriage. If we examine the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* well, we shall find two rather surprising things—the sacredness with which the marriage tie was regarded and the small part played by love in the institution. Indeed, the whole of the *Iliad* may be said to be a depiction of the baneful effects of love. The cause of the whole Trojan war was the carrying off of *Helen* against her will by a man who was violently in love with her, and neither *Helen* herself nor *Hector* can find words bitter enough to express their contempt for his character. For having an irrational love for women is one of the severest epithets applied to the handsome *Paris*, the abductor of *Helen*. Many and many a time is *Paris* taunted with being the destroyer of his country, of his parents and friends through his insane passion. *Helen* herself heartily despised him. We find *Agamemnon* saying that he loved the captive *Chryseis* better than his wedded wife, *Clytemnestra*, and no one seems to find anything extraordinary or reprehensible in the statement. The wrath of *Achilles*, upon which the whole *Iliad* hinges, arose from his being deprived of a captive whom he loved. The plot of the *Odyssey*, on the contrary, turns upon the constancy of *Ulysses* and *Penelope* to each other, yet we do not hear of any love in the matter on either side. They have a mutual respect and friendship for each other, and that is all. The suitors even, who, for so many years, woo for the hand of *Penelope*, do not appear to have any love for her or any jealousy for each other. They eat and drink and talk together in the most friendly manner. These few remarks will be sufficient to show that, among the Greeks, love was not looked upon in any other light than as a species of insanity, a thing which men ought to pray to be delivered from, a thing most baneful in its effects, an influence to be sternly guarded against in all matters of importance. It would be possible to prove this from numerous passages of the Greek poets. Instead of quoting from them, I shall give a short passage from the poet whom I have already drawn upon, and who, among the moderns, has best caught the feeling of ancient Greece. A noble mother says to her son:

But from the light and fiery dreams of love
Spring heavy sorrows and a sleepless life,
Visions, not dreams, whose lids no charm shall close
Nor song assuage waking; and swift death
Crushes with sterile feet the unripening ear,
Treads out the timeless vintage; whom do thou
Eschewing embrace the luck of this thy life,

Not without honor; and it shall bear to thee
Such fruit as men reap from spent hours and wear."

Nothing can be plainer, then, than that the love that trammels a man's reason was considered mean and degrading; at the very best, a venial weakness, fit to be classed with drunkenness and other irrational tendencies. It may then be asked: "Were then those Grecian marriages, from which sprang such noble types of humanity—so wonderfully developed both in mind and body—marriages of convenience, marriages without love?" Most emphatically they were, and passage after passage could be cited from the Greek orators to prove it. They were, however, marriages of convenience in a somewhat different sense from that in which we use the term. Fathers, in choosing wives for their sons and husbands for their daughters, looked to the highest for their posterity, with a strong sense of the solidarity of the family. Health, wealth and personal beauty were the great recommendations. "Beautiful," and "highbred," were the Greek idea of humanity, with a special emphasis on the beautiful. There is much sentimental talk about the effect of loveless marriages upon offspring; it is sheer nonsense, unsupported by facts, or rather, at variance with facts notoriously patent. Greece owed much of her intellectual grandeur to her rational marriages. Only in the days of her decline, after she had become a Roman province, without selfset aims and the high energy that political freedom inspires, do we find her sons sunk low enough to write stories of passionate love. It would be easy by a reference to Roman literature to show that the Romans held substantially the same view of love and marriage that the Greeks did. Very sacred among the Romans were the family, the home, the hearth, but Vesta, the goddess that presided over these, as well as Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, was forever chaste, forever unwedded. Blind love, Cupid, the son of Venus, or of fleshly passions, keeps far apart from Wisdom, as from the family hearth. I think the stern Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, would have despised her husband if he had loved her with a love other than a respectful friendship.

How then, if the ancient nations in their better days, regarded love as a form of madness, came it to be surrounded with so much sanctity, so much poetry, so much respect in modern times? This is a question that can be answered, I think, very satisfactorily. The downfall of the Roman Empire was a downfall not merely of a great political power, but it was an utter ruin of every human institution subordinate thereto. It included the decay of society, of the family and of the individual, down to their very core. Even at the beginning of the empire, as Mommsen says, "it might well be called an old world and even Caesar's genial patriotism was not able to make it young again." Immorality, in both its forms,—as insincerity, or immorality of mind; and as sensuality, or immorality of body—had crept in and leavened the mass of Roman life. In the relation of man to woman in particular this utter decay of all nobility was most painfully felt, and one cannot read the annals of the times without a sense of profound pity and disgust. The hideously shameful lives of some of the Roman empresses were but a glaring example of something that was very general. The Roman wife, so long cheated of her right to the entire devotion of her husband by harlots and concubines, descended, in order to gain the same, to the level of these personages. Marriage at that time was a mere form, with neither purity nor sanctity attached to it. Men now glorified in the very wildness and frenzy of a passion that had hitherto been thought unworthy of true men and women. To redeem what was and is, in itself, utterly gross and mean from the weariness and monotony which all satisfied desires and emotions uniformly entail, they tried to clothe it in all the elegancies of the art they had bor-

rowed from the Greeks. Perhaps there is no more sure sign of decay and profligacy in a people than this prostituting of the forms of art to hide the deformity of the debased and vile. Yet this was what was done in those days; and so the insensate passion, even in its worst forms, became, as it were, sanctified by the forms of art.

Christianity came, but even it could not undo what had been done. The apotheosis of love had already taken place, and it could no longer be degraded to the level of the other insanities. Christianity did all it could to modify and render harmless what it could not remove, and thus gave rise to several institutions, whose origin in human consciousness has often been sought in vain, perhaps because it lay too near the surface. What are all monastic institutions, nunneries, and the like, but organized attempts to change the direction of an irrational passion, and, by fixing it upon the high and holy and unattainable, to render it innocuous? Monastic institutions are simply lunatic asylums for the cure or prevention of a particular phase of insanity, grown chronic in society, and, therefore, respectable. The forced celibacy of the clergy was another attempt on the part of the Church to dethrone the respectable madness. But these were not the whole of the institutions established with a view to stopping the ravages of insane passion, and let me say, that when I use the word passion, I do not mean to refer particularly to the grosser forms of it that in any way trammel the human reason, however they may seem for a moment to exalt it. The whole immense system of Chivalry was such an institution—a conscious and well-sustained attempt to purify that which could no longer be removed. The feudal marriage was as brutal as marriage could well be. Ten-nyson has described it with his usual accuracy:

"He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its
novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse,"

Woman was a mere chattel, without rights or privileges, at the mercy of man in his insanest moments. The church saw very plainly that there was no hope whatsoever of exalting or purifying married love—if love could be spoken of at all in any such connection. All womankind groaned under the state of things then prevalent. This is a remarkable fact, and has to be accounted for. The feudal woman was a very exalted human being, compared with the woman of the late Empire. The change that had come about is not hard to explain. Christ, the ideal man, so strong to suffer, and yet so pure, had entered into woman's heart, won her love, and lifted her up out of the mud of low desires. But the Christian religion, in its pure form, offered no corresponding ideal in feminine shape to the worship of the masculine heart. Hence, while woman, with the man before her, rose above the waves of degradation, man still continued as brutal as ever. The church, however, saw the position clearly and tried to supply the defect in its religion. It tried to place Mary in the same position with regard to the male heart, that Jesus occupied with relation to the female one. This is the true origin of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and all the poetry and worship that has been gathered around the Virgin.

That the church was not so successful as it expected to be, we all know, and, indeed, failure lay in the very nature of the thing. In the first place men, as a rule, do not cling to their ideals with that persistency which is so characteristic of women. They are far more fickle in their allegiance. In the second place, the Virgin was not by any means the ideal woman, in the same sense in which Jesus was the ideal man. Woman can give her whole soul to a pure man who is strong to suffer for her, the right and the true, whatever his fate may be; but man cannot give his entire devotion to a woman—a pious piece of meek submission—such as the Church depicted the Virgin; and

so the Church's attempt, though not unattended with much good for a time, was, in the end, a failure. The worship of a virgin did not reform men to any considerable extent. But the Church was fertile in expedients. If devotion to the Virgin could not purify the insane passion, were there not in real, everyday life, women, sufficiently purified by the worship of Jesus, to draw and hold men's hearts until they were lifted up and purified? The Church decided that there were, and saw also that two points might be gained by establishing a new and pure relation between man and woman. First they would gain purification for men, and, second, protection for women, who groaned under the brutality of their liege lords. Whether the first steps toward Chivalry were taken by the women and, seconded by the Church, or vice versa, it is, perhaps, useless to inquire; certain it is that both combined to bring about the result desired.

What was this Chivalry then? It may be defined as a pure devotion of a man to a woman who could never be his wife, and towards whom he could stand in no closer relation than that of an exalted friendship—or, at most, a spiritual love. The lady of the knight's choice was his spiritual wife, but could never be any thing more. The name of love now became attached to this purer emotion alone, and it was held and distinctly stated, in the chivalric code, that love in the wedded life was an utter impossibility, and that no man could be knight to his own wife. A lady, on one occasion, wooed with chivalrous love by two knights at once, promised to the unaccepted one that, should she ever lose the one whom she had accepted, she would accept his services. Some time afterwards the lady married the accepted knight, whereupon the other called upon her for the fulfillment of her promises, on the ground that she had lost the other as a knight by marrying him. She objected, but, on the case being referred to the highest authority in Chivalry of the time, his plea was sustained, and he became her devoted knight. These pure relations the Church fostered and sanctioned by all the solemnity it could impart. The bond between knight and lady was bound by the church, and could be loosed only by the church.

This whole system and institution of Chivalry may seem to us very strange and preposterous, but, like many things that have this look, it had its justification in the needs of the time, and we owe much, very much to it. It almost reversed the positions of wife and mistress, that is true, but it, nevertheless, accomplished the ends for which it was instituted, by giving purification to men and protection to oppressed maidens and matrons. It divorced completely the purer and impurer sides of love, and used every effort to cultivate the former at the expense of the latter, and if it did not, in each individual case, prove successful, nevertheless, on the whole, it was an eminent success. To mention only one of its many beneficial results—the position of woman in society to-day is entirely due to it. To say that such a system was very liable to lead to abuse and did lead to it, is saying nothing at all. Christianity itself has been the occasion of many abuses—persecutions, inquisitions, burnings at the stake, wars and many other horrors. Like many other great things it came not to "bring peace on earth," but a sword. "Principles are rained in blood."

We may then say, with truth, that the monastic institutions of celibacy of the clergy, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and the worship of the Virgin, and the system of Chivalry were each and all efforts on the part of religion to purify and render innocuous a wide-spread species of insanity, which had grown too chronic and too respectable to leave much hope of its being entirely eradicated. Their aim was to bleach and deodorize love.

Perhaps I may be allowed to allude here to a distinction, which, in most connections, is rather difficult to draw, but here is easy enough. We talk of classic

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art and romantic art, and many have been puzzled to say what they precisely mean by those terms. Strangely enough and with almost a feeling of real difference, we have a certain feeling of respect when we use the word "classical," and a certain feeling of misgiving when we use the word "romantic." Moreover we apply "classical" to things and "romantic" to persons. The real distinction, of which we all have a certain feeling, is this: The basis of the classical is pure reason, as Goethe says:

"This is truth, eternal reason,
That from beauty takes its dress,
And serene through time and season,
Stands for aye in loveliness."

The basis of the other is a species of insanity, exalted and purified until it becomes merely an enthusiasm. This is the reason why the classical is always true, the romantic, as in Victor Hugo and others, often a lie. This also shows us why all great poets, as they grow old and free from the insanity of passion, tend to become classical and to look down upon the romantic. When the world reaches its majority, it will return to the purely classical, in spite of itself. The devotees of classical learning, who mourn over its decay, may take comfort; their day is coming by the sure decree of the fates. What artist soever would work in the line of the future, must become severely classical; in other words, severely rational—no mere imitator of the ancients, but classical in the material which a deeper reason furnishes him with. And to bring the matter nearer home, all of us, who are not artists, but who would like to do the true, genuine work of the world, must likewise become severely classical, banishing from our motives all that is irrational, however sweet and ecstatic it may be. We may often feel that in so doing we are banishing the poetic from life; that is not, however, the fact. We are banishing the sweet insane, that is the romantic, and rising to the stern true, that is, the classical.

It is evident that all efforts hitherto have been directed toward rendering practically innocuous a species of insanity, rather than toward rendering it non-existent. Much of our own life, in politics, in society, in the family, in religion, in art, in education, and as individuals rests upon irrationality, or, in other terms, insanity rendered respectable and respected by ages of apotheosis. It is this insanity that we deify under the name of love, and which works so much woe and mischief. We praise and commend love matches, we surround love with all the light and glory of poetry, we cherish it in every way; and yet it is our greatest foe. Our Society, which most of you despise on account of its lack of reality, is founded upon the insane. I might say the same thing of much of our life in all its forms and phases and spheres. But I am at present concerned with family life chiefly and with *Mr. and Mrs. Tulliver* in particular. The point to which I tacked this tedious digression was the fact that *Mr. and Mrs. Tulliver*, though to all appearances happy enough in their relations as husband and wife, were, nevertheless, an ill-matched couple. They had evidently married by reason of an instinct common to men who have not altogether stripped off that which is half akin to brutes—to use an expression of Tennyson's. Their relations to each other move upon the low plane of every day hum-drum. In the region of the higher qualities of the mind, they have no common ground. Their instincts are married; their souls live in a state of prostitution.

No wonder that the wedlock based upon insanity produces insane children, fragments of an ill-developed humanity instead of wholes, large, harmonious, healthy. *Maggie Tulliver* is just what we might expect from such parents. A character in which the instincts are strong, and the higher nature at open warfare with them, she is romantic in the worst sense of the term.

Even as a child she tries to desert the rational, as embodied in the family, and in settled society, and runs off to the gypsies, where she is splendidly cured of her insanity so far. At war even with her sex, she cuts off her hair and makes herself an oddity. And so, throughout her whole life, we find poor *Maggie Tulliver* insane; at war with herself, at war, in consequence, with the whole world around her. Her instincts are strong, and her reason weak, and wherever they come into conflict, she is ready to succumb. Even her noble enthusiasm, her finding of comfort in the work of a mystic ascetic of the middle ages, viz., in the "Imitation of Christ" are utterly romantic and irrational. She is guided by feeling and passes from one phase of insanity into another. Like the hero of Locksley Hall, hers is

"An eye to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint."

When she finds a man worthy of her, a man who, in all that is great and noble, stands on a higher platform than she does, who loves her as true womanhood would desire to be loved, grandly, unselfishly, purely, she is not able to appreciate the devotion. The true is tasteless, not sufficiently flavored for her; she must have color and heat. True, the man who loves her is not a paragon of physical perfection; he is, indeed, deformed. Is that a reason why his true greatness should not place him far above the merely handsome son of flesh? One cannot help feeling, as he reads through "The Mill on the Floss," that *Maggie Tulliver* would have been happy and noble as the wife of *Philip Waken*. But the insanity of feeling seethes in her heart and head, and is destined to destroy forever all her happiness. She meets the handsome lover of the sweet, pretty childish cousin, and is loved by him. He is impetuous and she is weak. He wishes to make her his wife, without any regard to his vows to her cousin or the judgment of the world. *Maggie Tulliver*, however, learned something from the "Imitation of Christ." She had learned searching introversion of thought, and, Hamlet-like, broods and hesitates, doubts and quails, before she allows thought or feeling to pass into action. So, after she has gone far enough to destroy her reputation in the eyes of the world, she does not go far enough to secure the only, though very questionable, happiness that might have been in store for her. She plucks the apple of knowledge of good and evil, but dares not pluck the apple of life. So, morally innocent, but irrevocably damaged in the world's eyes, she returns home, still undecided whether she shall pluck the second apple or not. At utter and sanguine war with herself, her reason blinded by passion, and her resolution "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," she kneels down and in prayer tries to throw the burden of her responsibility in action off herself upon a higher power. In this attitude Nature, who is deaf to prayers, and pitiless and impartial as the gods of old, sends a flood in which the Gordian knot of all earthly problems is cut for her. She dies in her unfeeling brother's arms.

The conclusion of the novel, regarded as a work of art, is as artistic as conclusion can be. The accidental ought never to play a principal part in a work of art, certainly not to supply the solution to the main problems. But this does not affect the character of *Maggie Tulliver* as a piece of character painting. That is masterly and deserves our highest attention. In her, and in many real characters, there is that which destroys life, poisons it in its very springs and renders all intellectual greatness impossible—a morbid, an insane longing for impossibilities and unrealities, cravings that have no satisfaction, a hunger for which in the universe there is no food. And this insanity we will, for the most part, treat as if it were the highest sanity. We call all honor upon the silly girl who refuses a man, true and noble and tried, to accept a be-

loved puppy. We have no epithets too strong to condemn the father who tries to curb such insanity in his rising offspring, and to coerce them into the ways of soberness and reason. We consider that anyone who is compelled to abandon the object of this insane passion is a martyr, and mourn over and pity him as such. We do all this, forgetting that a love-marriage is merely a marriage of instinct, and that, unless it is held in complete subordination, we may have love-marriages in which all the higher qualities are left unwedded, as they certainly would have been had *Maggie Tulliver* married the idol of her instinct.

What I have been aiming to show in *Maggie Tulliver's* case is, perhaps, now clear enough. To state the thing generally, I would say that neither love nor any other instinct is at all a safe guide, in any of the important matters of life, for human beings, whose guiding principle ought to be sober reason and that alone. I know how unpopular such views are; how sweet the madness of love is, and how loth we would be to part with it; but I know, too, that all human greatness lies in the true use of reason, and the curbing of all instincts, however sweet. I know that when men and women, instead of wedding upon the low plane of instinct, wed upon the high plane of the soul, we may expect wedded happiness and a restoration, or rather glorification, of family life.

I often hear it stated as a fatal objection to the present woman-movement, that it will undermine the basis of the family, and that a new system of relations will have to be established far inferior to the old. I can see no ground for such apprehensions. The only change that I see in prospect is the one to which I have alluded, and it is in all respects a very desirable one. When men and women have assumed their true positions as equal complements to each other, when free scope has been given to the powers of each to develop, then men and women will choose mates on higher grounds than those of mere instinct. Each man and each woman will marry his or her best, tried and truest friend of the opposite sex, and consider themselves degraded if for a moment they feel themselves swayed by irrational passion. Much is said against extravagance of dress and love of finery on the part of women, even by many who believe in marriages of instinct. Nothing could be more inconsistent. If wives are to be chosen by instinct, there is no valid argument against extravagance in adornment. We may rest assured that when husbands and wives are chosen on rational and spiritual grounds, dress and all those foibles will assume their proper place most naturally. The question of the hour, the question of those who would place woman in her proper position and regulate the relations between the sexes is: how is the old patented insanity of love to be got rid of, and reason, simple soberness, to be put in its place? How can we expect any rational result so long as the guiding principle is folly and madness? Let us teach our youth of both sexes that love without a basis in reason is utter madness, a thing to be ashamed of, a passion to be treated like drunkenness and all mean things that darken judgment. The ancients figured their love as a childish urchin with blind eyes; let our own ideal be a full grown man with broad forehead and large, clear eyes, as earnest as those of the unwedded Minerva. When the basis of human life has become rational, and all unreason is classified as insanity, then we may expect the abuses of society to cease, woman to be man's equal, swords to be beaten into plowshares and spears into pruning hooks. Then will each man and woman be able to congratulate himself and herself, like the hero of one of Jean Ingelow's poems, who escaped the terrible insanity:

"And who am I, that God hath saved
Me from the doom I did desire,
And crossed the lot myself had craved,
To set me higher?"

The Mirror

DREAM-QUEST.

BY WILBUR UNDERWOOD.

COMRADE-SOUL, what do we here,
Groping for phosphor gleams
Fallen from suns beyond our view,
That burn in our shifting dreams?

Weary of world and its stifling way
We reach for the life apart,
And loose our galleon dreams to free
The pain of a restless heart.

And there upon a star-flecked sea
Where the great tide-winds blow strong,
We take our path to the far-off shore
And call to the night with a song.

Until the waters blush and thrill
With the first wan light of day
And the golden isles lie bright with peace
Where the rolling breakers spray.

Ah, dream of dreams that can never be
And never could be before—
Your dear eyes watch to sight my sail
Your hands are outstretched from the shore.

Phantoms and shadows that wither away,
Desires that allure and flee—
Comrade-soul, as we wander alone
Is this what our life must be?

The leaves, wind-blown from the sombre trees,
Drift in eddying streams,
And together we pass on the old far quest
With our withered leaves of dreams.



PROGRESS IN THE SOUTH.

BY M. W. CONNOLLY.

THE cynical Northern brother will smile when he reads this head line and feel within himself, if he does not say to himself, that Southern progress is mythical and that nothing but a fable can be written about that which is not. "Lack of Progress in the South" would be more satisfying and encouraging. But if it will excite his curiosity or disarm his prejudice, I will say at the outset, that what is to follow will fit either side of the proposition because absolute impartiality will govern.

The South is less prosperous than it might be, but prosperous, nevertheless. Those who love it best would not have it otherwise. Those who understand it best know that it cannot be otherwise. Where men surrender their seats in street cars cheerfully to ladies and where ladies accept the seats thus surrendered, not as a favor, but as a right the denial of which is never remotely imagined, and which denial would be almost as refreshing in its strange and exciting novelty as a night spent in city slumming, material progress never becomes brutally demonstrative or blindly insistent. It is sought and prized, but never permitted to occupy the ascendant, to reign with unbridled despotism. There are other things, the surrender or destruction of which would make life worth less than the living; and these, aggregated and added to such progress and advancement as we are making, give more of what is better than the mere accumulation of wealth—and much of what is best. With us abstract humanism has not been divested of any of its ancient dignities nor overwhelmed by the effort to give material objectivity to greedy ideals and sordid aspirations. The attitude of sex is not forgotten and the spirit of Chivalry abides. Here are the native Americans, or the descendants of

the earliest settlers on this continent, who may be considered indigenous or autochthonous for all practical purposes, because exempt from foreign infiltration or ethnic assimilation. For reasons satisfactory to themselves, the swarms from European countries, where life and its conditions are hard and the struggle for existence bitter and fierce, avoid this section and dissipate throughout the North and West. We are nearer the tropics, where life is much easier and where there is leisure for spiritual development and the cultivation of sentiment. These conditions produce an emotional people, easily aroused, intense, loyal to conviction, insanely sincere, drastically honest and keenly remorseful of error. These characteristics were made conspicuously manifest of late in the political upheavals that have transpired. From being the most conservative of people we developed at once into one of the most radical and hysterical. Democracy with us, after destroying all forms of Socialism that flourished under the guise of farmers' and workingmen's movements, abandoned its ancient moorings, embraced and exalted the heresies which it had extirpated or trampled under foot and, joining with Western Populism, made an onslaught on many of those political edifices, institutions and principles which it had erected, organized and defended in other days.

While the South dissolved partnership with its ancient friends and made common cause with the West, the sections were moved by radically different impulses. With the South it was sentiment, and the dynamic and impelling force was a desire to defend the cherished institutions of the country, which it fancied were being attacked by the aggressiveness of organized wealth spurred on by inflamed cupidity. In its effort to defend and perpetuate liberty it was a trifle extravagant at times but well-meaning and wholly unselfish. With the West the moving impulse was jealousy accentuated by frenetic greed. There was wealth in the hands of others which could, it fancied, be transferred to its own by law; and to the task of obtaining this wealth it addressed itself with wolfish ferocity. The West was savagely piratical; the South was on the defensive and meant to protect itself and others.

These congenital infirmities or temperamental eccentricities have retarded the material progress of the South considerably. Another obstacle in the way of development will be mentioned, at the risk of treading on forbidden ground. The sparse population, easy access to the natural sources of wealth and the lack of competition and resultant effort have conspired. Effort is the creator. The constant agitation of a certain portion of the skin, in an effort to compel it to perform the work of a fin in time produces the fin. The fin was not created for the purpose of doing, but by the effort to do. The continued agitation of the fin in an effort to compel it to perform the work of a hand produced the hand. The hand, like the fin, was not created for the purpose of doing, but by the effort to do. Without effort neither would have been called into being and usefulness. Continued effort is the faith that moves mountains, expressed in a different terminology. Where effort is absent passivity rules. Whatever mitigates effort or competition, its impelling force, retards progress. When the nobility ruled France the masses were denied access to equal opportunities and were held below competition. The classes were splendid, but the light emanating from them was phosphorescent, the product of putrescence, and the nation was only saved from extinction by a temporary return to disorder and barbarism. While the feudal system lasted in England there was no competition and no necessity for effort and, as a consequence, no progress or material development. Not until the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when the fleeing French artisans swarmed to England as the nearest refuge, did the material development of that island begin. The newcomers were not subject to feudal laws. Russia was

never considered a menace to Western civilization until her serfs were liberated and given access to the opportunities. The abolition of peonage in Mexico was, perhaps, the most potent factor in giving to that country a national consequence. Anti-bellum slavery in the South took four million blacks out of competition, and made of them Gibeonites who were compelled to hew wood and draw water for their masters. There was no competition in material things, no effort between these masters, and they lived a life of ease and splendor, cultivated the arts and promoted the elegancies and raised their civilization to a plane perhaps never before reached on this globe. There was intellectual competition of the severest kind and resultant effort and these produced intellectual giants compared to which our leaders and statesmen of the present day are pigmies. As statesmen they were sons of Anak, but, effort along material lines being absent, progress along these lines was retarded and industry was not differentiated. The blacks have been liberated, politically, and are entitled to legal equality; but they have not equal access to the opportunities here any more than in the North. Ten millions of them, with ethnological millstones round their necks, are held down and cannot rise to the level of competition. Hence competition is not strong, life is easy, effort is less necessary and progress is necessarily held back. Were these ten millions exchanged for an equal number of white men against whom no ethnological barrier is raised to bar them from equal opportunity, the competition would become more tense and the resultant effort would bring out what is best in the best. At present the indifferent workman holds on to his position because there is no one below him who can aspire to take his place and the tendency is all towards a plane of equality with the indifferent workman. The planter and country store keeper ignore advanced ideas and improved methods because no one can come from below them and enter into competition with them. The blacks make life much easier for the whites, but they prevent the strenuous life, destroy competition, hamper effort and retard progress.

Conceding all this as an explanation and not making proffer of it as an excuse, and admitting that we are not materially advanced as far as we might be, we are, on the whole, contented. In 1900 the value of the South's manufactured products amounted to \$1,466,669,495, a sum almost four millions and a half greater than the value of all the manufactured products of the United States in 1850. The year 1900 shows an increase of \$549,440,468 over the total of 1890 in the value of the products and \$494,874,237 in the amount of capital invested. It is only yesterday that the South was looked upon as a purely agricultural country, but the figures of 1900 show that there are invested in manufactories \$1,153,670,097. The rice and sugar as well as the cotton crop is constantly increasing. The cotton seed oil industry, phosphate fields and recently discovered oil wells are adding many more millions to the value of Southern products. Mills and factories are multiplying with astonishing rapidity, mines are being opened, churches and school houses are seen on all sides; the slaughter of our forests furnishes a large part of the world with lumber—and these, when abandoned, replace themselves in an ordinary lifetime—our young men are branching out and going earnestly to work. Our young women continue to be more intelligent and beautiful than those of any other section, having the softness and sweetness of tropical maidens without the latter's tawny complexion and proneness to early decay; and, while we are somewhat behind, we are keeping step with the march of modern progress and making satisfactory headway.

The obliquities of our statesmen are only temporary aberrations and are more apparent than real. Politicians who rode into office on the wave crests of wild emotionalism are speedily losing caste. They sing

the old song and endeavor to fan the old fire because their political lives depend upon them, but the people are gradually abandoning them as unsafe and selfish leaders and are returning to those who represent the ancient faith in its pristine purity. In the farther South the flowers bloom sempiternally and the feathery songsters fill the air with music; in the more northerly States the wintry winds sometimes come, but they are denuded of their extreme rigors before reaching here and are not so unkind as man's ingratitude. The South is not the workshop it might be, but it is the South, the vestibule of paradise, and we love it.



THE FAIRY FLOWER.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

THERE'S a fairy flower that grows
In a corner of my heart,
And the fragrance that it spills
Is the Sorcery of art.

I may give it little care,
Neither water it nor prune;
Yet it suddenly will blow
Glorious beneath the moon.

I may tend it night and day,
Taking thought to make it bloom;
All my will will not avail
To avert the touch of doom.

When it dies, my little flower,
You may take my life as well;
Though I live a hundred years,
I shall have no more to tell.



PIERROT.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

WHEN the Designing Class at the Art Institute gave its annual revels, and Ach Louie, the Only, was crowned with a tin pie plate, and all the officers of the court stood about the step-ladder on which His Majesty was seated, there was—so the spectators observed—one person among all the happy and nonsensical throng, who did not seem to be conscious that he was playing a part. The Court Plaster—whose business it was to stay close by the King—and the Royal Flush, and the Keeper of the King's Cuff Buttons, and the Tamer of the King's Welsh Rabbits were all self-consciously foolish, constrainedly ridiculous. But Pierrot, white from his head to his feet, with an infantile face in which the twinkling eyes belied the solemnity of his expression, was as natural as a squirrel alone in leafy fastnesses, or a sparrow hopping along the pave.

Pierrot's appellation had not been framed for the occasion as had the titles of the others. Pierrot was always Pierrot in those bustling rooms where the art students worked and played and worried and dreamed. He had another name, of course—Tomaso Boetti—but no one remembered it save the instructors, who called him Tom. Pierrot was, however, the more appropriate name of the two, for he was the veritable incarnation of that creature, eternally the child, happy, artless, irresponsible as he existed in the imaginations of folk before Gaspard Debureau attributed to him the sly and knavish qualities which, in these duller days, make him the foil of goodness. The little Pierrot of this tale, he who called himself Tomaso Boetti, saying the words with an accent that betrayed his parentage, was so white of face, poor lad, that he hardly needed the

powder which he wore upon this particular night to accentuate his pallor; and the dress he had donned for the occasion was only that which he ordinarily wore in the modeling room, with a little white round cap by way of addition.

Tomaso had no history in particular. At least, the beginnings of it were obscured, not so much by the mists of time as by the smoke, figuratively speaking, of a frantic and unheeding town. He had been found by a Man at one of the Settlements, leading a sort of unhoused cat existence, browsing among garbage boxes, racing along in the track of the cable and sleeping in cluttered back entries or coal sheds. The Man saw him to yearn for him. It seemed to him that he had never beheld a face so naïf, so appealing, so amazingly innocent. It happened that the Man had lost his own particular caravan and was making his way along the trackless paths of his desert with what fortitude he might, but with a vast indifference as to whether the jackal cleaned his bones or the far caravansari sheltered him. When he met Tom floundering along yet more pitifully than himself, he slung him up to his saddle, so to speak, and the two took the desert together, and found it not so bad a place after all.

The Man moved his effects out of the Settlement house in order to have a domestic establishment of his own, and he and Tom set up housekeeping. To reach their place it was necessary to go past Mamma Vecchione's fruit stand, past the barber shop—ah, that barber shop, such a place for soul-comforting gossip—to the Arditi flats. They arose new and fine there in the midst of the squalor, the huddling and the grime. But they were not particularly popular. Folk felt lonesome in them—only one family to an apartment, and light everywhere! It seemed as garish and undesirable as the wide windy streets of the terrible town. But, however, that was where Tom and the Man lived. They did not go in the front door, but through the grey stone court to the rear stairs, and up and up to the top, and after that seven stairs more, away above all things, into a balcony. Here was a door parting in the middle, and when you were there you could peep in at the opened upper casement if you so pleased, and behold the apartment. It had been intended for a drying room, but the Man had made it into a home. There is not time to tell how he did it. It is enough to say that here Tomaso really found out the feel of a fire, here that he ate at a good man's table as a son might eat, here that he discovered the wonder of a caress, and here, that when the rain fell or when the bitter winds of the plains challenged the wilder winds of the icy lake, he laughed and snuggled up to the Man who—well, yes, who laughed, too. It was Tomaso who retaught the Man to laugh. But this story is in no way about the Man—God bless him! It is about Tomaso. And God bless him, too.

The Man found that to live with Tomaso was something like living with a little creature from the woods, newly tamed, and this was all the more curious because the boy had seen nothing save the city streets. But the sin had touched him no more than the grime of the city had darkened the wings of the gulls wheeling in the sunshine in the harbor. The two had been but a few days together when the Man discovered that Tomaso had a talent. Tom was whittling and the Man watching him in a pleasant reverie, thinking of his own boyhood, and behold, under the boy's knife grew a sylph-like figure with her hand to her mouth as if calling to someone, and in the face of the wooden miniature appeared an expression of eager, girlish excitement which made the Man stare at Tom as if he were a marvelous strange being unkennered of by him, instead of a white-faced boy with a look of irremediable youth upon his face.

So then the Man put Tom at the Art Institute, and Tom ran up the great lion-guarded steps into the ambitious, much-daring, much-hoping young school of

the West with as blithe a spirit as he did up the narrow seven steps beyond the top of things into his own wonder-room where it was never cold, never loveless—where the frosts and winds and rains with all their threatenings could not matter.

At the Institute the people gasped at Tom. The almost incredible swiftness of his movements, the dancing steps his feet involuntarily took, the absurd whiteness and solemnity of that babyish face, the bird-like motions of his head, the sure, instinctive execution of his hands in the modeling clay, entertained them endlessly. The girls made a plaything of him.

"Here comes our little Pierrot," they would cry affectionately, and when visitors came, he was put through his paces for them. Pierrot did not resent it. He had neither suspicion nor pride, any more than a tame canary has. And on this particular night—the night of the coronation of the mimic king—the Man, watching him, thought him the happiest creature he had ever seen.

"If Tom has tears I do not know it," he told a friend who sat near him. "He is like the animals in that he never weeps."

"But he laughs," objected the friend.

"He laughs eternally," acquiesced the Man.

"He must be a faun," said the friend, "if he laughs and does not weep. I believe it is said that if a faun once weeps he loses his peculiar qualities and becomes a man."

"Then I wonder if I ought to teach my Pierrot to weep," mused the Man. But the friend made no answer. His eyes were fixed upon Pierrot who was leading a white woolen elephant along by a scarlet thread to water him out of a ribbon-decorated pail which a young girl held up for him.

"Columbine?" queried the friend. The Man frowned.

"Tom has no thought of girls," he said like a displeased parent. The friend laughed. Some one was playing a mazurka from an inner room and all the court fell to dancing—the King with the beggar maid, the Queen with the Court Plaster, and Pierrot with Columbine. The last two tripped together as if they had been dancing all their lives in that mad measure. Her garments were the color of a rosy dawn, and her hair the hue of ripe corn. She was small—smaller even than Pierrot—and she had the grace of a kitten. After a time the two disappeared, and the Man wandering about with a sort of vague anxiety tugging at him, found them on the wide portico in the moon-mist, looking off at the city, that lay breathing deeply before them like a jaded monster.

Later, the Man had an opportunity of dancing with Columbine—Maxime Carberry was her name—and while they danced they talked.

"Such a child—poor Pierrot," she laughed. "We are all very fond of him, you know."

"You seem something of a child yourself," said the Man, jealous for his protegee. "You can hardly afford to patronize him upon the score of youth, can you?"

"Ah, you think because my frock is short that I must be young. Indeed, I am quite elderly," she smiled at him, dimpling in both cheeks, and the Man, chancing to glance at her and then beyond her, discovered Pierrot staring at them with lips wide apart in an abandonment of pure envy. Columbine's manners were of the world, in spite of the fact that she was there with that simple company. The pearls about her neck, the quality of her pretty draperies arrested the Man's careful scrutiny.

"Pierrot and I," he said slowly, "are nothing. We are of the streets. We are wanderers. He had a heart of joy, I had a few goods. We met, and we comforted each other. That is all there is to us. We stand back to back and fight off sorrow. And I—well, I'd die to keep pain away from my little Pierrot."

"I should never think of pain and Pierrot in the same day!" cried Columbine. "How serious you are! Is Pierrot happy with you when you are like this all the time?" She looked at the Man with a pretty simulation of anger, and tapped the little foot in its pink satin slipper.

"No one else is dressed so fine as you, Columbine," said the Man sternly. "No one else in this company is like you. Ought you to be here? Will not such as you bring discontent?"

"I am a student here," she cried in real anger this time. "I work hard. I have ambitions as well as the rest. Is it, my fault that—I—I do not live in a garret? I'm sure I should find it very good fun—living in a garret. But I am as I am. It would be affected of me to pretend to be the thing I am not. I wear such clothes as I have, use such possessions as I have, and I ought to have an equal chance with the rest. You'd clamor for a chance for Pierrot if he were denied it, because he is poor, and of the streets as you say. But I ought not to be shut out, because I happen to be fortunate. It isn't my fault is it? Everybody ought to have a chance. I mean to take my chance for one."

"And your parents? They are willing to let you try here with the others—with this Italian waif, with those plain girls over there from the country, with that murky Bohemian?"

"I am an artist," she said proudly. "At least, I hope to be an artist. My parents—I have never known them. I have a grandfather who adores art. He chaperones me, and he provides me with a governess, a serious person without mercy. She teaches me Latin and discretion, but I am a very poor pupil save when I am here. Now that's all there is to me, sir. Grandfather and I try to be conventional. But we never succeed very well. You must forgive us for wanting to be happy in our own way. We are not going to hurt these people—I am not doing any harm to Pierrot. You might try to be fair to me."

"You read me easily," he said piqued. "You look like a child, but I am out of the way of talking with—with women like you. Perhaps, as you say, you are not a child. You are only a beautifully young woman."

The Man left her, accusing himself of brutality, and no sooner had he quitted her than Pierrot was with her again.

In the days that followed the Man longed to ask Pierrot about Columbine, but something withheld him. It was certain the boy thought of little else. It showed itself in his abstraction, and it was the motif of his toil. There was a bench in the great room where the Man and Tom lived, on which Tom kept his modeling clay, and here, as he talked, he also worked—if that which was as the breath of life to him could be called work. Tom could turn out a portrait of anyone—aye, or a caricature if he were in the mood. The priest, who officiated at the Church of the Blessed Virgin, Mamma Vecchione at the fruit stand—she who sold a slice of water melon for a quarter of a cent and gave the change in squares of white paper—the Man himself, the friends of the Man who were dilettanti in the benevolences, all these Tom caricatured or idealized as the fit seized him. But now he fashioned only miniature Columbines—Columbine sitting, standing, laughing, dancing, thinking, painting, brooding, sleeping, in fact, Columbine doing anything imaginable except weeping. Somehow Pierrot never seemed to take cognizance of tears.

"How is this going to end, Tom?" ventured the Man one day.

"End?" gasped Pierrot. "End, sir?" His jaw dropped.

"All things *must* end," said the Man, relenting at sight of the pain in the boy's face.

"Must they?" asked Tom drawing a long breath.

He was sober for a moment and then he turned with a laugh to his pretty task of making a dancing Columbine. "I don't believe I shall ever end," he said, pinching into shape the tiny counterfeit of Columbine's rounded arm.

A few nights after this the Man saw Columbine at the theater. There were men and women with her, all making much of her and paying tribute to her beauty and her youth. She turned amiable and expectant eyes upon life and everyone was grateful. The Man himself felt interested. The wonder of her garments, which seemed to the Man to be of mingling rainbows with ruffles on them, were enchanting, and her lap was heaped with flowers.

"Columbine hath lovers," mused the Man. "She hath lovers and estates. Alas, poor Pierrot!"

Sometimes, for a day—or half a day—the Man had a hope that Pierrot might emerge from childhood, but no sooner was this hope awakened than some remark peculiarly naïf, some evidence of inherent irresponsibility betrayed the indestructible youthfulness of Pierrot's gentle soul.

"He is the natural result of a generation of toil and despair," decided the Man. "Out of ill-requited drudgery has come frivolity. From bowed and broken souls has come ineradicable youth. From despair has been born a gay indifference—from a race crushed with the bearing of burdens has come this faun, this plaything, incapable of the bearing of any burden, but made for laughter and for beauty." The Man had lived a long time among the Defeated. He knew many subtle things.

Well, the Spring came! Even at the Arditi flats the people were conscious of it. Mamma Vecchione began to talk of strawberries. All the girls in the block were out in new hats—even the poorest. As for Pierrot, he was moved with an unrestrainable joy. Never had his blue eyes been so filled with sheer gladness; never had his laugh been so frequent, so contagious! The Man regarded him with a sort of apprehension. There was a kind of poignancy in this joy.

Certain of the classes at the Art Institute decided that, in view of the Spring having made kindly advances, it would be well to meet it at least half way.

"They are going to a great apple orchard," Tom told the Man. "The water color class is to paint the orchard in full blossom, and I am invited, you know."

"To play the fool for them," thought the Man. However, he could deny the child nothing.

"I shall go with you," he said. "I also like apple orchards in bloom."

Once out in the country they found the world as if it had been newly born that day. The sky was of indescribable purity, the river flowing with triumphant gladness, the trillium peeping up from the wayside, the violets staining the young grass. Pungent odors of the ground, of saps and gums and juices met the nostrils. The birds were frantically busy; and as for the orchards—but there are no words to describe their perfume and their color!

Columbine's severe governess, who had accompanied her, fell to the care of the Man, who addressed himself to her gravely. She had a dark, oval, distinguished face, eyes so solemnly grey that they appeared to be black, straight black garments, which bore a certain resemblance to the garments of a nun, and upon her breast was pinned a tiny silver cross.

"Is there any use of trying to follow butterflies?" he asked of the governess, when the orchard had been reached where the students were to set up their easels. The Man spread out a camp stool for his companion, who sat there straight and serious while Pierrot and Columbine, in a riot of delight, ran hand in hand down the perfumed aisle of the orchard. Their laughter came floating back to the middle-aged pair who watched them.

"I am glad, madam," said the Man, "that you are not possessed with an undue sense of your duty. You are willing those children should be happy, and you are quite right in thinking that to-day it is only necessary to live in order to do one's whole duty."

The governess smiled slowly.

"I was not thinking that," she said. "You are not a good mind-reader."

"Mind-reading is not, in fact," admitted the Man laughingly, "my profession. But at any rate you will confess that if one looks at this sky and the enchanting blossoms, breathes the perfume and absorbs the balm, one does what is most right and proper."

"I am not denying that it is very easy to be happy to-day," she said.

The Man looked at her sharply. What was her history, he wondered. Her manner, her voice, her accent were those of a gentlewoman of unusual breeding. Her garb and face were those of a religieuse.

"As like as not," he reflected, "Here is a volume of exquisite verse bound like forbidding prose. No one knows what is written upon its pages. The leaves are not even cut. Shall I indulge my curiosity? I feel for the first time in years as if I would like to woo a woman—who could feel otherwise here in this Garden of Love? But would it be wise for me to woo a solemn woman of forty, who wears by preference a cross for her decoration? What a contrast to—" his thought became chaotically reminiscent, and unconscious of the passage of time he and the governess sat side by side staring before them, each lost in reverie, while the laughing throng of students deserted them and turned to their pleasant task.

Columbine did not set up an easel, however. She continued to run about with Pierrot, laughing and singing, and at last the two fell to dancing there under the flowering trees.

A bird song fairly over their heads arrested them.

"I know what I am going to do," cried Pierrot, "I am going to make that little bird as it is now! Behold it, Columbine! See how its little head is thrown back! It is rigid with happiness! It is all turned into song! How can anything so tiny make such melody as that?"

The little creature was splitting the air with its ecstasy.

"Make it!" cried Columbine. "Make it for me!"

He drew from his pocket a little wad of clay, moistened it at the stream which ran at the orchard's edge, and sitting upon the ground began to construct a counterfeit of the enraptured indigo bunting, which, with plumage more intensely blue even than the sky of that miraculous day, seemed to be in the very thrall of song. His notes fell in cascades, as if he had no control of them, and ended in an exquisite pianissimo, only to begin again in a few seconds with a bold bravura.

Pierrot worked swiftly, his eyes alight with joy.

"I am doing something for her," he thought over and over to himself. "She knows I can do this thing! I shall do it as no one else can. I almost feel as if I could put the song in the bird. And indeed I have read of strange things, which seemed to be true, of breath that came into statues and of bread that turned to roses because of great desire. If I desire with all my soul, is it possible?"—he checked himself, laughing and blushing. But his thoughts would go back to the hope of a miracle. "After all," he concluded in his heart, "such a thing would not be more wonderful than that the little bird should sing as it does! A bunch of feathers with heaven inside of it—is that not about as wonderful as anything could be! Then this orchard! How could any one believe such a place ever existed? It is much too beautiful to believe."

Pierrot was at his best—at the climax of his simple concentrated power, which showed itself in an instinct for beauty and in no other way. The little brain, attuned to Nature as it showed itself this day, all color, song, delight and harmony, worked to the utmost of

its capacity. The tenuous strings of this fragile instrument stretched themselves almost to the breaking point. Columbine was watching him breathlessly. Something of the meaning of the moment communicated itself to her.

"Pierrot," she thought to herself, "looks as if he were to be carried up to Olympus in Phoebus' car." But she said nothing. She knew when she spoke she sometimes confused Pierrot. It was better when she was with him merely to dance or laugh. Pierrot was happiest then. So she sat silent, leaning forward on her elbow, watching his eager fingers mould the singing bird.

"Pierrot," she said so softly that it seemed as if her voice were a part of the breeze, "I am almost sure that when you have finished, a song will come from those beaks!" Pierrot did not smile. He hardly recognized the words for a jesting compliment. It seemed to him that they might be true.

Just then there came an interruption. Some one was intruding in Arcady! Four young men in golfing costume came striding down the orchard, and Pierrot, turning in something akin to pain, to look at them who broke up the delight of the happiest moment he had ever known, saw Columbine spring gayly to her feet.

"Why Miss Carberry!" cried one of the young men. "You here? You look like a nymph, really, you know. Do you come out to these links? Of course you do, and it's my wretched luck that I never saw you here before."

"Oh, if Miss Carberry had ever been here before she'd have seen you, Dick," protested another. "His postoffice address, Miss Carberry, is the Ninth Hole."

"What a swagger get-up for this orchard, Miss Carberry, if you'll allow me to comment on it," cried a third. He pointed to Columbine's costume, which was indeed suited to the place. He took the end of her drifting amber scarf in his hands. "You really ought to anchor yourself to earth, you know. It will never do to look as you do. You'll turn into a Greuze and be mere canvas and paint. Really, you ought to be careful."

"I say, Miss Carberry," said the young man who had first spoken, "Can't you come over and take a turn with us? You never had the privilege of being out with fozzlers of our quality. It's quite a distinction. Please come."

"Well," said Columbine slowly, "I believe I will. Will one of you go for my governess? There she sits yonder—away there. See?"

She turned to Pierrot lightly.

"You will not mind, will you Pierrot?" she asked. The boy held out his hand. In it was the little bird.

"See!" he said. His tone was eloquent. It was the inarticulate plea of his heart—it held all his history, all his hope in it. But Columbine was glowing with the pleasurable excitement a young girl feels when she is surrounded by a group of admiring men.

"You must let me present my friend, Tomaso Boetti," she said. "He is a fellow student of mine, and years from now I expect to tell of it with a great deal of pride. It is not at all unlikely that Tomaso Boetti will come to be the most distinguished person I shall ever know." She nodded to Pierrot with affectionate patronage, and felt that she had done well by her little friend. She hoped, in fact, that he would be consoled for her desertion of him; and it was rather shabby of her perhaps. But after all, there was a certain monotony about a conversation with Pierrot.

Looking down the orchard, she saw that her emissary had reached her chaperone.

"Goodbye, Pierrot," she whispered. "Go back to the others and show them your clever little bird." She turned away and walked down the orchard, and the young men lifted their hats to Pierrot—who was to be a genius, and whom they therefore looked upon

with easy aversion—and Tomaso responded with a sad grace, and let his cap fall from his hand upon the ground. The little clay bird fell from his hand, too, and broke. So there he stood, and no longer heard the brook singing over white pebbles, no longer heard the rapturous bird, saw nothing more of drifting cumuli on deep azure, of generous boughs a-bloom, sensed nothing of velvet breeze and delicate perfume. So, indeed, the Man found him.

"Tom," he cried in alarm, "Tom, my boy!" The white face lifted itself. It was no longer the face of Pierrot—for it was drenched in tears!

The Man remembered when the child had been starved, half-frozen, kicked and cuffed like a stray cat, and had laughed! He put his arm about him and forced him to sit down, and once released from the paroxysm of his grief, Pierrot laid his length there under the pink blossoms and sobbed. After a while he told all the story, brokenly, in halting hot words—the words of a child who would never be anything but a child.

The Man prayed a prayer for guidance—he prayed with a passion of pity that he might speak the right word.

The little broken clay bird helped him. He picked it up in his hand.

"As you say, Tom," he said softly, "It seems as if it might have sung!" There was a moment's silence and he resumed. "Whenever you please, Tom, no matter if you are in a desert where there are no birds, or if you are in your sick room in the city and dreaming of the woods and not able to reach them, you can, if you choose, make for yourself a bird." He looked at the boy from his half-closed lids. Pierrot was listening. "You do not need the substance of things as common men do. Some men would have to trap that bird up there in the branches and keep it in a cage in their rooms, in order to be happy. But you, Tom, you can afford to live without the real bird, for it will always seem more enchanting to you to make a bird of your own. God had great pleasure when he made that bird, no doubt; and you—you have something of the pleasure of God when you make *your* bird. Is it not so?"

Pierrot's face was quivering and sobs still convulsed him, but his tears had ceased to flow.

"There never will come a time when you can not make for yourself the image of the creatures you love. Suppose Maxime Carberry marries one of those strong, healthy and dull young men out there on the links," he felt his heart beating at the bravado of his attempt to probe the wound to its depths, "and that the young man has her. You will have what he can not have—a true understanding of her beauty, of her soul at its very best, and you can remember the best of her soul, and with your hands you can reproduce her face, her graceful limbs, her beautiful motions. You will have the very essence of her loveliness—you will always see her young and charming and glad. There is no telling what changes he who marries her may see in her. He may even see her die. But she can never die for you, Tom. You can make her so that men will always see her as you see her, lithe and bright and laughing."

They rested in silence a long time. At length the students began to gather up their paraphernalia. It was time for the home-going. From over the hill came Columbine with her retinue of Harlequins, and with the nun-like governess.

She was walking along jauntily, and when she saw the Man and Pierrot, she waved her hand to them. The Man put his arm over Tom's shoulder.

"We will walk ahead of the others," he said. "We will sit with the driver of one of the wagons, and on the train I shall see that we are alone."

Pierrot said nothing. His eyes looked sunken, and the tears had distorted his face. As they turned to

go, the Man set his heel upon the fragments of the wonderful little clay bird, and crushed the likeness out of its vibrant figure.

At the station in the city, it chanced that he met the governess face to face, and, being just of a height, they looked in each others eyes. Hers had mysterious shadows in them.

"She looked as if she knew the sorrows of the world!" mused the Man. "I am sure she sorrows vicariously for my poor weeping faun—my poor, poor, Pierrot!" He pressed her hand in parting, and his eyes fixed themselves upon the little silver cross. Then, without meaning to, he said a strange thing.

"I regret," he whispered, "that we have not met before."

The woman looked at him with a serene pride as a free soul looks at a soul.

"It is a sort of happiness," she said, "to be able to feel such a regret."

Bid me come to see you," he said. She smiled rebukingly.

"Goodbye," she murmured. "Goodbye." Her eyes seemed to hold in them still that vicarious pain.

The Man took Pierrot back to that strange room up at the top and beyond the top. He threw open the windows to the sunset which burned its way through all the smoke of the town. He placed milk and honey and bread before his friend—his wild creature—his faun who had found tears. He kissed him on the brow.

"Other men know the beauty that fades," he said over and over, "but you hold in your soul the beauty which never fades."

Pierrot nodded his head again and again in gratitude, but for all of that, after he had fallen asleep, he sobbed in his sleep like a heartbroken child, and the Man, watching him, thought of many things and many sorrows, and most of all of the woman with the shadowy eyes and the cross upon her breast. And then he laughed whimsically, realizing that he and Pierrot were both sorrowing for women—one for a nymph and one for a nun!

"Ah," he sighed, "he weeps and I laugh, but for all of that, he has compensations which are not mine."

He darkened the attic room and went to his bed, and in the darkness heard still the sobs of his Pierrot.

"It is only an episode—an episode," he whispered to himself. "He will forget." But he knew in his heart that it was not an episode. It was the beginning of a new life for Pierrot, for he had discovered sorrow.

ONE PATRIOT.

BY JOSEPH SMITH.

McTAVISH O'ROURKE was a Scotch-Irishman, born somewhere in Scotland-Ireland. When he grew to manhood he yearned to fill a lucrative position, with short hours and long tenure; for within his young soul was working the instinct of his strange race to draw a long salary and a long bow; and he felt he could do both in a manner worthy of his illustrious ancestors.

Finding himself, by some occult process, in America, he applied to the wise and benevolent administration for an opportunity befitting his wondrous talents. A fat and sympathetic senator took him by the hand and presented him to the Power behind the Throne in this wise: "Behold McTavish O'Rourke, a justly-famed scion of that most remarkable people, the Scotch-Irish. He is neither Scotch nor Irish, yet he may be both; he may have been born in Ireland; perchance Scotland saw his birth; it is possible that he first saw the light in both simultaneously. This I do know—he is one of a wonderful, talented, versatile, genius-endowed race, a race the world owes everything to. I have

learned these facts from Mr. McTavish O'Rourke himself, and they are freely acknowledged and confirmed by the members of this extraordinary people. He now condescends to improve and elevate this republic in any well-paid office which remains unoccupied—provided the finances of the country are shown to be in sound condition, and the promises of the administration are set forth in documentary form. I feel honored in bringing to your ken so illustrious a person as McTavish O'Rourke."

When the senator finished his peroration tears were running down the cheeks of the Power behind the Throne, who said, in a voice broken by sobs: "Such noble and disinterested conduct could come only from a Scotch-Irishman. The Scotch scorn our treasury; the Irish despise our offices. I cannot tell you, sir, how deeply I regret that the office of President of the United States is temporarily filled; but there are others. You will be appointed this day Ambassador and Plenipotentiary Extraordinary to the empire of Scotland-Ireland, with a salary of five millions per annum. Your salary will begin the minute you reach the capital of that great country and let us know where it is; for it has long been the vain but earnest wish of all Americans to find out where Scotland-Ireland is and who the Scotch-Irish are. After you have taken a bath—I now decorate you with the order of the bath—step into the Temple of the Gold Brick, McTavish O'Rourke, where the High Priest will administer the oath of office to you, give you your official instructions and furnish you with your proper credentials."

McTavish O'Rourke departed on his embassy and he is still looking for Scotland-Ireland. All that has been learned so far from that beautiful land is that it is thence come all those healing medicines used by the Christian Scientists.

WOMEN'S WOES IN PARIS.

BY W. T. LARNED.

Hand-painted stockings, adorned with lilies and emeralds and costing \$900 a pair, are the newest fad.

Dr. Marechal's efforts to prohibit by law the wearing of corsets has excited derisive laughter.

The French women suffragists continue to agitate the right of woman to retain her maiden name after marriage.—*Paris Cables.*

LAND'S sake
An' Hully Gee,
Paree!

You take
The pot
And
You beat the band
For show—
Or mebbe so
For what
Had oughter not.
But—*Honi Soit*,
Etcetera.

Anyhow,
We 'low
That since
A woman cannot claim
Her maiden name
—Once He's bewitched
And hitched—;
That woman has to wince
Because
Of man's laws,
And brutal ways
As to stays:
Why these two wrongs must make,
Without mistake,
A woman's rights.

Hence rumors
As to bloomers
And other frights.
And so *on dit*—they say—
The Susan B.
Anthony,
Of gay Paree,
Has found a way
To cheat the dirt
And lay
Up for a rainy-day
Skirt.
While just an emerald or two
Will do
To make the stocking
Less shocking;
With a little paint
To show it ain't
Bas blue;
And has no sonnet
Written on it—
But only *fleur de lis*,
To indicate
The woman's new estate;
To show that she
Is royalty.
As in our own countree;
And yet,
That she may even come to vote
And tote
Her own latchkey.
(The jewel, don't you see,
Is for consistency.)

And Johnny Crapaud!
Is he on the spot
With his "dough"
Or her dot?
Has he the scads
For these fads?

And Victor Jules Marie!
Must he
Pay the freight
And digitate
Down, down into his jeans,
No matter what his means?
Oui, oui,
Ananke!—
Meaning Fate.
A bas V. J. Marie!
His *nome de guerre's* Denis.

But just suppose that he
Has not the "rocks"
For pictured lingerie?
Must he then drop his socks
That he may clothe the calves
Of all his better halves
(The plural's poetry)
With *fleur de lis*?

Voici!
His look is one of care,
His cup is full—
It is *un petit verre*
Of thin *vin ordinaire*.
Helas! it ees not fair.
He has no pull.
But still,
As Frenchmen will,
He keeps his French *esprit*,
For all his jamboree.
And so he can't help thinking,
While he's drinking,
If in France

There may be any chance—
Or would it be in vain
(His cup he drains to the dregs)
To cultivate a passion
For the fashion
Set by the Queen of Spain,
Who has no legs?

A PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

TO have known a beautiful character is to be at once uplifted and cast down, proud and ashamed. It is to have seen the noble heights the human creature can make his own, and to have felt keenly the pull of that morass from which few of us ever contrive to climb. We are girt about by obliquities and almost think them the proper perfections; the world crowds compromise and craft upon us until we conceive them to be the very atmosphere of life; and then, suddenly, once, perhaps, in a lifetime, there shines upon us the serene dignity of a man who, fashioned in the image of what we hold divine, so orders his life as to bring home to us others, sharply, bitterly, yet splendidly, the gulf that we have fixed between what we are and what we might be. The botch we have made of our lives becomes an ugly spot in the mind; it takes all the resources of the cynic to persuade us that a world peopled by perfection would be, after all, Paradise, and not the world as it is. Yet even this inescapably sorry world of ours can never quite lose the radiance that a noble life has shed upon it; the example stands, solitary, perhaps, and afar off; but it is there, and because of it we have greater store of pity, gentler mercies, kinder thoughts and, in the end, fewer regrets about self. For can we not still, perhaps, reach, by some marvellous mutation of spirit, that serene height upon which that other moved all his life upon the noble business of his life?

To make a noble business of our lives, that is the task we go about so blunderingly. To some of us the thought never even occurs; that the mere go-and-come of days can be made to shine with an infectious splendor is far from our dreamings. It is only after we have known a man or a woman whose life has suddenly brought clear to us our own diminution of the Great Design that we wake, with a start, as the dreamer on a Barmecide feast opens eyes finally upon hunger and squalor.

A man who went, the other day, upon a journey, left upon all of us who knew him so strong a sense of the littleness of life as we are living it and of the grandeur of it as construed by him that one is constrained to some effort at a picture of him. A Portrait of a Gentleman is what any ever so slight sketch of him must wear as label.

So fitly did he wear the fine old name of gentleman that he brushed from it every hint of any odium that our more democratic age occasionally casts upon mere gentility. In his person the old nobility reigned amid the tillers of the soil who were his friends. In a land where all are equal, in a community where the genuine is still supreme, where neither the pose nor the plutocracy of urban civilization has made abiding impress, he won, by the sheer nobility of his nature, a place higher than is in the gift of kings. The gulf between his own rigid honesty, his splendid cheer in the face of discouragement, and the whining with which we others take our imperfections and our whippings, did not affect the tenderness with which his fellows regarded him. That was the measure of the man; they could not hate him. To have no enemy, you say, is to be weak. No; that is merely one of the half-truths we give for reason of our compromise with the world. This man had come, already in the evening of his days, to a town foreign to his upbringing, strange to

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his conventions, removed from his habit of thought. Yet the cosmopolitan in him warmed to the contact. He was a man; here were other men. The years passed; he went about his ways finely observant of one main text; he minded his own business. In that observance he was cheerful; he had ever a kind word, a humorous touch to the little, trivial things, a gentle touch in the larger affairs of human sympathy. Eager in honest toil, he won, day by day, year by year, the respect, the love of his town, of all who knew him. The people awoke, little by little, with a word here and a wonder there, to realization of the wisdom, the wit, and the majesty that make an honest gentleman. There seemed to have been born again, or to have been transplanted to this little, ordinary town, of the ordinary Middle West, a hero with something of Colonel Newcome, something of Robert Louis Stevenson, and yet something of the modern, progressive American. He was a gentleman, all of the olden time, yet he differed from the visions of a Colonel Carter of Cartersville in that he went solidly forward upon his fine undertakings to make two grains grow where but one grew before; he prospered before man and before God by the sheer vigor of his fine mind, and the infectious magnetism of his uprightness. Sorrow dogged him at every turn. At midway of his life she had shorn him of his all; he began his life again with as cheerful a faith in the good, as stern a sense of the justice of things, as could the most inexperienced of visionaries. When the years had brought him a beautiful content in the new place he had won in his new world, and in the affections of those who at first had held him aloof as a stranger, an alien, and a competitor, sorrow touched him again. She robbed him, at a stroke, of the body's usefulness. The clear brain remained, the fine faith, the undying patience. The world asks itself, it asks heaven, why it is the noblest who suffer the most at fate's hands. All answers make for despair, save only one: it is to the best of men that misfortune comes in order that we lesser folk may see how supremely misfortune can be borne. This best of men, certainly, so bore himself under his grim afflictions as to make all our querulous whimperings at trifles seem the signs of a stunted, dwarfed humanity. Of his body he had, to all intents, no farther use; yet in the sharp grasp of his brain all his old eagerness, his fine ambitions, his pure thoughts upon life, death, and his fellow-man, remained unchanged, unchanging. Still on its lovely way his nature went through our murky world; still, uncomplaining, he minded his own business, he spoke evil of no man, he saw good everywhere. His patience never faltered; his faith no-wise dwindled. To him all men were more good than bad; to him evil was simply something that one need not touch. His patience, his faith in humanity, loomed the more brightly as they came not from innocence, but purely out of the beauty of his character; he had seen many men and many climes; he had beheld many lands and many cities; his life had never been of the cloister; at every point he had touched humanity, always humanity. He loved his fellowmen, and would not think evil. In return they scourged him; they stripped him of his goods; they cast him forth upon strange lands; nothing altered, nothing swerved him; his cheer, his unobtrusive kindness remained firm and abiding; he came again upon the hills of victory, where men were at last compelled to behold and applaud him with honor and love in their hearts; that victory gained, fate thrust him at a blow into the shadow of the Last Shadow; and yet he quailed not in his triumph. Triumphant he retained, beyond all slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, the panoply of his nobility, his optimism, his belief in the beauty of this world. The faith of his fathers he honored and loved, as he did all things fine and sweet, though fate had cast his ways many thousand miles from the homes and bones of those

same forbears whom he so splendidly typified. What his father had done was a sacred thing to him; he came of good men, and he was himself the best of them. He never lost the gentleman, and he never lived an hour that he did not shed a lustre on that title.

He was an honest gentleman, a true man; he suffered much and complained never; he labored and was little rewarded; he lived, he loved, and he smiled at fate.

Let us put that upon our picture of him, now that he is gone upon his journey.



THE PLAY IS THE THING.

BY HAROLD MELBOURNE.

THE DRAMATIST: "Miss Elsie de Bloodgood?"

THE ACTRESS: "Yes?"

THE DRAMATIST: "I hear you intend starring?"

THE ACTRESS: "Yes, I'm tired of acting!"

THE DRAMATIST: "I should think you would be! How long have you been on the stage?"

THE ACTRESS: "Two whole seasons!"

THE DRAMATIST: "My goodness! And have you succeeded in securing a suitable play?"

THE ACTRESS: "I have not! The English playwrights can't suit me, and the American one is too busy!"

THE DRAMATIST: "I am an American Dramatist!"

THE ACTRESS: "Not really?"

THE DRAMATIST: "Yes, really! and I've got a play that I think is just what you want!"

THE ACTRESS: "And do you think it is just what the public wants?"

THE DRAMATIST: "I know it is!"

THE ACTRESS: "Is it a dramatization of a novel?"

THE DRAMATIST: "No."

THE ACTRESS: "A translation?"

THE DRAMATIST: "No."

THE ACTRESS: "An adaptation?"

THE DRAMATIST: "No."

THE ACTRESS: "Is it historical?"

THE DRAMATIST: "No."

THE ACTRESS: "Romantic?"

THE DRAMATIST: "No."

THE ACTRESS: "Mystical?"

THE DRAMATIST: "No."

THE ACTRESS: "Morbidity?"

THE DRAMATIST: "No."

THE ACTRESS: "Sensational?"

THE DRAMATIST: "No."

THE ACTRESS: "Wicked?"

THE DRAMATIST: "No."

THE ACTRESS: "Goody-goody?"

THE DRAMATIST: "No."

THE ACTRESS: "What's the title?"

THE DRAMATIST: "Silks and Satins."

THE ACTRESS: "How many acts?"

THE DRAMATIST: "Three."

THE ACTRESS: "How many speaking parts?"

THE DRAMATIST: "Fourteen."

THE ACTRESS: "Where does it take place?"

THE DRAMATIST: "New York City."

THE ACTRESS: "What are the scenes?"

THE DRAMATIST: "At the Milliners; at Mrs. Biltmore's Reception; at Mrs. Biltmore's Ball."

THE ACTRESS: "Let me see the play!"

THE DRAMATIST: "Here it is, ninety-six original designs for costumes!"

THE ACTRESS: "Delightful! Delicious! Darling!"

THE DRAMATIST: "These are for Act One—street-gowns!"

THE ACTRESS: "A-ah!"

THE DRAMATIST: "These are for Act Two—reception gowns!"

THE ACTRESS: "O-oh!"

THE DRAMATIST: "These are for Act Three—ball gowns!"

THE ACTRESS: "I * ? * I * ?"

THE DRAMATIST: "Let me read the first act: 'Black Renaissance lace made Empire style, skirt very long all the way round; pale blue panne velvet, princess style and fastened down the back; white cloth trimmed with white lamb's wool. . . .'"

THE ACTRESS: "Charming! Act Two!"

THE DRAMATIST: "Green crepon with green chiffon flowers appliqued; pale, pink cloth with all-over design in turquoises and gold spangles; yellow silk. . ."

THE ACTRESS: "Exquisite! Act three!"

THE DRAMATIST: "Lavender panne velvet, with chiffon orchids, outlined in spangles; plain, unadorned cloth-of-gold, long train; white satin, with festoons of black velvet baby-ribbon and red cherries; red. . ."

THE ACTRESS: "Oh what is that writing on the back of the designs?"

THE DRAMATIST: "Those are the subjects the costumes, I mean the characters, are to talk about. Act one—clothes, love, marriage, divorce, clothes, servants. . . . No regular parts need be learned as nobody will pay any attention to mere words or plot or the sense of things. Whenever the conversation lags trot out another frock. Now here is the dialogue for act two—clothes, children, clothes, food, etc. In this scene introduce something new in the way of tea-tables or tea-pots or tea-trays. Introduce something new, anyway, *anything* new! In act three, the costumes—er—I mean the characters, will talk about clothes, clothes and clothes! . . ."

THE ACTRESS: "Enough! enough! I accept your play! I shall produce it! It is just what I want! It is just what the public wants! It is exquisite! It is a masterpiece!"



THE BLONDE SCHOOLMA'RM

BY SARAH WILLIAMSON.

A PRETTY young school-teacher, in a momentary lapse into vanity, permitted her hairdresser to change her luxurious locks to a ravishing blonde tint. As she had a primary class, when she came to school after the awful deed had been consummated the children did not make any horrid remarks as they might have done had they been of older growth. They thought their teacher was ten times prettier with yellow hair than with black. As for the other teachers, they cast a few envious glances and muttered a few unintelligible meannesses, but they did not say anything openly, so the teacher's feelings were spared.

As the year passed by the pretty young school-teacher began to grow tired of her golden hair. She found it expensive and a great bother to keep up the dyeing process, and she longed for a look at her old dark locks in the mirror. But her scholars' mothers, aunts, and big sisters, not to speak of the cousins and the new members of the School Board, knew her as a blonde, and the fear of invidious comparisons made her timid about making another change.

"I will do it next term," she said, "for by that time I will have a new class."

But next term those of her little pupils who had not been promoted came again into her class, and she felt that it would not do to become a brunette again—not just yet.

And the following year, when she was about contemplating a lightning change back to brunette, the small sisters and brothers of her former pupils came into her class, and again she had to put off her transformation scene. The following year she had a higher grade given her and in it were some of the scholars who had been in her primary class. Therefore she did not like to spoil their opinion of her by becoming a brunette again.

Years passed on, and still the school-teacher, pretty and young no longer, was obliged to remain a blonde against her will. The little sisters and brothers were followed by the daughters and even the granddaughters of her original pupils. As to each and all tradition had made their beloved teacher a beautiful blonde, farther off than ever seemed the dark-tressed millennium.

Nevertheless, the day the teacher was sixty-four years old she said to herself: "I shall no longer lie to my mirror. My present class contains no child in any way related to those who knew me as a blonde, or before my metamorphosis. I shall let my hair change to its original shade."

But lo and behold! when the dye wore away the teacher found herself sadly disappointed. For her hair was quite gray.

The moral to this may be that excessive vanity brings its own punishment, but it may also be summed up in this: When you dye your hair you must not be sensitive about public opinion, or else you must change your occupation.

CUCHILLO DE LA MUERTE.

BY HOBART BOSWORTH.

GOD, in his wisdom, finds—to our poor mortal ken—strange ways, strange tools for the working out of His own ends. We, whose vision is so limited, cry out at times against the injustice, the strangeness with which Destiny metes out its rewards and punishments; for too often do we see the innocent suffer, the righteous starve, the retribution for an act of evil overwhelm, not the guilty one, but the stranger to the deed; and it is this seeming lack of compensation for our works, good or bad, that is the burden of my tale, a true one in all its essential facts.

The great molten sun, glowing red and sinister, fiery reminder of the heat of to-day, portent of its fierce heat of to-morrow, was slowly sinking towards the soft masses of fog bank that roll up from the sea each afternoon and refresh all the lower western slopes of the peninsula of Baja California.

For this altitude, however, high up on its backbone, so called, there was no such relief. Far away on every side, stretched a chaotic waste of brown and yellow draws and rises, with here and there a parched and stunted cottonwood, or a straggling bunch of mesquite chapparal betokening the waterhole where the lean cattle and sheep, the only wealth of the land, stood meekly, knee deep in the black mud, waiting for the end of the day's search for the few poor spears of Buffalo grass in that agony of parching heat.

All day long the sun's glistening rays had poured down upon the shadeless, burnt expanse, desolate, lonely, and all day long a slender girl, with smoldering fire in her great Spanish eyes, and a pathetic tragedy in her child's face that overcame the tawdry finery of her dress, sat numbly at the old hacienda door, murmuring from time to time: "You go away an' leave me now! You go away an' leave me after yo' promise!"

Poor little peon; poor woman-child! The inherited right of all Eve's daughters to love and give all, to suffer and pay, was hers when she was too young to know or even guess at the meaning of her tragedy.

In the deserted corral two bronchos, one saddled and bitted, the other loose, idled away the hours with drooping heads and ceaselessly active tails; and in the doorway of the now dismantled, half-decayed hacienda, his final labors there finished, leaned a man, stalwart, powerful, beautifully moulded. This was "Dink," God's strange tool.

His yellow hair waved softly about a face that was good to look upon: fine, brown eyes, a trifle sen-

sual and heavy-lidded, delicately chiseled nose, with slightly flaring nostrils, lips of ruddy red, and smiling beneath the sweep of a long blonde mustache, the lines of his chin and jaw finely turned and expressing much firmness and strength. So, often does "nature bestow her gifts most unwisely," for there was neither strength nor positive force in the man, unless selfishness, at no matter what cost to others, be strength.

His magnificent figure inclined a little to show the habits of laziness and self-indulgence; that his soul was slave to. His soul! Have such men souls? It would sometimes seem not, and that devoted woman tried to make perfect their beautiful bodies by giving to them their own souls, freely and joyfully, never counting the cost to themselves, only to find that they have given all, and the man is in no wise the better for it.

Herman Carlos Dinklage owed his stature, his strength, and some suggestion of vitality and energy that still lingered about him, together with his plain given and family names, to his Missouri father, frontiersman born, wandering far in restless search of that Dorado which has followed in the footsteps of such men as he, but which they—never turning back—could not see.

His Spanish second name, the brown eyes and sensual lethargy that marred his beautiful face and body, came from his Mexican mother, passionately loving the great raw-boned man of the frontiers, in whose never-ending journey she was but an episode of rest—and lost time. In the son was a strange admixture of those two natures so widely at variance, a clashing of all elements good and bad; never quite brutal, though always careless; never quite brave, morally, though unknown to fear in its merely physical sense, the languorous and passionate nature of his mother softly enveloping, as it were, the rugged granite of his father, muffling his native energies, incapacitating him for the more strenuous and virile aspect of life. It was because of this predominant element of good nature, and lazy tolerance, that he had treated the monotonous frettings of poor little Luz without show of temper or brutality. Besides he was busied with the final preparations for his departure and was filled with a sense of eagerness amounting to elation thereat. Life on the U. V. Bar had not been a bed of roses for "Dink," and he had sold out, paid his gambling debts among the sparse number of his neighbors in the fifty-odd square miles of the Ensenada country that formed his "section," and with high hopes, a little gold dust, a much-abused but hardy "brank," and a saddle bedecked with innumerable conchas and tapaderos that swept the ground (dear to the Peninsular heart), he was starting in the morning for San Diego—and what the gods had to give.

Now, as he heaved his great shoulders against the crumbling adobe of the doorway, he rolled the inevitable husk-wrapped cigarro in one hand while the other sought a match, his eyes wandering listlessly to where the sun was sinking. The indifferent glance changed to one of careless interest, thence to intentness, and then—pointing with his cigarette between brown-stained fingers: "Say, Luz, your eyes are better'n mine. Is that a critter or a man an' hoss over on the far ridge yander?"

"I don't see no one. Hit mos' be a critter."

"Yes, I guess so. Nobody aint goin' anywhere in this dam heat. Gee! but I'll be glad to!"

He stopped suddenly for the convulsive grasp of Luz' little hands upon his reminded him of her sorrow, and he said, gently enough:

"Say, little one, don't you worry about me. I'll come back some day, soon—an' sure make good."

"Oh! No, no!" she moaned. "You goin' way an' leave me, an' you promise dat time when—Oh Dio! you know—you promise make me your wife."

The blue smoke curled lazily from nose and

lips as he answered: "But how kin I? At least how kin I, now? Didn't I tell ye I would as soon as I could git sartin things fixed up? Well, they ain't fixed yet, an' you've got to wait till they are."

"I know more," she cried. "You no care now fer me. You go San Diego an' meet some girl dare which mak' you forget Luz! If you go you don't com' back. Never! never! Oh! I know! Yo see! Yo see!" she moaned to herself over and over again, and then through the terrible ache in her heart she relapsed into her own tongue, and poured forth a burst of almost incoherent Spanish, full of reproaches, of love, of fear, the agonized utterances of a woman's despair.

"Oh, don't talk Greaser lingo," said Dink, at a loss how to stem the torrent that was fast sweeping her into a passion of words he had experienced before.

"Oh," she cried, springing to her feet, and confronting him, her delicate form trembling with the emotion that swayed her. "You no like my language, you no like me, you no like anything Mexican any more. It's all for the Gringo girls you think now. But, *madre de Christo!* you don't see dem ever again. I swear to you!" And she stood before him, lithe, slender, beautiful, her girlish breast heaving beneath its flimsy covering, her breath coming hard in the pain of her tragedy—woman's old, old tragedy, so oft repeated, so always new, so terrible ever—and made the sign of the cross.

Thus, for a moment, the pair stood in the sun's last red ray, the man hypnotized by the fierce power in her black eyes, and then he shook himself as one who awakes, and putting out his arm with a familiarity born of custom, tried to draw her to him as of old.

"Ah no! no!" she shuddered. "No more!" and she shrunk from him, her eyes never leaving his face until, with a sudden turn, she ran to her saddled horse.

Dink, to whom such behavior had its piquant element of resistance, but little known to him in his dealings with women, followed. As she stood erect in her stirrups to arrange her serape, drawing her scanty petticoat closely about her limbs, an ugly outline broke the sweep of their delicate beauty at the knee nearest him. Dink, stretching out his hand, said: "What's that in your garter, Luz?" and would have touched it, but she, with a cry, struck him fiercely across the wrist with her quirt. "*Carajo!* you know soon enough"—and was gone.

Half an hour later, as the man finished his last supper in the one room of the hacienda, a loud "halloo!" brought him in surprise to his feet, and through the open door he saw a horse and rider, staggering wearily, slowly towards him.

On these great veldts, where so few habitations are, every house is a hostelry, open to all who apply for shelter, turning none away, in the great comradeship of loneliness; and so, with a hearty cry of "Well, stranger, you're just in time for supper," Dink helped the stiff and worn man to dismount, untied his pack from the saddle strings and unstrapped the big gun he was toting.

In the corral, a few moments later Dink said, "I thought I saw ye an hour back, against the sun, on one of the far rises, but I guessed it couldn't be nothin' but a critter. It's too hot for a feller to do much range ridin' for pleasure."

"No," grunted the stranger as he uncinched the heavy lattigoes and relieved the poor cow-pony of his weary load of saddle and blankets. "No, unless a man was gettin' into trainin' for hell-fire, he don't want to be on leather sich days as this. But say, pard"—the stranger looked up quickly over the wet back of his broncho—for tender confidences most often meet with jeers meant for humor among those rough-cast men—but the winning look of swelling interest on Dink's

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face inspired him to proceed, and with a hesitancy that, in a woman, would have been made charming by blushes, he resumed: "I got a wife—an'—a new baby that I never seen, over the line—in San Diego, an' they're waitin' for me. So I aint wastin' time ner sparin' horseflesh to get there. I wuz makin' down fer Ensenada, but seen this shack an' turned back fer hoss-feed an' shelter. She's a real good Pi," he added, stroking the neck of the horse, "an' I don't want to wear her plum out."

"Well, you come just in time," said Dink cordially. "I'm layin' to start for there myself in the mornin', so you rest here to-night, an' to-morra we'll hit the trail together."

As the stranger finished his supper Dink sat in the doorway, smoking lazily, with a feeling of relief and renewed contentment in having gotten rid of Luz without a more violent scene. The thought of her led him to another, and he asked:

"Say, pard, did you meet anyone as you came along?"

"Never a soul all day," spoken chokily because of much bacon and beans.

Dink glanced cautiously at the man, suspecting prevarication; but the honest face betrayed no thought of that, nor consciousness, indeed, of anything but the food before him.

"Well," said Dink, lazily blowing rings through rings from a great chestful of blue smoke, "that's funny; did you keep the trail?"

"Never left it; knowed it must bring me here."

"Say: that's funny," he repeated. "Where'd she go to I wonder?"

There was a lingering emphasis on the *she* that attracted the stranger's attention at once. Western manners are frank, and there was no offense shown by Dink at his visitor's interested "Who?" for personalities are scarce on the plains and each has its attraction.

"Why, a little Mexican gal from down at De Riva's rancho. He! he!" chuckled Dink with the satisfied gurgle of sexual conquest remembered. "I met her at a baile when I first come hyer. She was pretty, dam pretty for a Greaser." (Dink was only half Greaser himself, but here at least his overcoming Missouri progenitor's influence triumphed, and in his eyes he was "Good Amurrican.") "She kin dance like a fairy, an' the slickest little figure you ever saw, an' so—an' so"—here followed a pause unspeakably eloquent to men engaged in such conversation, and then, with a shrug, "Well, you know."

Yes, the stranger did know, as who of us does not, all the tragedy of a life so lightly expressed.

"She come up to-day like a crazy puma to make me marry her, sayin' I'd made some sort of a promise. Well, perhaps I did make a talk like that. You know how them things goes, but to make good? No sir-ee! I can't see it that way. Say—I wonder where she went; must have dipped into the Long Arroyo an' got back that way."

The stranger had filled his pipe and sat silent, watching the slow smoke-spirals mount upward and fade into vacancy. One meets all sorts on the range, but perhaps as he listened to this boasting confession of deliberate moral murder, he saw in the smoke faces of his wife and the little baby he was riding through hundreds of miles of burning waste to see, and was glad their fate was different.

Down in the Long Arroyo, the poor little Luz was lying face down upon the hard ground all unheeding the heavy dew that drenched her thin garments, her fingers convulsively gripping the sparse coarse grass—waiting.

The two men turned in upon their blankets before the last glow had faded from the western sky, with Dink against the wall, as the stranger, a merciful man,

wanted to rise after his first nap and refresh his pony with another drink. Soon all was still and black within.

The soft mysterious radiance of dawn came creeping up across the firmament, filling the little room with its ghostly light. Dinklage, turning from easy, dreamless slumber, pushed the figure beside him and cried heartily: "Get up, pard, and lets be off for Ensenada."

There was no response.

Again he laid his hand upon the figure; something inert, passive in its irresistance chilled him through and through, though why he knew not. He slipped his hand again upon the breast and withdrew it, almost shrieking, holding it up to the pale dawn, dark, wet, sticky, with a little purple rill slowly moving from between his fingers, down his palm, across his wrist, the wrist on which still showed the abraded welt of Luz' quirt.

Dink was a brave man, but in this presence he was cowed. His blonde hair was damp with the cold sweat that burst from him. He rushed into the sweet dawn, so pure, so cool. After a time his courage returned and he went back into that still presence.

In the stranger's heart was a long, thin, ugly knife. Upon its hilt was a paper rudely inscribed:

"You know now. *Cuchillo de la Muerte.*"

When last I saw Dink he was in Chinatown in San Francisco, ostensibly a guide, but in reality "King of the Chinks" of that block, levying tribute from them all; blackmailer, gambler, go-between for the Chinese courtesans—and for the police. The lithe curves of the splendid figure had grown heavy and corpulent with ease and good living, the handsome face was heavy-eyed and bloated, but still handsome enough to win him—what he most desired. He led a happy, conscienceless life, and when he told me the story he laughed—"It was a terrible good joke on the feller, that he wanted to drink his horse, for that made him sleep on the outside and get stuck instead of me."

And so God works His will and weaves the woof of our human destinies, using strange shuttles betimes.

Truly "God's ways are past finding out."

THE PRINCESS AND HER FOOL.

BY ELIZABETH DIKE LEWIS.

(A small, heavily-curtained ante-chamber. In a corner, on a divan, sits a page, fingering a lute. The Princess, in a high-backed chair, by a shaded lamp, is reading from an old book. She turns the leaves listlessly, then eagerly—then throws down the volume and paces the floor. She turns to the page.)

PRINCESS: Give me the lute. Go call my Fool.

(The page runs off, and she touches the lute until the Fool enters.)

FOOL: Your Highness calls for me?

PRINCESS: Fool! You know that I cannot be alone.

FOOL: And your Highness is alone? When she has her thoughts to bear her company?

PRINCESS: My thoughts are like myself. They are childish and troubled, Fool, to-day.

FOOL: Yet methinks, Princess, that to-day, of all days, your thoughts, like yourself, should be calm, and womanly.

PRINCESS: You know what day it is?

FOOL: It is your wedding day, Princess.

PRINCESS: My wedding day! And the Prince, the Prince whom I have never seen, is coming—now, at any moment—to take me away!

FOOL: And your Highness is a little afraid, perhaps.

PRINCESS: Not afraid, Fool, but lonely. Come, jest to me, talk to me,—as none but you has ever talked to me. Give me some other thing to think of than my poor self. I had that before ever you came.

(She sits upon the divan and the Fool takes a cushion at her feet.)

FOOL: Alas, Princess, I have told all my tales, and I have sought for no new ones. I did not think that you would need me any more.

PRINCESS: Cruel! Have you no jest saved up for such an hour as this? You cannot dare to fail me now. I need you more than I ever did before.

FOOL: There is, now that I remember, one thing yet that I might tell you; one that might amuse you; that might serve to make this weary time of waiting pass more quickly. And yet. . . .

PRINCESS: And yet? Ah, now I am amused! 'And yet' has interested me already.

FOOL: It is scarcely a jest for a bride, Princess. The King, your father. . . .

PRINCESS: The King, my father! He would not know it to be unfit for a bride if he heard it, . . . and . . . he shall not hear it!

FOOL: *(Fingering the lute.)* There is a prelude to the jest, Princess, a prelude in rhyme.

PRINCESS: Sing, it, Fool.

(The Fool sings:)

Pretend we're lovers, you and I.

Pretend that we are strolling

Beneath a sunset-tinted sky,

O'er meadows greenly rolling.

Pretend your hand is seeking mine,

That eyes with love are glancing;

That souls are drunk as though with wine,

That heart with heart is dancing:

Then let us tell the tales we would

If trust were never-ending,

And talk awhile, as talk we could,—

If . . . this were not pretending!

(A silence, while the Fool tunes the lute.)

PRINCESS: Well?

FOOL: Will you?

PRINCESS: Will I what?

FOOL: Pretend.

PRINCESS: Pretend that I will. Then what is it that we could say?

FOOL: We could say that, for me, it is not pretending.

PRINCESS: You are forgetting. . . .

FOOL: Myself. Yes.

PRINCESS: No, Fool. You are forgetting your jest.

FOOL: Forgetting my jest! Am I likely to forget it, my jest? Was there ever a better, a more amusing one, Princess? For, listen, this is my jest, . . . that I love you, . . . I, your Fool!

PRINCESS: Then it is this that you would tell me, . . . "if we were lovers, you and I"?

FOOL: Surely. For what better thing can a lover tell his mistress than that he loves her?

PRINCESS: Surely,—there is no sweeter thing for her to hear, than that he loves her!

FOOL: And if they were not lovers he could not tell her that he . . . loves her.

PRINCESS: Then that is why we were pretending. Because if we did not pretend, he could not tell her . . . the jest.

FOOL *(laughing)*: In faith, is it not a rare jest, Princess? And well told?

PRINCESS *(starting back)*: Then it was not true! Oh if I only knew!

FOOL: If you knew what, Princess?

PRINCESS: The Prince!

FOOL: Alas! Then all my merry play-acting has not served to keep the Princess amused in the presence of her own thoughts. They are with her, even as they were before I came.

PRINCESS: And so may they always be, indeed. I should be sorry to believe the King's daughter thoughtless.

FOOL: I should like better to believe her fearless.

PRINCESS: The King, my father. . . .

FOOL: Then after all, the thought of him troubles the Princess. Truly, I see that I must distract her further: and now I really think I know a way. What would your Highness say to another jest?

PRINCESS: A true jest, Fool?

FOOL: As true as the other, Princess.

PRINCESS: If it is no truer than the other, I need not fear it. And if it is as true as the other, I fain would hear it. Has this one, too, a prelude?

FOOL: The same as the other, Princess. (*Sings*):

"Pretend we're lovers, you and I. . . ."

PRINCESS: You need not sing it again. I . . . I have not forgotten.

FOOL: (*Dropping the lute and taking her hand.*) Then we are still pretending?

PRINCESS: Ah yes, let us pretend a little longer, . . . only till you have told me this. Surely it is not wrong, not very wrong, even, . . . even for a Princess, . . . when it is only pretending!

FOOL: As for the jest, it is a royal one. Listen. Drink it in. Believe it. Do not forget. . . .

PRINCESS: The Prince? . . . Ah me, I fear I had forgotten him.

FOOL: The Prince? I am he!

PRINCESS (*rising*): A jest? As true as the other? A royal jest? It was so you called it. . . . And you said it was as true as the other! . . . As heaven is over us the other was true!

FOOL: My lady and my Queen!

(*As he kneels before her she puts her hands into his, and speaks in a tone of lyric rapture.*)

PRINCESS: And it was you all the time, you who sang to me and teased me, you who talked folly and taught wisdom, you who told me strange things, and to whom I told even stranger ones. . . . You, who came into my life to take all sweetness from it, and give it back again! Oh yes, . . . I see it all! How blind I was! And the King, my father, knows,—and they all know,—and they are coming now to tell me!

(*The Fool looks frightened. He kisses her hand gently.*)

FOOL: Yes, they are coming. Hark! Princess, dear little Princess, . . . I wonder if you will ever forgive me.

PRINCESS: There is nothing that needs forgiveness.

FOOL: More than you dream.

(*A noise without, and the page enters and draws the curtains as for some one approaching. The Fool bends for a moment over her hand, and then drops it.*)

FOOL: Your Highness! The Prince is come, at last. Has the time hung heavily? Has the waiting seemed long? Lady, I am your Fool!

THE STRANGE FACES.

BY ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS.

ELIZABETH was tired of looking at the strange faces.

All through the summertime she had leaned eagerly out of the cars of the great rumbling overcrowded city, peering wistfully into those that passed, hoping against hope that she might catch sight of a face she knew.

They stared back at her, those strange faces, some coldly, some indifferently and some in a kindly way; but never one with a look of recognition.

It was the same in the hotel she called her home. There they came and went with kaleidoscopic rapidity. If it happened that she got to know a face and liked it, disappearing, it made way for another.

It was the same in the dining-room. If a waiter, immaculately snowy of jacket and apron, took particular pains to serve her, some morning she missed him and the ebony of a strange face shone in his place.

Blood is thicker than water and what with the passing of years amid this sea of strange faces Elizabeth began to feel a sort of hunger for home, a heart hunger for the hills and hollows of her native land, for a smile from lips she knew, for the loving embrace of someone who was kin—who was sister or brother, who was bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh.

So many years had passed since she had visited the little town where she was born that she had lost count of them. At the mere thought of seeing it the blood rushed to her face in a floodtide of joy; then, receding, left it pale.

The home faces! Not the mother's. She had died. Nor the father's. He also. But there were brothers left and sisters. One sister particularly who had seemed to love her in the old days before she had gone out into the world to earn her bread and the pitiless lapse of the years had estranged them. She owned a home in the Southern country, a Colonial, Corinthian-columned home, with flowers nodding sweet as sweet in twin rows of many colors by the walks and wide lawns and cedar trees and pines.

Drawing a long breath she shut her eyes. The narrow walls of her room expanded. The blue sky vaulted above. It was as if she breathed in the grateful odor of those pines, wafted by sighs of Southern breezes, sweet as memories.

She fell to remembering the grateful thickness of them. How the winter snows, banking inches deep, giving them the look of small whitened roofs overhanging, had left soft green patches of grass untouched beneath.

Throughout the length and lag of the intervening years, she had not forgotten the tenderness of those patches of green.

Her heart hunger, stilled but never stifled, caught sharply at her. She opened her eyes and stared at the narrow walls.

She must see her home and her people. That and that alone would serve to cure it.

Rising and humming a little old-time tune reminiscent of her childhood, she brought out her trunk and began to pack.

It was early in the fall and the air was chill. She held a cloak up to the light. Should she put that in? What if they asked her to stay all winter!

She dropped the cloak and clasped her hands in ecstasy.

Oh joy! To break bread with kindred! To sit at table with friends! To eat bread for which she was not obliged to pay!

Ah! How sweet such bread must be!

She sighed as she folded the cloak and laid it down in the trunk. It was so long since she had eaten it, she had forgotten its taste.

Being early in the fall the Northern country through which she passed was clad in witching raiment. Tall trees touched with the brilliance of red and yellow lifted bright heads skyward. Brown sprawling trunks of fallen trees mellowed by vines tinged russet by a frost or two caressed the browning earth. Meadow lands waving with grasses changing subtly to yellow and rustling in the breeze with the sound of music tuned too high, talked of winter and North winds and snow. But not so in the South. There summer lingered. Flowers bloomed. The blue sky shone.

After two days of traveling Elizabeth stood on the platform of the station of her native town, looking for the cheery face of the old driver on the top of the bus.

The bus was the same, but a strange face looked down on her from it.

"Where is Tom Coleman?" she asked, half afraid to put the question, knowing instinctively the answer.

"He is dead," it came. "He died two years ago."

Chilled for the moment she climbed into the bus and gave her sister's address, trembling lest he say to her:

"She, too, is dead."

The rickety vehicle rattled to the top of the hill in its old-time manner, backed up at the hotel door to let the drummers out, and then went lumberingly on around the bend of the road toward Danville pike and her sister's home.

She brushed the dingy glass with her handkerchief and looked out. The houses apparently were unchanged. There was the Tomlinson cottage smiling in the sun, white-faced as ever. And the Matheny place, its wide verandas covered with the same old vines. And the Poteet house. And the great rambling mansion on the opposite hill where the Tebbettses used to live.

People passing gazed curiously at her. Not one of their faces did she know. Had it been so long then since she had left the little town? She counted the years on the tips of her fingers. Ten. Not more.

The driver gave a whistle peculiar to himself and the horse stopped.

She descended carefully, paid the man, gave him directions in regard to her trunk; and, opening the gate, ascended the steps to the walk.

The house was built on a hill. A white stone wall of some three feet or more raised it from the road. The slanting lawn was long and wide and beautiful. Here were the cedars of her dreams, the poplars, the pines and the flowers. She stooped and buried her face in those flowers, in the mignonettes, the marsh marigolds and the daffy-down-dillies. It did her heart good to see the prodigality with which they bloomed, to inhale the breath of their soft perfume.

Lifting up her face she looked across at the radiant outlines on the surrounding hills. They were unchanged. The trees were unchanged; the grasses; the flowers. True, they died, those flowers; but their resurrection was not prolonged. It came about quickly that the world might be complete and the sore heart gladdened.

The walk through the flowers to the veranda was long and sweet. Loth to leave them she stepped first to one side and then to the other, bending her face again and again to the touch of their petals, to the riot of their color and perfume. After, she sniffed the breath of the pines. Sharp and wholesome with a resonant tang it went far to cure the hurt of her homesickness.

By and by she reached the veranda. Partly hiding it rose giant clumps of mock orange. About the base of each column, lavish of bloom, stood geraniums in pots. Climbing to their cornices clung vines, clematis, Virginia creeper and wisteria.

She thought they stretched out the delicate green fingers of their tendrils to welcome her.

At the touch of her foot on the step a cat, striped grey and white, leaped down from the window sill where a streak of sunlight had warmed it and walked sinuously toward her. Purring gently he rubbed himself against the hem of her gown.

Elizabeth, stooping, stroked him.

"Tommy Tige," she murmured, "I believe you know me."

She rang the bell, she and the cat patiently waiting to be admitted. The door opened presently and the cat, leaving her skirts, walked in and away down the hall; she with a pang realizing that its purring had meant not a welcome to her, but a request to be let in, a request he might have made of any stranger.

"Well," said a voice, and looking up she saw the face of her sister.

For a moment she could scarcely believe it to be the face of her sister, so strange was it. It was as if a mask had been drawn over it. Not so much the mask

of wrinkles which disfigured, though there were wrinkles there, too; but a certain indefinable texture, woven by the passing of the years.

Elizabeth found herself wondering if her face had so changed; for the longed-for look of recognition failed to spring to her sister's eyes.

"Don't you know me, Margaret?" she asked wistfully; and her sister, leaning forward, kissed her on the cheek and bade her enter.

"It is Elizabeth," she said, adding: "You are changed. I hardly recognized you."

The kiss was of so cool a quality that Elizabeth involuntarily put up her hand to her cheek to warm it, laughing meantime in an awkward way as she stood in the middle of the dim Southern sitting room, shaded by the wreath of vines that clung to the shutters outside.

"It is so long since I have seen any of my people," she apologized, "that I couldn't help coming back for a little while."

"It is a long time," acquiesced her sister calmly. "If you will take off your things, I'll see Jemima about getting your room ready and making a place there for your trunk."

The room was upstairs. It was a front room, giving upon the lawn. It was sweet. It was redolent of cleanliness. The sheets smelt of lavender. A vine thrust itself in at the window and from the sill she could see the old, old unchanging hills and the flowers that changed only to bloom again more beautifully than before.

Her glad eyes widened. How blue the skies were here in the South! How green the meadows! How sunny the little stream, leaping laughingly along at the foot of the town!

What if she should be allowed to curl herself up and bask in some streak of this extravagant sunshine for a little while as the cat had done.

She was aroused by the movement of wheels. A cart, propelled by a negro, pushed aside the leaves of the mock orange bush at her left and made a path for itself. It stopped at the door. In it was her trunk. She looked down, smiling. Through some blundering the lock had been broken and the top lacked several inches of fastening. . . . The negro halted. Puffing and blowing he dragged the trunk out of the cart, shouldered it and bore it painfully into the house.

After a time Elizabeth left the window, crossed the upper hall, descended the hidden stairway and opened the door of it into the hall below.

She stood on the threshold, transfixed.

Her trunk had been set against the wall. The lid was flung open. Over its contents bent her sister. By her stood Jemima, her servant. Near her the negro who had brought the trunk.

As she looked her sister lifted up a cloak. It was the winter cloak put in by Elizabeth in the event her visit was prolonged by her gracious invitation.

She held it up, examining it.

"She has brought her winter clothes, it seems," she remarked grimly. Then, turning to Jemima, "Do you suppose?" she inquired, "that she means to stay here all winter long?"

And Jemima, the negress, showing her white teeth in a grin, answered:

"Lord! Miss Margaret, I dunno. But I reckon from her bringin' her winter clothes dat's whut she mean ter do."

A sigh like a sob broke from Elizabeth. Her sister turned for the second time and faced her. Elizabeth, panting, gazed upon her. Her face all at once from coldness seemed to have turned to stone.

It was stranger than the face of a stranger.

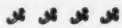
Back from out the Southern country of cedars and flowers and pines Elizabeth swept swiftly in trains.

Strange faces surrounded her. Strange faces encompassed her. Helpless from hopelessness as a

swimmer bereft of the power to swim, she was like to be lost in the sea of them.

Strange eyes looked out at her from these faces. As before, some looked coldly, some indifferently and some in a kindly way.

"But they are better, after all," she faltered, thinking aloud, "than a familiar face grown cold; for some of them are kind."



A VOCATION AND A VOICE.

BY KATE CHOPIN.

"IS this Adams avenue?" asked a boy whose apparel and general appearance marked him as belonging to the lower ranks of society. He had just descended from a street car which had left the city an hour before, and was now depositing its remnant of passengers at the entrance of a beautiful and imposing suburban park.

"Adams avenue?" returned the conductor. "No this is Woodland Park. Can't you see it ain't any avenue? Adams is two miles northeast o'here. Th' Adams Avenue car turned north on Dennison, just ahead of us, a half hour ago. You must a' taken the wrong car."

The boy was for a moment perplexed and undecided. He stood a while staring towards the northeast, then, thrusting his hands into his pockets, he turned and walked into the park.

He was rather tall, though he had spoken with the high, treble voice of a girl. His trousers were too short and so were the sleeves of his ill-fitting coat. His brown hair, under a shabby, felt cap, was longer than the prevailing fashion demanded, and his eyes were dark and quiet; they were not alert and seeking mischief, as the eyes of boys usually are.

The pockets into which he had thrust his hands were empty—quite empty; there was not so much as a penny in either of them. This was a fact which gave him cause for some reflection, but apparently no uneasiness. Mrs. Donnelly had given him but the five cents; and her mother, to whom he had been sent to deliver a message of some domestic purport, was expected to pay his return fare. He realized that his own lack of attention had betrayed him into the strait in which he found himself, and that his own ingenuity would have to extricate him. The only device which presented itself to him as possible, was to walk back to "The Patch," or out to Mrs. Donnelly's mother's.

It would be night before he could reach either place; he did not know the way anywhere; he was not accustomed to long and sustained walks. These considerations, which he accepted as final, gave him a comfortable sense of irresponsibility.

It was the late afternoon of an October day. The sun was warm and felt good to his shoulders through the old coat which he wore. There was a soft breeze blowing, seemingly from every quarter, playing fantastic tricks with the falling and fallen leaves that ran before him helter-skelter as he walked along the beaten, gravel path. He thought they looked like little live things, birds with disabled wings making the best of it in a mad frolic. He could not catch up with them; they ran on before him. There was a fine sweep of common to one side which gave an impression of space and distance, and men and boys were playing ball there. He did not turn in that direction or even more than glance at the ball-players, but wandered aimlessly across the grass towards the water and sat down upon a bench.

With him was a conviction that it would make no difference to any one whether he got back to "The Patch" or not. The Donnelly household, of which he formed an alien member, was overcrowded for comfort. The few dimes which he earned did not mater-

ially swell its sources of income. The seat which he occupied in the parish school for an hour or two each day would not remain long vacant in his absence. There were a dozen boys or more of his neighborhood who would serve Mass as ably as he, and who could run Father Doran's errands and do the priest's chores as capably. These reflections embodied themselves in a vague sense of being unessential which always dwelt with him, and which permitted him, at that moment, to abandon himself completely to the novelty and charm of his surroundings.

He stayed there a very long time, seated on the bench, quite still, blinking his eyes at the rippling water which sparkled in the rays of the setting sun. Contentment was penetrating him at every pore. His eyes gathered all the light of the waning day and the russet splendor of the Autumn foliage. The soft wind caressed him with a thousand wanton touches, and the scent of the earth and the trees—damp, aromatic,—came pleasantly to him mingled with the faint odor of distant burning leaves. The blue-gray smoke from a smoldering pile of leaves rolled in lazy billows among the birches on a far slope.

How good it was to be out in the open air. He would have liked to stay there always, far from the noise and grime of "The Patch." He wondered if Heaven might not be something like this, and if Father Doran was not misled in his conception of a celestial city paved with gold.

He sat blinking in the sun, almost purring with contentment. There were young people out in boats and others making merry on the grass near by. He looked at them, but felt no desire to join in their sports. The young girls did not attract him more than the boys or the little children. He had lapsed into a blessed state of tranquility and contemplation which seemed native to him. The sordid and puerile impulses of an existence which was not living had retired into a semi-oblivion in which he seemed to have no share. He belonged under God's sky in the free and open air.

When the sun had set and the frogs were beginning to croak in the waste places, the boy got up and stretched and relaxed his muscles which had grown cramped from sitting so long and so still. He felt that he would like to wander, even then, further into the Park, which looked to his unaccustomed eye like a dense forest across the water of the artificial lake. He would like to penetrate beyond into the open country where there were fields and hills and long stretches of wood. As he turned to leave the place he determined within himself that he would speak to Father Doran and ask the priest to assist him in obtaining employment somewhere in the country, somewhere that he might breathe as freely and contentedly as he had been doing for the past hour here in Woodland Park.

II.

In order to regain "The Patch" there was nothing for the boy to do but follow the track of the car which had brought him so far from his destination. He started out resolutely, walking between the tracks, taking great strides with his long, growing legs and looking wistfully after each car as he stepped out of the way of its approach. Here and there he passed an imposing mansion in the dusk, splendid and isolated. There were long stretches of vacant land which enterprising dealers had laid out in building lots. Sometimes he left the track and walked along the line of a straggling fence behind which were market-gardens, the vegetables all in stiff geometrical designs and colorless in the uncertain light.

There were few people abroad; an occasional carriage rolled by, and workmen, more fortunate than he, occupied the cars that went jangling along. He sat for awhile at the back of a slow-moving wagon, drop-

ping down into the dust when it turned out of his course.

The boy, as he labored along in the semi-darkness that was settling about him, at once became conscious that he was very hungry. It was the odor of frying bacon and the scent of coffee somewhere near that had suddenly made him aware of the fact.

At no great distance from the road he saw a canvas-covered wagon and a small tent, the rude paraphernalia of "movers." A woman was occupied in vigorously beating with a stick a strip of burning grass which had caught from the fire with which she had been cooking her evening meal. The boy ran to her assistance, and, thrusting her aside, lest her garments should become ignited, he began stamping the incipient blaze until he had succeeded in extinguishing it. The woman threw aside her stick and standing upright wiped her whole face indiscriminately with her bended arm.

"Damn him," she said, "I wish the whole thing had took fire and burnt up," and turning upon the boy, "did you see a man anywhere coming this way, leading a couple of mules?"

She was robust and young—twenty or thereabouts—and comely, in a certain rude, vigorous fashion. She wore a yellow-cotton handkerchief bound around her head somewhat in the manner of a turban.

Yes, the boy had seen a man watering two mules at the trough before a road-house some distance away. He remembered it because the man was talking loud in some sort of a foreign, unfamiliar accent to a group of men standing by.

"That's him; damn him," she reiterated, and, moving towards the fire where she had been cooking; "want something to eat?" she asked, kindly enough.

The boy was not shocked at her language; he had not been brought up in "The Patch" for nothing. He only thought she had a more emphatic way of expressing herself than good manners or morals demanded. He did not swear himself; he had no positive leaning towards the emphatic, and moreover it was a custom not held in high esteem by Father Doran, whose teachings had not been wholly thrown away upon the boy.

Her offer of food was tempting and gratifying. A premonition that she was a woman who might take a first refusal as final, determined him to overcome all natural shyness and frankly accept without mincing.

"I'm mighty hungry," he admitted, turning with her towards the frying-pan and coffee-pot that rested upon the coals near the tent. She went inside and presently emerged bearing a brace of tin cups and a half loaf of bread. He had seated himself upon an inverted pine box; she gave him two slices of bread interlarded with bacon and a mug of coffee. Then, serving herself with the same homely fare, she sat down upon a second box and proceeded to eat her bread and bacon with great relish and to drain her cup of coffee.

It was quite dark now, save for the dim light of a road lamp nearby and the dull glow of the embers. The stars were coming out and the breeze was beating capriciously about the common, blowing the soiled canvas of the tent and buffeting a strip of cotton cambric that was loosely stretched between two poles at the edge of the road. The boy, looking up, remembered that he had read the inscription on the cambric, as he passed in the car: "The Egyptian Fortune Teller," in huge black letters on a yellow background. It was fashioned to arrest the eye.

"Yes," said the woman, following his upward glance, "I'm a fortune-teller. Want your fortune told? But I don't talk like this here when I'm telling fortunes reg'lar. I talk a kind of Egyptian accent. That's his notion," motioning contemptuously with her head, down the road. "Because my skin's dark and my eyes, he goes to work and calls me 'The Egyptian

Maid, the Wonder of the Orient.' I guess if my hair was yellow he'd call me 'The Swiss Fortune Teller,' or something like that and make me talk some kind of a *nicks-com-araus*. Only there's too many Dutch in this here country; they'd ketch on."

"You bet," said the boy.

The expression smacked of sympathy and reached her, some way. She looked up quickly and laughed. They both laughed. She had taken his cup from him and she was beating the two tins softly together, her arms resting on her knees.

"Where do you come from?" she asked with an awakened interest.

He told her he had come from Woodland Park, and how he had got there and why he was tramping it back to "The Patch." He even told her he was in no haste to regain "The Patch;" that it made no difference whether he ever got back or not; that he detested the crowded city and hoped soon to obtain employment in the country and stay there the rest of his life. These opinions and intentions took positive shape with him in the telling.

A notion or two got into her head as she listened to him. He seemed a companionable boy, though he was a good five years younger than herself. She thought of the long, slow journey ahead of her, the dreary road, the lonely hill-side, of those times in which her only human associate was a man who more than half the while was drunk and abusive.

"Come, go 'long with us," she said abruptly.

"Why?" he demanded. "What for? To do what?"

"Oh! there's lots of things you could do—help around, tell fortunes maybe—'tain't hard when you once get the hang of it, sell his old herbs and things when he's too drunk to talk. Why, lots o' things. Here, I ought to be pulling up stakes right now. Wait till you hear him when he comes back and finds I ain't done a thing! Hope I may die if I lay a finger to a stick of the measly truck," and she flung the tin cups, one after the other, into the open tent and maintained her careless, restful position on the soap box.

"Let me," offered the boy. "What you got to do? I'll do it." And he arose willingly, prompted by a decent feeling that he should do something in return for his supper.

"You can jerk them poles up and roll up the sign and stick it in the wagon; we're going to pull out of here in the morning. Then those pots and things got to be hooked under the wagon. Leave out the coffee pot."

While the boy busied himself in following her various instructions she talked on:

"I guess he's drunk down there—him and his mules! He thinks more of them mules than he does of me and the whole world put together. Because he paid two hundred and ten dollars for 'em he thinks they are made out o' some precious composition that's never been duplicated outside of Paradise. Oh! I'm about sick of playing second fiddle to a team of mules. Mr. Man 'll wake up some o' these here mornings and find that I've cut an' run. Here! let that frying pan alone. He forgets I been used to better things than living in a tent. I sung in the chorus of an opera when I wasn't more than sixteen. Some people said if I'd had means to cultivate my voice I'd be—well, I wouldn't be here to-day, I can tell you."

The object of scorn and contumely was even then approaching; a short, broad-girted man, leading his sleek bay mules—splendid looking animals—and talking to them as he came along. In the dim light the boy could see that his hair, as well as his beard, was long, curly and greasy; that he wore a slouch felt hat over a knotted red handkerchief and small golden hoops in his ears. His dialect, when he spoke, was as indescribable as his origin was undiscernable. He might have been Egyptian, for aught the boy could

guess, or Zulu—something foreign and bestial for all he knew.

The woman's name, originally Susan, had been changed to Suzima to meet the exigencies of her oriental character. The Beast pronounced it "Tzut-zima."

"You can thank this here boy," she began by way of greeting. "If it hadn't been for him you wouldn't a found nothing here but a pile of ashes."

"So!" exclaimed the man in his greasy guttural, with utter lack of interest.

"Yes, 'so!' The whole blamed shooting-match was afire when he come along and put it out. If it hadn't been for him you wouldn't a found nothing here but a pile of ashes. He says he'll go along with us in the morning if we like. Looks like he knows how to work."

"That's good," agreed the man, "bring 'im along. Plenty of room where we live."

Usually "pulling up" time was one of contention between these two, each maintaining that the brunt of the work should be borne by the other. So the presence and timely services of the boy seemed to introduce a certain unlooked-for harmony into this unconventional *menage*. Suzima arose and went over to join the man, still occupied with the well-being of his mules. He was smoking a short-stemmed pipe, which indicated that he had—wherever he got it—a sufficiency of food and drink, and would not trouble her on that score. They chatted pleasantly together.

When they retired into the tent for the night, the boy crept into the wagon, as he was instructed to do. It was broad and roomy and there he slept at ease the night through on a folded cotton "comforter."

III.

They wandered towards the south, idly, listlessly. The days were a gorgeous, golden processional, good and warm with sunshine, and languorous. There were ten, twelve, twenty such days when the earth, sky, wind and water, light and color and sun, and men's souls and their senses and the odor and breath of animals mingled and melted into the harmony of a joyful existence.

They wandered toward the south; the two vagabonds and the boy. He felt as if he had been transplanted into another sphere, into a native element from which he had all along been excluded. The sight of the country was beautiful to him and his whole being expanded in the space and splendor of it. He liked the scent of the earth and the dry, rotting leaves, the sound of snapping twigs and branches, and the shrill songs of birds. He liked the feel of the soft, springy turf beneath his feet when he walked, or of the rolling pebbles when he mounted a stony hillside.

Gutro, otherwise the Beast, drove his mules and talked to them, watered, washed and curried them; lavished upon them a care prompted by a wealth of affection and esteem. The boy was not permitted to touch the animals; he might not even think of them with their owner's knowledge or consent. But he had plenty else to do, with Suzima shifting the greater part of her work and duties upon him.

"I've got some time to sew now, thank heaven!" she said, and with a coarse thimble upon her clumsy finger and a needle threaded long, she sat at the back of the wagon or on a log in the warm air and constructed, with bits of cotton cloth, awkward-fashioned garments for the boy to wear next to his skin that she might wash those which he had on.

They moved along while the days were pleasant. Suzima must have felt glad as they went; for oftentimes, as she walked beside the slow-moving wagon through the still woods, she lifted her voice and sang. The boy thought he had never heard anything more beautiful than the full, free notes that came from her

throat, filling the vast, woody temple with melody. It was always the same stately refrain from some remembered opera that she sang as she walked.

But on moonlight nights or when resting beside the camp fire, she brought forth a disabled guitar, and to a strumming accompaniment sang low, pleasant things, popular airs and little bits from the lighter operas. The boy sometimes joined her with his flute voice, and it pleased her very well.

If Gutro was sober he took a degree of interest in the performance and made suggestions which proved that he was not devoid of a certain taste and rude knowledge of music.

But when Gutro was drunk, everyone, everything suffered but the mules. Suzima defied him and suffered the more for her defiance. She went about wincing and rubbing her shoulders and calling him vile names under her breath. But she would not let him beat the boy. She had a tender feeling for helpless and dependent things. She often exclaimed with impulsive pity over the dead and bleeding birds which they brought in from the forest. Gutro was teaching the boy to handle a gun, and many a tasty morsel they procured for their sylvan feasts. Sometimes they picked nuts like squirrels, gathering pecans when they reached the South country.

When it rained they sat bundled and huddled in the wagon under the streaming canopy, Gutro driving and swearing at the elements. Suzima was miserable when it rained and would not sing and would hardly talk. The boy was not unhappy. He peeped out at the water running in the ruts, and liked the sound of the beating rain on the canvas and the noise and crash of the storm in the forest.

"Look, Suzima! Look at the rain coming across the hill, yonder, in sheets! It'll be along here in three minutes."

"Maybe you like it," she would grumble. "I don't," and she would draw her shawl closer and crouch further in the wagon.

Often they traveled at night, when the moon shone; sometimes when it rained. They went creeping, the mules feeling their way cautiously, surely, through the darkness, along the unfamiliar roads. Suzima and the boy slept then in the bottom of the wagon on the folded "comforter." He often wished, at such times, that the wagon was broader or that Suzima would not take up so much room. Sometimes they quarreled about it, shoving, elbowing each other like children in a trundle bed. Gutro, in a rage, would turn and threaten to throw them both into the road and leave them there to perish.

IV.

The boy felt no little astonishment when he made Suzima's acquaintance in her official capacity of a fortune teller. It was a sunny afternoon and they had halted at the edge of a small country town and stopped there to rest, to make ready for a fresh start in the morning. Their presence created no little stir, and aroused some curiosity. Small children assembled and followed with absorbing interest the boy's activity in hoisting the sign, stretching the tent and setting forth the various and unique living utensils.

Gutro, robed in a long, loose robe of dingy scarlet and black, arranged, with much precision, upon an improvised table of boards, a quantity of vari-colored herbs and powders, unfailing remedies for any and every ailment which mankind had yet discovered or conceived. He was no faith healer, Gutro. He believed in the efficacy of things that grew, that could be seen and felt and tasted; green and bitter and yellow things. Some he had gathered at risk of life and limb on the steep ascents of the Himalayas. Others he had collected under the burning suns of Egypt; secret and mysterious, unknown save to himself and a little band of com-

patriots on the banks of the Nile. So he said. And the best of it, or the worst of it, was that those who listened believed and bought and felt secure in the possession of a panacea for their ailments.

Suzima, giving an extra twist to her yellow turban, sat at the door of the tent with a "lap-board," such as housewives use, extended across her knees. Upon this she laid out in bewildering array a pack of cards covered with pictures and mythical designs: a key, a ring, a letter or a coffin, a fine lady in a train and a finer gentleman on horseback. Suzima could tell fortunes by the cards or without the cards, off-hand, any way. The dialect which she assumed was not alone indescribable, but, for the most part, unintelligible, and required frequent interpretations from Gutro. There was no native Egyptian in that Southwest country to challenge her say and it passed muster and carried conviction. The boy could not withhold a feeling of admiration for her resources and powers of invention.

Suzima was over-blunt in her occult revelations to the negroes and farm-hands who loitered to learn somewhat of their destiny. But later, when youths and maidens from the village began to assemble and linger, half ashamed, wholly eager, then was Suzima all sentiment and sympathy, even delicacy. Oh! the beautiful fortunes that she told! How she lifted the veil of a golden future for each! For Suzima dealt not with the past. She would have scorned to have taken silver for telling anyone that which they already knew. She sent them away with confidence and a sweet agitation. One little maid sickened with apprehension when Suzima predicted for her a journey in the very near future. For the maid was even then planning a trip into Western Texas, and what might not this woman with the penetrating vision next foretell! Perhaps the appalling day and hour of her death.

Together Suzima and the boy sang their songs. It was the only part of the programme in which he took any part. He had refused to wear any foreign head-gear or fantastic garb, or to twist his tongue into deceitful and misleading utterances. But he sang, standing behind Suzima bending over her guitar. There was more color in his face and lips now than when he had sat dreaming in Woodland Park. His eyes looked straight into the hazy distance, over the heads of the small gathering of people. Some of them looking at his upturned face, thought it was very beautiful. There was a tranquil light shining, glowing rather, from within; something which they saw without comprehending, as they saw the glow in the western sky.

At night, when everything was still, the boy walked abroad. He was not afraid of the night or of strange places and people. To step his foot out in the darkness, he did not know where, was like tempting the Unknown. Walking thus he felt as if he were alone and holding communion with something mysterious, greater than himself, that reached out from the far distance to touch him—something he called God. Whenever he had gone alone into the parish church at dusk and knelt before the red light of the tabernacle, he had known a feeling akin to this. The boy was not innocent or ignorant. He knew the ways of men and viewed them with tranquil indifference, as something external to which no impulse within him responded. His soul had passed through dark places untouched, just as his body was passing now, unharmed, through the night, where there were pitfalls into which his feet, somehow, did not wander.

V.

Along in January the vagabonds felt that they would like to settle down for a time and lead a respectable existence, if only for the sake of novelty. Perhaps they would never have been so tempted if they

had not stumbled upon a dismantled cabin pre-empted by a family of pigs whose ejection was but a matter of bluff and bluster joined to some physical persuasion. There was no door to the cabin, but there was part of a roof and a suggestion of chimney. And the wanderers were not over-exacting in their requirements, especially with no landlord at hand, to bow to his whims and fancies.

So they settled down to a domestic existence which some way proved to be not so united a one as their life on the road.

Near at hand was a big field where negroes were engaged during the day in clearing away stubble, some in plowing and others in bedding up cotton seed on the dry and unyielding parts.

Gutro, with the mules ever foremost in his mind, went out on the very first day and negotiated for their hire with the owner of the plantation, offering to throw himself in for *laguiappe*. A mule takes to the plow like the proverbial fish to water; then these were fine fellows with the brawn and muscle for freight-hauling. When the planter took them for a month, Gutro followed and stuck to them and stayed by them. He sat on the wagon when they were driven to the landing. He kept his beady eyes upon them when they pulled the plow, and he was there at hand to note the quality and quantity of the provender dealt out to them. It would have been an evil hour for the negro who had dared, in his presence, to misuse or abuse one or the other of the animals.

Suzima and the boy went nosing about in search of bits of lumber with which to improve the condition of their temporary abode. But a stray plank was not easy to find, with everybody around patching fences, so they did not pursue their search with stubborn persistence, but went, instead, down the bank of the bayou and tried to catch some fish. The negroes told them that if they wanted fish they would have to go back to the lake; but they decided to drag crawfishes from the ditches along the field. The canvas-covered wagon marked them as "movers," and no one questioned or disturbed them.

That first night, when it came bedtime, they were unable to dispute the possession of the cabin with the fleas and, vanquished, they returned to the shelter of the tent. Next morning Suzima sent the boy to the village, a mile away, to learn, if possible, something about the disposition of that particular breed of fleas, and to acquaint himself with a method by which they might be induced to temper their aggressive activity.

It was Saturday. The boy discerned that there was a church in the village, and a pastor, who, arrayed in cassock, happened to be walking through his garden adjacent to the parsonage.

He went and spoke over the fence to the priest, who looked approachable, who was surely more approachable for him than would have been any other soul in that locality whom he might have encountered and addressed.

The priest was kind, sociable and communicative. He knew much about fleas, their habits and vices, and withheld nothing of enlightenment upon the subject from the boy. In turn he expressed some curiosity himself and a desire for information touching the particular stamp of young vagabond who had come sauntering along the road and who addressed him so cavalierly over his own fence. He was gratified to hear that the boy was a Catholic. He was astonished to discover that he could serve Mass, and amazed to hear that he liked to do so. What an anomaly! A boy who liked to serve Mass, who did not have to be coaxed, cajoled, almost lassoed and dragged in to do service at the Holy Sacrifice! And so he would be on hand betimes in the morning, would he? They parted friends, agreeably impressed, one with the other.

The boy was well pleased to find himself once more and so unexpectedly brought in touch with the relig-

ious life and the sacred office. As he traversed the road on his way back to the cabin he kept rehearsing the service half audibly.

"Judica me, Deus, et discerna causam meam, de gente non sancta—ab homine iniquo et doloso erue me"—and so forth.

He told Suzima he was going to the village to attend Mass the following morning.

"Go on," she said, "it won't hurt you. I've known people that were helped a sight by prayer-meeting. I'll go along too."

A part of her present scheme of respectability was a temporary discontinuance of the "Egyptian accent" and a suspension of professional performances. The yellow sign was not unfurled. She determined to contribute nothing during that restful month towards the household expenses. When she went into the village to church the following morning, with the boy, she had laid aside her yellow turban and wore a folded veil over her head. She looked not unlike some of the 'Cadian women who were there. But her carriage was freer and there was a vigorous vitality in her movements and in the gleam of her eyes that the milder 'Cadians did not possess. The little church, with its mixed congregation of whites and blacks interested her, and as she sat uncomfortably on the edge of the pew, her hands folded in her lap, she shifted her eyes constantly from one object to the other. But when the boy appeared with the priest before the altar, clad in his long white vestments, she was spell-bound with astonishment and admiration and her attention was not once again diverted from him. How tall he looked and how beautiful! He made her think of the picture of an angel. And when she saw him go through the maneuvers of serving with skill and ease, and heard his clear responses in a language which was not familiar to her, she was seized by a sudden respect and consideration which had not before entered into her feelings for him.

"Oh! it's out of sight!" she told him after Mass. "You got to wear one of them gowns on the road and talk that language: the Egyptian ain't in it."

"That's Latin," he said with a little bridling pride. "It only belongs in church, and I ain't going to talk it on the road for you or anybody. What's more, the vestments belong in church, too, and I wouldn't wear 'em outside to save my life. Why, it'd be a sin."

"A sin," marveled Suzima, who knew no delicate shades of distinction in the matter of sinfulness. "Oh pshaw! I didn't mean no harm."

They took their midday meal with the priest, who felt an interest in them and kindly offered them a share of his plain and wholesome fare. Suzima sat stiff and awkward at table, staring, for the most part, straight out of the open door, into the yard, where there were chickens scratching around and a little calf tied under a tree.

The boy feared for her own sake that she might forget herself and drop into the careless, emphatic speech which was habitual with her. But he need not have feared. Suzima spoke not at all, except in monosyllables, when she was politely addressed by the priest. She was plainly ill at ease. When the old gentleman arose to procure something from a side table, she winked at the boy and gave him a playful kick under the table. He returned the kick, not as a confederate, but a little viciously, as one who might say, "be quiet will you, and behave yourself in the company of your betters."

For a whole half day and more Suzima had been eminently respectable—almost too respectable for her own comfort. On their way back to the hut, as they passed a desolate strip of woodland, she gave a sudden impatient movement of the shoulders, as if to throw off some burden that had been weighing upon them, and lifting her voice she sang. There was even a ring of

defiance in the vibrant notes. She sang the one stately refrain that had grown familiar to the boy, and that he heard sometimes in his dreams.

"Oh!" he exclaimed impetuously. "I'd rather hear you sing than anything in the world, Suzima."

It was not often that she received words of admiration or praise and the boy's impulsive outburst touched her. She took hold of his hand and swung it as they went along.

"Say!" she called out to him that night, as she flung him his comforter, "it's good the Beast wasn't along. He don't know how to behave in company. He'd a' given the whole snap away, damn him."

VI.

Suzima's approval of the boy in sanctuary robes was explainable in view of the contrast offered by his appearance in everyday habiliments. She had done the best for his shabby garments with clumsy darns and patches. But what was her poor best, with himself doing the worst for them with broadening girth and limbs and hardening flesh and swelling muscles! There was no vestige of pallor now in his cheeks. Suzima often told him that he was not worth his salt, because his voice, which had been girlish and melodious, was no better now than the sound of a cracked pot. He was sometimes sensitive and did not like to be told such things. He tried to master the waverings and quaverings, but it was of no use, so he gave over joining Suzima in her songs.

The priest at the village did not mind so trifling a thing as the breaking of a boy's voice—a thing, moreover, which could not be helped—but he was concerned over the shabbiness and general misfit of his attire, and thereupon grew compassionate. He found employment for him in a store of the village and the boy, in exchange for his services, received a suit of clothes, taken down, brand new, from the shelf and folded in sharp creases. They were not of the best or finest, but they were adequate, covering his body completely and offering ample room for a fair play of limb and muscle.

He walked away each morning to the village, leaving Suzima alone, and he did not return till evening. His dinner he took at noon with the priest, and the two grew chatty and intimate over their soup. He confided to his venerable friend, when questioned, that he knew nothing of his companions of the road, absolutely nothing, except that they were Gutro and Suzima, who wandered across country in a covered wagon selling drugs and telling fortunes for a livelihood.

A shake of the head and a shrug of the shoulders can be very expressive and the boy read disapproval in these involuntary gestures of his old companion. Within his very own soul—that part of him which thought, compared, weighing considerations—there was also disapproval, but, somehow, he was always glad to find Suzima sauntering down the road at evening to meet him. Walking beside her, he told her how his whole day had been spent, without reserve, as he would have spoken in the confessional.

"I don't know what the Beast's thinking about," she grumbled. "It's time to be pulling out of this here."

"I can't go till I'm through paying for my clothes," he told her determinedly.

"I got a few dollars that'll pay for these things," she told him. "They mighty poor stuff for the price, any way you look at it."

Poor stuff or not they had to be paid for, and this boy stood firm in his resolution to work out the balance due.

He brought religious newspapers and sometimes a book, which the priest gave him.

"What you want with them?" questioned Suzima, mistrustfully.

"Why, to read when I get a chance. A feller's got to read sometime, I guess." He put them carefully away in his pack, as he cared not to read by the flickering light of a candle or the uncertain flare of the brushwood in the dilapidated chimney. Suzima looked suspiciously upon these signs of ambition for enlightenment, especially as the papers and books were not of a character to entertain her. She examined them during the boy's absence.

One day she came to his encounter quite at the edge of the village, radiant, greeting him with a sounding slap on the shoulder. She was not so tall as the boy, but she felt he was an insignificant personage nevertheless, when not arrayed in canonicals, one whom she might patronize and with whom she might assume the liberty of equality and camaraderie, when so inclined.

"What you say? We going to pull out in the morning. He came back to-day with the mules. He made the devil of a noise when he didn't find you here to pack up, but I pitched in myself, and we got everything ready for an early start."

"Then I must go right back and tell them," said the boy, halting in the road.

"Don't need to tell nobody," she assured him. "You don't owe them nothing." The suit of clothes was, in fact, paid for and, moreover, he carried a small surplus in his pocket.

"No, but I got to go back," he insisted doggedly. He remembered quite distinctly—aside from Suzima reminding him of it—that he had not thought it essential "to go back" four months ago, when he decided to cast his lot with the wayfarers. But he was not now the child of four months ago. A sense of honor was overtaking him, with other manly qualities. He was quite determined to return to the village and bid goodbye to friends and acquaintances he had made there.

"Then I'll wait here," said Suzima, not too well pleased, seating herself on a low, grassy knoll at the edge of the road.

It was already getting dusk in the village. The store was closed, but the proprietor was still loitering near, and the boy went up and spoke to him and took his leave of him. He shook hands with an old gray-haired negro sitting on the porch, and bade goodbye to the children and boys of his own age who were standing about in groups.

The priest had just come in from his barnyard and smelled of the stable and cow. He met the boy on the gallery that was dim with the dying daylight filtering through the vines. Within, an old negress was lighting a lamp.

"I come to say goodbye," said the boy, removing his hat and extending his hand. "We going to start again in the morning." There was an excited ring in his voice that was noticeable.

"Going to start in the morning!" repeated the priest in his slow, careful, broken English. "Oh! no, you must not go."

The boy gave a start and withdrew his hand from the man's grasp, holding it thereafter to himself.

"I got to go," he said, making a motion to retire, "and it's getting kind of late now. I ought to be back."

"But, my friend, wait a moment," urged the priest, detaining him with a touch on the arm. "Sit down. Let us talk over it together." The boy seated himself reluctantly on the upper step of the gallery. He had too great reverence for the old man in his sacred character to refuse outright. But his thoughts were not here, nor was his heart, with the breath of Spring abroad beating softly in his face, and the odors of Spring assailing his senses.

"I got to go," he murmured, anticipating and forestalling his companion. Yet he could not but agree with him. Yes, he wanted to lead an upright, clean existence before God and man. To be sure he meant to settle down, some day, to a respectable employment

The Mirror

that would offer him time and opportunity to gather instruction. He liked the village, the people, the life which he had led there. Above all he liked the man whose kindly spirit had been moved to speak and act in his behalf. But the stars were beginning to shine and he thought of the still nights in the forest. A savage instinct stirred within him and revolted against the will of this man who was seeking to detain him.

"I must go," he said again rising resolutely. "I want to go."

"Then, if you must, God bless you and be with you, my son. Forget not your Creator in the days of your youth."

"No—no—never!"

"And bear in mind and in heart always the holy teachings of the church, my child."

"Oh, yes—always. Good-bye, sir; good-bye, and thank you, sir."

He had seen indistinctly the shadowy form of Suzima lurking nearby, waiting for him.

VII.

And now the wayfarers traveled northward following in the wake of Spring that turned to meet them radiant at every stage.

Many were the drugs and nostrums that Gutro sold as they went; for languor was on every side and people were running hither and thither with their complaints.

"It is the Spring," said the old people and the wise ones, with shrugs, as if to say: "The Spring is no great matter to worry over; it will pass." And then along came Gutro in the nick of time with powders that cleanse the blood and specifics that clear the brain, renew the "system" and reconstruct men and women, making them as it were perfect and whole.

When people are languid and tired they dream—what else can they do? Those day dreams that weave fantastic tricks with that time to come which belongs to them, which they can do with as they choose—in dreams! The young man rested at the plow and lost himself in thoughts of the superlatively fair one whom he had met the winter past in a distant county and whose image arose before him now to trouble him and to move him to devise ways to draw near to her. The maiden dropped the sewing from her hands to dream of she knew not what, and not knowing, it troubled her the more.

Then along came Suzima, the interpreter of dreams, with her mystic cards and Egyptian wisdom that penetrated and revealed.

The boy, on his side, was not idle. He knew the catch-penny trade; a job here and a helpful turn there that brought him small pieces of silver, which he always turned over to Suzima. But he, too, had his dreaming time. His imagination was much stirred by the tales which Gutro told at night beside the camp fire. There was matter for speculation upon the amount of invention which entered into the telling of those personal experiences.

But what of that? It was the time when the realities of life clothe themselves in the garb of romance, when Nature's decoys are abroad; when the tempting bait is set and the golden-meshed net is cast for the unwary. What mattered if Gutro's tales were true or not? They were true enough for the season. Some of them left the boy not so tranquil. He began to remember and see, in a new, dawning light, things and people past.

He sometimes brought forth the books and papers which the priest had given him, and tried to read, lying flat on the grass, resting upon his elbows. But he could not find what he sought in the printed page, and he drowsed over it. The woods were full of lights and shades and alive with the flutter and songs of birds. The boy wandered about, for the most part alone, al-

ways moving on, restless, expectant, looking for that which lured and eluded him, which he could not overtake.

He would rather have dreamed or done anything that noonday than taken the mules to water. But here was Gutro, who was part human, after all, not wholly a beast, writhing in the clutch of twinges that have attacked more decent men than he. The fellow sat upon a stretched blanket beneath a tree, a huge leg extended, rendered helpless by a sharp and sudden pain which was well nigh unbearable. He could only sit and glare at the afflicted member and curse it.

"Try some of your own magic ointment," suggested the boy; then he turned and swore at the boy. And where was Suzima? Down at the pool, at the foot of the hill, washing the clothes. Oh! the wretch! Oh! the vile woman, to be washing clothes and he here with a hideous fate overtaking him, and the mules there, with lolling tongues, panting for water!

If the boy were not an idiot and a villain (and Gutro strongly suspected him of being both), he might be trusted to lead the valued animals to water. But he must have a care, a hundred cares, for that matter. One of the mules, he must remember, stumbled in going down hill; the other picked up loose stones in his hoof as he went. Then this one should not drink so much as he wanted, while the other should be urged to drink more than he seemed to want. The boy whistled a soft accompaniment to the litany of Gutro's instructions. He had no respect for the man and meant to tell him so some day. He walked away, leading the mules, meaning to deal with them as he saw fit, paying no attention whatever to the stumbling propensity or the instinct for picking up stones.

The air was heavy and hot as a day in summer. Not a leaf stirred on the branches above his head, and not a sound could be heard save the soft splash of the water down at the pool. He felt oppressed and unhappy; he did not know why, and his legs ached as he took long, slow strides down the grassy incline that led through a scattered wood to the water. He wondered what Suzima would say when she saw him for the first time intrusted to care for the mules.

She had finished her washing of the clothes. They were lying, wrung tight, in a small pile, on the pebbly bank. She was seated, naked, upon a broad, flat stone, washing herself, her feet in the water that reached almost up to her round, glistening knees.

He saw her as one sees an object in a flash from a dark sky—sharply, vividly. Her image, against the background of tender green, ate into his brain and into his flesh with the fixedness and intensity of white-hot iron.

"Oh! the devil!" she exclaimed, reaching back hurriedly for the first garment that her hands fell upon, and drawing it across her shoulders. But she need not have troubled to cover herself. After that first flash, he did not look again. He kept his face turned from her, leading the mules to the water's edge, and staring down into the pool as they drank. There was no use to look at her; he held her as real and alive in his imagination as she was in the flesh, seated upon the stone.

She said not a word after the first impetuous exclamation. She did not go on with her ablutions, but sat drawn together, clutching the garment over her bosom and staring at him.

When the mules were satisfied he turned and led them up the hill again; but his every action was mechanical. There was a cold moisture on his forehead, and, involuntarily, he took off his hat and wiped his face with his shirt sleeve. His face, all his skin, to the very soles of his feet, was burning and pricking, and every pulse in his body was beating, clamoring, sounding in his ears like confused, distant drum-taps. He shook all over as he dragged his unwilling limbs up the ascent.

The sight of Gutro, bestial, seated helpless there upon the grass, seemed to turn the current of his passion in a new direction. He let the mules go and stood a moment, silent and quivering, before the man. It was only a moment's hesitation in which he seemed to be gathering all his forces to loosen in a torrent of invective and abuse. Where did the rage come from that maddened him? For the first time in his life he uttered oaths and curses that would have made Suzima herself quail. Gutro was suffocating; casting about for any object that his hands fell upon to hurl at the boy.

When the youth's senseless passion had spent itself, he stayed a moment, panting like a wounded animal, then, turning, fled into the woods. When he had gone far and deep into the forest, he threw himself down upon the ground and sobbed.

VIII.

Suzima treated the boy as she had never done before. She was less kind to him. She was cross and sulked for a time. It grieved him. He wanted to explain, to tell her that it was not his fault, but he did not dare to approach the subject, while she ignored it. Yet he felt that her ill-humor towards him was unreasonable. There was no renewal of his rage against Gutro, but he did not feel bound to apologize to that individual. Gutro doubted not that the boy was going mad and communicated his misgiving to Suzima. He related to her the scene which had transpired the day she was washing the clothes down at the pool, and intimated that it would be safe to get rid of so dangerous a character.

She had listened, scowling, but interested. Then she told Gutro a few uncomplimentary things on her own account.

The Beast was on his legs again. The pangs and twinges had gone as suddenly and mysteriously as they had come. But he was fearful of a second visitation, and determined to push on towards some point where he might procure professional and skillful treatment. Gutro was in no sense brave, nor was he foolhardy.

There came along some moonlight about that time and the vagabonds took advantage of it to travel by night.

It was the first night out; so beautiful, so still! The wagon moved along the white stony road, its white canopy gleaming in the white moonlight as it crept in and out of the shadows. The iron pots and pans hooked beneath the wagon swung to and fro with a monotonous, scraping sound.

Gutro sat huddled in a heap on the outside seat, half asleep as was his custom when he drove the mules at night. Suzima lay in the wagon and the youth walked on behind it. She, too, had walked some distance—not beside him as she used to, but more abreast of the wagon. She had been singing as she walked along and the echo of her song came back from a distant hillside. But getting tired at last she had sprung into the wagon and now she lay there. She had taken off her shoes and stockings and her bare feet peeped out, gleaming in the moonlight. The youth saw them and looked at them as he walked behind.

He wondered how long he could walk thus—if he could walk the night through. He would not go, and sit beside Gutro; the physical repulsion which he felt for the man was too real to admit of such close contact. And there is a question whether Gutro would have permitted it, suspecting the boy, as he did, of being a dangerous and malicious character.

The boy walked on, stumbling. He was troubled, he was distracted and his breath failed him. He wanted sometimes to rush forward and take Suzima's feet between his hands, and then, on the other hand he wanted to turn and flee.

It was in response to neither of these impulses, but

in submission to a sudden determination moving him, seemingly, without his volition, that he sprang into the wagon. He sat down at the back with his feet dangling.

The night was cool and pleasant. They were crawling along the edge of a hill, and the whole valley beneath spread out before them more soft, more radiant, more beautiful than brush could ever picture or voice ever tell. The boy did not know that it was pleasant and cool or that the valley was gleaming all for him in a magic splendor. He only knew that Suzima's bare feet were near him, touching him.

He supposed she was asleep. He drew himself up in the wagon and laid there beside her, rigid, faint, and quivering by turns. Suzima was not asleep. Turning, she folded her arms about him and drew him close to her. She held him fast with her arms and with her lips.

IX.

A few days had wrought great changes with the boy. That which he had known before he now comprehended, and with comprehension sympathy awoke. He seemed to have been brought in touch with the universe of men and all things that live. He cared more than ever for the creeping and crawling things, for the beautiful voiceless life that met him at every turn; in sky, in rock, in stream, in the trees and grass and flowers that silently unfolded the mysterious, inevitable existence.

But most of all he cared for Suzima. He talked and laughed and played with her. He watched her as she walked and turned about, and as she worked, helping her where he could. And when she sang her voice penetrated his whole being and seemed to complete the new and bewildering existence that had overtaken him.

There were a thousand new lights in Suzima's eyes that he watched for. She made pretty speeches that sounded in his ears as soft as the slow beating of the south wind. She had become something precious and apart from all things in the world and not to be confounded with them. She was the embodiment of desire and the fulfillment of life.

Suzima was defiant one day because Gutro was drunk. She was always defiant then—when he was brutal and nagging. The boy was near at hand, restless, quivering with apprehension of he knew not what. They had stopped to take their rude meal beneath the shade of a tree. Suzima and the boy were gathering up the utensils they had used. Gutro was hooking the mules to the wagon. He talked and nagged and Suzima talked and defied.

"Hush, Suzima," the boy kept whispering. "Oh, hush!"

Suddenly, the man, in a rage, turned to strike her with a halter that he held uplifted, but, quicker than he, the boy was ready with a pointed hunting knife that he seized from the ground.

It was only a scratch that he gave after all, for the woman had thrown herself against him with a force that diverted his deadly aim.

Gutro quaked and reeled with fright; he staggered and stood swaying, livid, with hanging jaw. Then, with a sudden revulsion of feeling that came with the dawn of illumination, he began to laugh. Oh, how he laughed! his oily, choking laugh! till the very woods resounded with the vile clamor of it. He leaned up against the wagon holding the fat cushion of his side and pointing a stub of finger. Suzima was red with consciousness, and scowling.

The boy said nothing, but sat down upon the grass. He was not red, like Suzima, but pale and bewildered. He lent no further hand in assisting their departure.

"Go on," he said, when they were ready to start.

"Come," said Suzima, making room for him in the wagon.

"Go on," he told her again. She thought that he would follow, taking a cut through the woods, as he often did. The wagon moved slowly away; the boy stayed leaning on his elbow, picking at the grass.

He had always supposed that he could live in the world a blameless life. He took no merit for he could not recognize within himself a propensity toward evil. He had never dreamed of a devil lurking unknown to him, in his blood, that would some day blind him, disable his will and direct his hands to deeds of violence. For he could not remember that he had willed. He knew that he had seen black and scarlet flashes before his eyes and he was conscious of an impulse which directed him to kill. He had as good as committed a crime for which they hang men. He stayed picking at the grass. An overwhelming confusion of thoughts, fears, intentions crowded upon him. He felt as if he had encountered some hideous being with whom he was not acquainted and who had said to him: "I am yourself." He shrank from trusting himself with this being alone. His soul turned toward the refuge of spiritual help, and he prayed to God and the saints and the Virgin Mary to save him and to direct him.

A mile or more back on the road they had passed an imposing structure built upon a hill. A gilded cross surmounted the pile. There were vineyards covering the slope, gardens and flowers and vegetables, highly and skillfully cultivated. The boy had noticed, when he passed, black-robed figures at work among the vines and in the meadow down along the fence.

The boy arose from the ground and walked away. He did not follow in the direction of the wagon. He turned and walked toward the building on the hill surmounted by a gilded cross.

X.

Brother Ludovic was so strong, so stalwart, that the boys of the institution often wished he might be permitted to give an exhibition of his prowess or to enter a contest of some sort whereby they might shine in the reflected honor of his achievements. Some said it all came of sleeping with open windows, winter and summer, because he could not abide the confinement of four walls. Others thought it came of chopping trees. For when he wielded his axe, which was twice the size of any other man's, the forest resounded with the blows. He was not one to dilly-dally about the grape vines or the flower beds, like a woman, mincing with a hoe. He had begun that way, they told each other, but he was soon away in the forest felling trees and out in the fields breaking the stubborn lands. So he had grown to be the young marvel of strength who now excited their youthful imaginations and commanded their respect. He had no mind for books, so they had heard—but what of that! He knew by name every bird and bush and tree, and all the rocks that are buried in the earth and all the soil that covered them. He was a friend of all the seasons and all the elements. He was a hero of the wood, to the vivid imagination of the young.

In reality he was still a youth, hardly past the age when men are permitted to have a voice and a will in the direction of government of the state. There was a stubborn growth of beard upon his face, which he shaved clean every morning and which wore the purple shadow again before night.

He often felt that he had been born anew, the day whereupon he had entered the gate of this holy refuge. That hideous, evil spectre of himself lurking outside, ready at any moment to claim him should he venture within its reach, was, for a long time, a menace to him. But he had come to dread it no longer, secure in the promise of peace which his present life held out to him.

The dreams of the youth found their object among

the saintly and celestial beings presented to his imagination constantly, and to his pious contemplation. The bodily energy of youth spent itself in physical labor that taxed his endurance to the utmost. By day he worked, he studied, he assisted in the guidance and instruction of boys.

At night he slept a sleep of exhaustion, complete oblivion. Sometimes, at the approach of dawn, when his slumber lightened, some disturbing vision would weave itself into a dream to fool his fancy. Half asleep, half waking, he roamed the woods again, following, following, never overtaking a woman—that one woman he had known—who lured him.

"Come, come on!" she would say while the white-topped wagon drew her always further and further away, out of his reach. But he knew a prayer—a dozen prayers—which could dispel any trick that a dream might put upon him.

XI.

Brother Ludovic had a great fancy, all his own, and one whose execution he was permitted to undertake. It was to build, with his own hands, a solid stone wall around the "Refuge." The idea had come to him like an inspiration, and it took hold of his imagination with the fixedness of a settled purpose in life. He was in a fever till he had begun his work: hauling the stones, laying them in position, binding them firm with sand and mortar. He liked to speculate upon the number of years that it would take him to complete the task. He liked to picture himself an old man, grown feeble with age, living upon this peaceful summit all enclosed by the solid stone wall built with the strength of his youth and manhood.

The Brothers were greatly interested and at the outset would collect together during the hours of recess, in small bands, and crossing vineyard and meadow, would repair to the scene of his labor.

"You'll not be telling me its yourself that lifted the stone, Brother Ludovic?" and each would take turn in vain attempt to heave some monster which the younger man had laid in position. What would Brother Ludovic have done by the end of the year? was a never failing source of amiable controversy among them all. He worked on like the ant.

XII.

It was a spring day, just such another day as when he had first entered at the gate. The breeze lashed his gown about his legs as he quitted the group that had assembled after dinner to take their customary exercise around the brick-paved walk.

"It's a prison he'll be putting us in, with his stone wall!" called out a little jovial Brother in spectacles. Brother Ludovic laughed as he walked away, clutching at his hat. He descended the slope, taking long strides. So nearly perfect was his bodily condition that he was never conscious of the motion of limb or the movement of muscle that propelled him.

The wheat was already high in the meadow. He touched it with his finger-tips as he walked through, gathering up his narrow skirt as far as the knees. There were yellow butterflies floating on ahead, and grasshoppers sprang aside in noisy confusion.

He had obtained permission to work the whole afternoon and the prospect elated him. He often wondered whether it were really the work which he enjoyed or the opportunity to be out in the open air, close to the earth and the things growing thereon.

There was a good bit of wall well started. Brother Ludovic stood for a while contemplating with satisfaction the result of his labor; then he set to work with stone and mortar and trowel. There was ease in his every movement and energy in the steady glow of his dark eyes.

Suddenly Brother Ludovic stopped, lifting his head with the mute quivering attention of some animal in the forest, startled at the scent of approaching danger. What had come over him? Was there some invisible, malicious spirit abroad, that for pure wantonness had touched him, floating by, and transported him to other times and scenes? The air was hot and heavy, the leaves were motionless upon the trees. He was walking with aching limbs down a grassy incline, leading the mules to water. He could hear soft splashing at the pool. An image that had once been branded into his soul, that had grown faint and blurred, unfolded before his vision with the poignancy of life. Was he mad?

The moon was shining, and there was a valley that lay in peaceful slumber all bathed in its soft radiance. A white-topped wagon was creeping along a white, stony road, in and out of the shadows. An iron pot scraped as it swung beneath.

He knew now that he had pulses, for they were clamoring, and flesh, for it tingled and burned as if pricked with nettles.

He had heard the voice of a woman singing the catchy refrain from an opera; the voice and song that he heard sometimes in dreams, which vanished at the first holy exhortation. The sound was faint and distant, but it was approaching, coming nearer and nearer. The trowel fell from Brother Ludovic's hand and he leaned upon the wall and listened; not now like a frightened animal at the approach of danger.

The voice drew nearer and nearer; the woman drew nearer and nearer. She was coming; she was here. She was there, passing in the road beneath, leading by the bridle a horse attached to a small, light wagon. She was alone, walking with uplifted throat, singing her song.

He watched her as she passed. He sprang upon the bit of wall he had built and stood there, the breeze lashing his black frock. He was conscious of nothing in the world but the voice that was calling him and the cry of his own being that responded. Brother Ludovic bounded down from the wall and followed the voice of the woman.

THE TROUSERS.

BY PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

It was a nasty, rainy Sunday morning. The dripping skies lowered forbiddingly and the ground about the quarters was slippery with mud and punctuated with frequent dirty puddles where the rain had collected in the low spots. Through this, Brother Parker, like the good pastor that he was, was carefully picking his way toward the log meeting house on the border of the big woods, for neither storm nor rain could keep him away from his duty however careless his flock might prove. He was well on his way when he was arrested by the sound of a voice calling him from one of the cabins, and Ike, one of the hands, came running after him. His wife, Caroline, was sick, and as she could not get to church, she desired the pastor's immediate spiritual ministrations at her own house.

The preacher turned back eagerly. His duty was always sweet to him and nothing gave him so keen a sense of pleasure as to feel that he was hurried to attend to all that needed him—that one duty crowded upon the heels of another. Moreover, he was a strong man of prayer in the sick room and some word that he should say might fall as a seed upon the uncultivated ground of Ike's heart, or if not, that he might heap coals of fire upon his head, for he was still a sinner.

With these thoughts and speculations in his mind, he started back to the cabin. But alas, for his haste, a sneaking, insidious piece of land lay in wait for

him. Upon this he stepped. In another instant, his feet were pointing straight before him and he had sat down suddenly in one of the biggest of the mud puddles. The tails of his long coat spread out about him and covered him like a blanket.

"Oomph!" he exclaimed as if the impact had driven the word from his lips, and for a moment he sat looking pitifully up into Ike's face, as if to see if there were any laughter there. But there was no mirth in the younger man's countenance.

"Did you hu't yo'se'f, Brother Pahkah?" he asked, offering his hand.

"Well, seems like hit's shuck me up a leetle. But I reckon hit'le des' settle my bones mo' natchally fu' de grave."

"Hit's too bad I had to call you. Hit nevah would a' happened if it hadn't a been fu' dat."

"Heish, man. Hit's all right. De shephud muss answeh de call o' de lambs, don' keer whut de weathah an' whut de tribbulations, dat's what he fu'."

The old man spoke heroically, but he felt ruefully his soaking and damaged trousers even while the words were on his lips.

"Well, let's pu'su' on ouah way."

He took up his hurried walk again and led Ike to his own door, the cloth of his garments sticking to him and the tails of his coat flapping damply about his legs.

It has been maintained, with some degree of authority to enforce the statement, that the Americanized African is distinctly averse to cold water. If this is true, Parker was giving a glowing illustration of the warmth of his religion or the strength of his endurance for not once did he murmur or make mention of his wet clothes even when the sick woman, all unconscious of his misfortune, started in upon a long history of her bodily ailments and spiritual experiences. He gave her sound pastoral advice, consoled with her and prayed with her. But when his ministrations were over, something like a sigh of relief broke from the old man's breast.

He turned at once to Ike: "Brothah Ike," he said, "I's feared to go on to meetin' in dese pants. I's ol' an' dey ain't no tellin' but I'd tek col'. Has you got a spaih pah 'bout?"

Ike was suddenly recalled to himself, and his wife, upon hearing the matter explained, was for getting up and helping to brush and fix up the none too neat pair of trousers that her husband found for the preacher. Dissuaded from doing this, she was loud in denunciations of her innocent self for keeping brother Parker so long in his wet garments. But the old man, thankful to get out of them at last, bade her not to worry.

"I reckon it's de oldes' hosses aftah all dat kin stan' he ha'des' whacks," he said, and with these cheery words hastened off to meeting.

As was to be expected he was late in arriving, and his congregation were singing hymn after hymn as he came up in order to pass the time and keep themselves in the spirit. It warmed his heart as he heard the rolling notes and he was all ready to dash into his sermon as soon as he was seated before the table that did duty as a reading desk. He flung himself into the hymn with all the power that was in him, and even before his opening prayer was done, the congregation showed that it was unable to contain its holy joy.

"Ol' Brothah Pahkah sholy is full of de spirit dis mo'nin'," Aunt Fanny whispered to Aunt Tempe, and Aunt Tempe whispered back, "I reckon he done been in his secut closet an'd had a pensacoshul showah befo' he come."

"He sholy been a dwellin' on Mount Sinai. Seem lak he mus' a'hyeahed de thundah."

"Heish, honey, he's a thunde'in' hisself."

And so like the whisper of waves on a shore, the ripple of comment ran around the meeting house, for

there were none present but saw that in some way the spirit had mysteriously descended upon their pastor.

Just as the prayer ended and the congregation had swung into another spiritual hymn, Ike entered with a scared look upon his face and took a seat far back near the door. He glanced sheepishly about the church, and then furtively at brother Parker. Once he made as if to rise, but thinking better of it, ducked his head and kept his seat.

Now, if one thing more than another was needed to fire the exhorter, it was the voluntary presence of this sinner untouched by the gospel. His eyes glowed, and his old frame quivered with emotion. He would deliver a message that morning that would be pointed straight at the heart of Ike.

To the observer not absorbed by one idea, however, there was something particularly strange in the actions of this last comer. Some things that he did did not seem to argue that he had come to the house of worship seeking a means of grace. After his almost stealthy entrance and his first watchful glances about the room, he had subsided into his seat with an attitude that betokened a despair not wholly spiritual. His eyes followed every motion the preacher made as he rose and looked over the congregation and he grew visibly more uneasy. Once or twice it seemed that the door behind him opened a bit and there is no doubt that several times he turned and looked that way, on one occasion giving his head a quick shake when the door was hastily, but softly closed.

When Parker began his sermon Ike crept guiltily to his feet to slip out, but the old preacher paused with his eyes upon him, saying, "I hope none o' de congregation will leave de sanctua'y befo' de sevice is ended. We is in now, an' gettin' up will distu'b de res.' Hit ain't gwine hu't none of us to gin one day to de Lawd, spechully ef dem what is neah an' deah unto us is layin' erpon de bed of affliction," and the man had sunk back miserably into his seat with the looks of all his fellows fixed on him. From then, he watched the preacher as if fascinated.

Parker was in his glory. He had before him a sinner writhing on the Gospel gridiron and how he did apply the fire.

Ike moved about and squirmed, but the old man held him with his eye while he heaped coals of fire upon the head of the sinner man. He swept the whole congregation with his gaze, but it came back and rested on Ike as he broke into the song, "Oh, sinnah, you needn' try to run erway, you sho' to be caught on de judgement day. He sung the camp meeting "spiritual" with its powerful personal allusions all through and then resumed his sermon. "Oh, I tell you de Gospel is a p'inted swo'd to de sinnah. Hi't mek him squim, hit mek him shivvah and hit mek him shek. He sing loud in de day but he hide his face at night. Oh, sinnah, what you gwine to do on de gret day? What do de song say, 'W'en de rocks an' de mountain shell all flee erway, W'y a you shell have a new hidin' place dat day?' Oh, sinnah man, is you a huntin' fu' de new hidin' place? Is you a fixin' fu' de time w'en de rocks shell be melted an' de mountains shell run lak rivers?"

Parker had settled well down to his work. As his own people would have expressed it, "He'd done tried de watah an' waded out." They were shouting and crying aloud as he talked. A low minor of moans ran around the room, punctuated by the sharp slapping of hands and stamping of feet. On all sides there were cries of "Truth, truth!" "Amen!" "Amen!" and "Keep in de stream, Pahkah; keep in de stream!"

This encouragement was meat to the pastor's soul and he rose on the wings of his eloquence. The sweat was pouring down his black face. He put his hand back to his pocket to pull out his handkerchief to wipe his face. It came out with a flourish, and with it a

pack of cards. They flew into the air, wavered and then fluttered down like a flock of doves. Aces, jacks, queens and tens settled all about the floor grinning wickedly face upward. Parker stopped still in the midst of a sentence and gazed speechless at the guilty things before him. The people gasped. It all flashed over them in a minute. They had heard a story of their pastor's fondness for the devil's picture books in his younger days and now it had come back upon him and he had fallen once more. Here was incontestable proof.

Parker, in a dazed way, put his hand again into his back pocket and brought forth the king of spades. His flock groaned.

"Come down outen dat pulpit," cried one of the bolder ones. "Come down!"

Then Parker found his voice.

"Fo' de lawd, folks," he said gazing sorrowfully at the king. "Dese ain't my pants ner my cyards." Then his eye fell upon Ike who was taking advantage of the confusion to make toward the door and he thundered at him. "Come back hyeah, you rapskallion, an' claim yo' dev'ment! Come back hyeah."

Ike came shamefacedly back. He came forward and commenced to pick up the cards while Parker was making his explanations to the relieved flock. The sinner got all of the cards, except one and that one the preacher still held.

"Brothah Pakkah, brothah Pakkah," he whispered, "You's a hol'in' de king." The old man dropped it as if it had burnt him and grabbing it, the scapegrace fled.

Outside the door all things were explained. Several fellows with angry faces were waiting for Ike.

"Couldn't he'p it, boys," he said, "He done begun sehvice w'en I got in. I couldn't stop him, an' den w'en he dropped all de res' he held on to de king."

"Well, all I got to say," said the fiercest of the lot, "don' you nevah put dat deck in you' pocket no mo' an' len' yo' pants. Come on, de game's been waitin' a houah, put' nigh."



THE STORY OF OUR COVER.

HOW GLOOSKAP FOUND THE SUMMER.

MR. F. L. STODDARD'S painting reproduced as front cover page of the *Easter Mirror* deals with an Indian folk-tale, found in Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland's "Legends of the Algonquins." It is the story of one of the incidents in the career of the Indian god, or demi-god, or hero, Glooskap, who underwent many trials and executed many labors, somewhat as did Hercules in the Grecian and Roman mythology. The story as narrated in Mr. Leland's "Legends of the Algonquins," taken down, the author of that book says, as it fell from the lips of the Algonquin narrator, is as follows:

"In the long ago time, when people lived always in the early red morning, before sunrise, before the *Squid-to-neck* was peopled as to-day, Glooskap went very far north, where all was ice.

"He came to a wigwam. Therein he found a giant, a great giant, for he was Winter. Glooskap entered; he sat down. Then Winter gave him a pipe. He smoked, and the giant told tales of the old times.

"The charm was on him; it was the Frost. The giant talked on and froze, and Glooskap fell asleep. He slept for six months, like a toad. Then the charm fled and he awoke. He went his way home; he went to the south, and at every step it grew warmer, and the flowers began to come up and talk to him.

"He came to where there were many little ones dancing in the forest; their queen was Summer. I am singing the truth: it was Summer, the most beautiful one ever born. He caught her up; he kept her by

a crafty trick. The Master cut a moose-hide into a long cord; as he ran away with Summer he let the end trail behind him.

"They, the faries of Light, pulled at the cord, but as Glooskap ran, the cord ran out, and though they pulled he left them far away. So he came to the lodge of Winter, but now he had Summer in his bosom; and Winter welcomed him, for he hoped to freeze him again to sleep. I am singing the song of Summer.

"But this time the Master did the talking. This time his *m'teoulin* was the strongest. And ere long the sweat ran down Winter's face and then he melted more and quite away, as did the wigwam. Then everything awoke; the grass grew, the fairies came out, and the snow ran down the rivers, carrying away the dead leaves. Then Glooskap left Summer with them, and went home."

Mr. Stoddard has shown us Glooskap bearing the fair Summer in his arms, she dropping flowers along the way, and the trees bursting into bloom as the chief and his burden pass, and the ice and the snow melting at the coming of Glooskap's feet. Mr. Stoddard has treated the legend with careful fidelity to detail and has added only enough of the conventional symbolism of art to make the picture serve its decorative purpose as the cover of a periodical. Mr. Stoddard's conception of Glooskap is singularly fine. He has endowed the "Amerind" hero with all the noble attributes tradition bestows upon the Red Man. He has made Glooskap lithe and strong and clean and firm and set in determination to bring back the Summer to his people and dissolve the chains of the ice that bound them. The picture is full of action and of the poetry of the story.



PHILIPPINE PROBLEMS.

BY L. R. WILFLEY.

Mr. Lebbeus R. Wilfley, of St. Louis, is Attorney General of the Philippine Islands under the Taft Commission, a fact which gives his assertions and opinions on Philippine matters a certain authority. The article below is simply an extract from a private letter to Mr. Lorenzo E. Anderson, Vice-President of the Mercantile Trust Company, dated at Manila, January 23d.

THE proposition of governing the Philippine Islands is new and big and difficult. Because certain things work well at home, it does not follow that they work well here. The whole situation is unique and novel; there is nothing like it in history. We have here a race of people, Malayan in origin, coming from a separate branch of the human family from the one from which we sprung, who have always lived in the tropics and who, for three hundred years, have been under the tutelage of a Latin power, suddenly brought under the rule of a race of people in which the Saxon blood predominates. By nature they lack the stamina and virility of our people, and what training they have had has been under a system radically different from our own. The Latins, you know, practiced a policy of protection under which the State told the people what to do and the Church told them what to think. With us, the individual is left free to act and think as he pleases, within certain limits. Of course, nobody can predict what the result will be; they look upon us with wonder and amazement, and our soldiers look upon them with more or less contempt. The attitude of the Taft government has been, however, to repose faith and confidence in the native, to a certain extent, and it has trusted him with a good many posts of responsibility in the government, the theory being that it is impossible to build up a government unless you repose faith in the people. I am disposed to have faith in them ultimately. I look upon them as a lot of children who, when they learn that we are their friends and mean well towards them, will be glad to come under our protection and receive our in-

struction. The Spanish power was arbitrary and cruel and unjust, and with that experience in their minds, following on the heels of a bloody and disastrous war, from their standpoint, of course, they are not likely to receive us without more or less suspicion. Civil government, however, is making headway, and so is the military. The backbone of the insurrection has been broken for six or eight months and fighting is now confined to two or three provinces, principally Samar and Batangas. I think they will be pacified at an early date, however, since General Chaffee has gone to work in earnest and is teaching them what war really means.

There are many difficult problems confronting us. The first is the disposition of the Friars and their property. The Friars (or, as the Filipinos call them, the *Frailes*), have been the cause of the two recent revolutions in these islands. They own all of the best lands under cultivation, and have used their spiritual and temporal power to impose upon the people. There is a deep-seated and ineradicable hatred in the heart of the Filipino for the Friars. It is the purpose of the government to purchase these lands and re-sell them to the natives. When this is done a great obstacle will be removed from the pathway of the government and from the pathway of the Roman Catholic Church in these islands. The Catholic Church, as administered here, is the Church of the Middle Ages, and not the Catholic Church we have in the United States. My hope has been, and still is, that the men in charge of the Church here will soon be superseded by American priests who understand the meaning of the complete separation of Church and State. There is no disposition on the part of the government to oppose the Catholic Church here any more than at home, but these *Frailes* are against us and make trouble for us whenever they can.

Another problem is the money question. The money here consists of the Mexican dollar, the Spanish peso, which is its equivalent, and some small Chinese coins. The paper currency is the issue of a Spanish bank here. This, together with our U. S. currency, constitutes the circulating medium. The price of silver, as compared with gold, has been the subject of violent fluctuations since American occupation, and just now we are at the mercy of the money changers who pay \$2.09 for gold and sell it for \$2.18 to \$2.25. The Commission has made a recommendation to Congress for legislation correcting this as soon as possible.

There has been little material development here, from the American standpoint, on account of the franchise embargo of the Spooner Bill, which, as you know, prevented the United States Philippine Commission from granting franchises. We can make no progress, of course, until this is raised, and we assume, all of us, that this will be raised at this session of Congress. These islands can never be developed without capital, and capital must have inducement to come here. If we can get free trade with the United States and can grant franchises, there will be a great amount of capital come in here at an early date.

Perhaps the most serious question we will have to deal with, ultimately, is the labor question. The Filipino is not fond of work under the vertical rays of the tropical sun. On the other hand, the Chinaman is a splendid workman, industrious and thrifty and, as you know, there is an unlimited supply of Chinamen near at hand. But there is a strong antipathy between the two races, the Filipino hating the Chinaman very strongly. It is to be hoped that when the Filipino learns that he will receive a just reward for his labors and that he will be treated justly and be permitted to accumulate property, he may, as the negro did in the South after the war, improve and become more industrious and thrifty. Until this is done, I expect that Chinese labor will have to be allowed to come in here, for special purposes, at any rate.

THE SENSATIONAL IN FICTION.

BY WILLIAM VINCENT BYARS.

The islands are rich in natural resources. The great Island of Mindanao, lying at the southern end of the Archipelago, is especially rich in sugar-producing soil, so I am told, and in gutta-percha, copel, demargum and gold, in addition to having fine timber. It is inhabited by the Moros, who, as yet, have been friendly to the United States. Spain never made any headway in civilizing or Christianizing these people. They are Mohammedans. I know of one company that has been organized with a capital stock of twenty millions to explore and develop this island. The climate in the southern group is also better than it is here. Furthermore, it is outside of the typhoon belt.

A system of jurisprudence has been established throughout the islands. It will be a great protection to investors. The judges of the system are mostly Americans, and, as a rule, are strong men. We are going to increase their number and salaries in the near future and supplement them with a strong, well-organized constabulary and a good set of prosecuting attorneys. On the whole, the field is a promising one for investors who are willing to brave the rays of the tropical sun and the difficulties attendant upon operating in a new and strange field.

One of the great difficulties in the way of American investors is the lack of transportation facilities; all the inter-island shipping lines are in the hands of foreigners. I have just written a contract for the government for a million dollars' worth of ships that are now being constructed in Shanghai, which will, in a measure, relieve the government in this matter, but not the individual shipper. There is a great opportunity here to make money in that line.

We have many matters of importance on hand in the Department of Justice, among others, the San Jose College case, in which the Catholic Church is interested. We have just finished the pleading and testimony in the case and will argue it in three or four months. The amount of money involved in the case is about one million dollars. The institution is over three hundred years old, older than Harvard or Yale, and carries with it the traditions and hopes of many people. It is an unique and significant piece of litigation, not only on account of the subject-matter of this case, but because it determines the fate of several other institutions here of similar character.

The Catholic Church here ought to be represented by a great lawyer. Their interests are immense and will be for the next few years, especially if the government undertakes to purchase their lands. They have some lawyers here now, but I think they will need the very best that the country affords. The representatives of the Church are very wealthy and their interests are enormous.

A SONG OF APRIL.

BY RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS.

WHO shall go repining
That skies sometime are gray,
When in the sun's dear shining
Laughs now an April day?
He borrows cause for grieving,
His plaint is never done,
Who falls to shadow-weaving
When shines an April sun!

O who shall go bewailing
The loss of heaven's blue,
That knows mad April's failing,
Inconstant and untrue?
He flouts the sweetest seeming
Of all the vernal day,
Who sees no blue sky gleaming
Through April's grayest gray!

I HAVE recently read in the English reviews several articles in the series which have followed an attack on Robert Louis Stevenson made by one of his early friends. It is inevitable that any man who reaches the high places of literature or of life should have his weaknesses exposed, as far as it is possible to discover them, and, as his early friends have usually discovered more of them than any one else, it has usually happened that the work of exposing him has fallen to them. That they have accepted it as a sort of a duty they owe humanity, is not unnatural, and, on the whole, it is no sufficient reason for thinking the worse of human nature. The first assumption in the case of any man who surpasses the rest, is that in some way he must be miraculously above them, and hence that it is hopeless to attempt to follow him or to reach what he attained. The reaction from this unreasoning admiration comes when the exposure of his weaknesses comes, and it is seen from them, by all who can understand, that everything he accomplished was accomplished through weaknesses greater than that of most men—if indeed its accomplishment did not become possible by reason of these very weaknesses, mastered and so converted into energy and vitality.

This is what Castelar, in his life of Byron, calls "the divine infirmity of genius," and it is the life of any novel which has the real life of genius in it. The question of the life of every work of fiction, which is not trivial and expressionless, is of whether this weakness is natural, a part of the common weakness of humanity, or is depraved, unnatural and below the weakness of the general life into which every book, which has genuine vitality, must enter with help strength and energizing power.

As the direct suggestion of this is given by the life and work of Stevenson, we can get a fuller idea of its meaning by following it as far as we can into his life as he expressed it in his work. He had, at all times, the infirmity of higher sensitiveness, which every man who uses his mind through his nerves more than others do, must increase as he increases his ability to express the general life. He was at all times apparently self-controlled, apparently not only good humored but cheerful, good-natured and full of "animal spirits;" yet, with all this, his whole life, from the beginning of his work to the end, was part of a process of "holding himself together" which did not end until it ended "under the wide and starry sky" in Samoa. The work he most delighted to do, in which he found his highest pleasure and his highest usefulness was done at the expense of the continual danger of physical collapse and disorganization.

With this, he had at the summit of his power, as the cause of it, a still greater infirmity—that of a fuller comprehension of his own weaknesses and hence of the weaknesses of every one else, than is possible for most men. In his own language, he came to see human life "bare to the buff," with none of its false-pretenses, none of its natural concealments, blinding him to its realities. This does not happen to many, and, perhaps, it happens more usually to degenerating intellects than to those which are developing as the intellect of Stevenson developed from his beginnings to his end. In the parables made by the men of genius who lived before the Christian era, the universal assumption is that to attain fully any such comprehension and survive it, is miraculous. Whether they figure it in the flaming sword of the seraphim at the gate of paradise, or in the three-headed dog at the gate of hell, their universal testimony is that such comprehension of realities is deadly. When they allow any one to return from the hell of such knowledge, it is al-

ways by the force of something divine in him—something that Castelar, in his utmost admiration for the "divine infirmities" of such a genius as Byron, can not show that he possessed. What it is, Stevenson suggests in his suggestion of the intellectual vision which sees in the "ink of the pit" itself, the "glory and fire" of the life which turns all weakness to strength, and out of the "sink of the mire" creates the color, the perfume, the grace, the refinement, the strength of the highest life.

The knowledge of what is worst and best in the world; the saving faith in what is best as the only reality, must give vitality to every book which has in it a life of its own. All other books are either mere reflections in which shadows of life appear and disappear, or else they are themselves weak and depraved expressions of what is weak and depraved in life. It is the highest praise of Stevenson, that when this weakness and depravity, masking in what purported to be supernaturally fine and high, had begun to characterize both the poetry and the prose fiction of England, he restored to literature a great measure of the natural unperverted life of the world with which he himself had so full a sympathy.

When his work seems to me most characteristic, it has in it the characteristic life and feeling of a boy or a barbarian. It is a life of action, of expression, of feeling, which must find vent in doing. It is intoxicating and too much of it in literature has the same effect on the nerves that brandy has when it restores to a man of middle age the nervous tension of his boyhood, the capacity for enjoyment and for sensation in action which only the very few can keep past boyhood—which none who do keep it can use without danger, or long abuse without death.

In this sense, everything I have read of Stevenson's fiction is in the highest degree "sensational." It represents sensational fiction of the best and highest class—that to which all Sir Walter Scott's works and a very few of the "historical romances" which have followed as a result of the revolution forced by Stevenson's work, belong in their own right. It stands for the impulses of action through which men are unconsciously impelled to win their way upward from barbarism to civilization. It belongs to the forces of evolution, and it represents the sympathy of a higher mind, through its own weaknesses, with these forces, as they work out rightly and wrongly through the strength and weaknesses of men as they advance from the boyish mind of the barbarian upwards towards full self-possession.

The only other novelist of this class whose work has uniformly the intoxicating quality of Stevenson's, seems to me to be Balzac, who, in his strongest work, illustrates what it means to grasp a comprehensive knowledge of the weakness of mankind without a saving faith in what is best in human nature. The life of books of the class to which these belong, is a life which is passing from its highest reaches downward to its lowest. No matter how strong it may be, no matter how true it may seem to be, it is the development of a life which is not moving forward but backward, and so far as those who go with it are carried with it, they are carried backward instead of forward. The characteristic fiction of the England into which Stevenson projected his force, was, in this sense, reactionary. It was becoming more and more polished, more and more artistic, more and more "psychological," but all this was merely a part of what, as soon as it came to be recognized, was rightly called "decadence." If Stevenson supplanted this with a spirit of healthy barbarism, the gain was great, for the impulses of healthy barbarism are all forward, all evolutionary, all towards something higher.

The barbarism of Stevenson is never brutal, but it fell in with a love of sensation, of action, which often

PEGOTTE.

BY A. LENALIE.

expresses itself in the life of nations in the most brutal ways. Of the brutal in the surviving barbarism of English civilization, Mr. Kipling became and he remains the prophet. He is undoubtedly a man of genius, but, as far as I have ever been able to understand him from his work, he stops altogether short of any such comprehension of himself, of his people, of his times, as shows in Stevenson's work from first to last. He seems to me to be the representative intellect, which, because it is representative, does not know and can not know and never can understand—if I may venture so far to alter what he himself has written in expressing what seems to be his fundamental idea of the meaning of womanhood in its relation to manhood. His books differ from the typical work of Balzac in having nothing of degeneracy in them. They no more stand for reaction than the brutality, natural to barbarism, stands for it. In all that is natural to the brute which is born in every one of us, Mr. Kipling rejoices as a part of the force which makes its way to its object, regardless of consequences to others or to itself. He can sympathize fully with the naked Africans who attack the barbarians recruited from London slums, dressed in British uniforms, and drilled to kill with mechanical precision; and by the same rule, his sympathy with the British soldier who is killing the naked African, though not fuller, is more intense, because he himself is, first of all and last of all, British in every instinct of his barbarism.

In fiction of these three classes, no matter where it is written, we have the life of books as it is presented in nearly all "light literature." There is only one plane of life in literature above these—the plane on which the life which expresses itself is the quiet life of the mind, appealing directly to mind, without sensation of any kind as the vehicle of its energies. Such books can never excite the enthusiastic admiration of the widest circle of readers. It is hard to find in fiction anything which is wholly typical of them. In verse, they are best represented by the work of Wordsworth when he is attempting to express himself without a story or a plot. Washington Irving, in his best prose tales, comes very close to this ideal, and his master, Addison, comes still closer. The fullest possible sympathy with all such work as this belongs only to those who can rest in it, feeling that they do not need to be impelled to action, and that they have won the right to peace. To give this feeling, or to enter into it sympathetically, is no more the province of fiction than it is of tragedy. Every novel that is worth anything must stimulate to action, and if its "sensationalism" stimulates to right action, it has an excuse for existence, no matter how intoxicating it may be.

CREDO.

BY NELLIE M. FIELD.

LIFE is so brief!
Take, then, its gifts or leave them, as you please:
Drain, then, its cup of pleasure to the lees;
Life is so brief.
Love grows so cold!
Take, then, its kisses when on hot lips prest;
Take all of Love's most passionate—its best:
Love grows so cold!
Night is so drear!
Take, then, thy comfort in the bright noon sun;
Leave care and sorrow till the day be done:
Night is so drear!
Death comes so soon!
Take, then, of Life all that Life has to give,
Live with thy heart and brain and senses—live:
Death comes so soon!

LITTLE Pegotte had never beheld the sea. Every one else at the farm, from master to servant, knew it well; each said it was something great and wonderful, something always in motion and on which vessels floated, guided by light-houses.

But Pegotte, alone, could tell naught of the sea, never having seen it; till, at last, she felt humiliated by her ignorance of this wonderful, wonderful thing—always moving, never quiet.

"Master, what is that which calls so commandingly?" she sometimes dared question, when she heard, beyond the pines, a hoarse voice like approaching thunder.

And her master replied:

"It is the sea."

"Mistress, what strange odor is that in the air?" she asked, certain mornings, when the wind brought a mysterious briny odor from over the distant moors.

And her mistress replied:

"It is the sea."

Oh! this sea that Pegotte heard and smelled! What would she not give to see it!

But what could a little servant foundling of fourteen years, whose only name was Pegotte (which means "the little simpleton"), do in such a case? She did not know, even, if she ever had any other name. She had been found one day, under the pines by the sea-shore, and brought to this farm where she had been reared and had worked like a man ever since she was old enough to do anything. Had she living parents? she wondered. No, these must be the pines; and the sea, the great sea, moving ever, was, perhaps, her god-mother. Oh! how this mother called her sometimes! At night when Pegotte lay wakeful, she listened for this distant voice, and could hardly refrain from rising off her little cot and hastening where it called—this sea, this mysterious sea that so oppressed her.

One night in the spring when the voice called still more loudly and insistently than usual, Pegotte resisted no longer.

"I must go," she said, throwing back the covers and rising from her bed. She dressed softly; went out; patting Labri lest he bark, and with bare feet ran towards the sea.

Surely it could not be far away, this sea. She had often heard the hunters and resin-gatherers say to each other: "Yes, my good fellow, Sunday I shall take a turn by the sea." So, evidently, it was not a long distance, and two or three hours' travel across the pine forests and the heath would bring it in sight, this longed-for mystery.

Pegotte ran on and on, crossed many forests, felt the heather brush her ankles, and still ran on. Often, from some quiet cabin, a dog suddenly sprang out with savage bark, and other dogs ran barking to join the first, in the clear night, frightening Pegotte a little. But, as soon as they had scented the small dark figure, with flowing locks and cheeks reddened from running, they fell behind and quieted down. "It is nothing, nothing at all," they seemed to say, with a sympathetic wag of the tail. "It is only a poor little thing who wants to reach the sea. Don't trouble her."

And Pegotte ran on again, straight on to the sea that beckoned. Oh! how loudly it called her now: "This way, Pegotte. Still a little more courage and you will find me. I am beautiful, you know?" Yes, that was what the ever-increasing murmur, repeated by the land pines, seemed to say.

"I am coming," Pegotte shouted to the great un-

known ocean. And she redoubled her speed, turning her head towards the East, from time to time, to see if the dawn were breaking. Ah! how far away she was! What a weary distance she had come, and how many hours she had pressed on and on, yet still she had not seen that which called her. More and more she felt its presence about her, heard the voice distinct and loud, but still it eluded her vision. Oh! since, as they said, it moved forever, might it not come nearer to her, reach out an arm by way of some ravine and so the sooner show itself to this little friend whose feet commenced to stain the heather with blood drops?

Suddenly, Pegotte turned pale. The first streak of dawn faintly lined the horizon. . . . Beyond the pines, a long, pink flush banded the sky where the stars dimmed out one after another, as though paling under the fervor of the sun's too ardent caresses. From all sides resounded the clarion call of the jubilant rooster challenging the morning.

Then, the sun—a glowing disc above the horizon rim.

Pegotte closed her eyes and felt her senses reel. . . . She must return then without finding the sea, and while the voice sounded so near? Yes, so it must be. What would they say at the farm if she were not there to light the fire, milk the cows and heat her master's coffee? So . . . she must turn back.

Once more she looked towards the dear unknown, held up her face as though to receive a parting caress from the ocean mist, and inhaled a deep breath of the salt air; then she turned inland, the tears blinding her; back again across the moors where the dogs once more greeted her with short, friendly barks, as if to say: "It is nothing, only Pegotte returning from the sea."

"Ah! little wretch! is that you? . . . Where have you been at this hour? You were not in your room last night, eh? . . . Good gracious! little Pegotte, thieving! or what? Own up, where were you?"

So scolded the mistress, furious at having to light the fire herself. Next, the master, indignant at not having his coffee at the usual hour: "Ah, ha! are you going to speak? Where have you spent the night?"

Pegotte bowed her head, shrugged her shoulders, but said nothing. What could she reply? That she ran away to find the sea and came back without even seeing it. No, never would she own that. She would invent any explanation rather than tell the truth.

"Did you lose your tongue by the way, then?" cried her mistress shaking her. "Where were you this night? Speak."

Pegotte's tears fell in a flood from her eyes, but from her lips there fell never a sound.

"Little devil!" exclaimed the mistress, "can it be that you have a lover already?"

And all the farm hands, attracted by the altercation, gathered around the miserable child, in an inquisitive circle, to hear what reply she would make to this question.

"By my soul, I'll swear that is it!" said the master, looking at her with a shocked expression.

"Well, if you must know,—why, yes; I have a lover," responded Pegotte in a confused manner.

A chorus of exclamations and laughter from all the servants, joined in by the master and mistress, greeted this confession.

But among these workmen Pegotte saw one, tiny as she, and timid alike, who had often brought her nuts and flowers when she went to the fountain. And this Branot—as he called himself—seemed to turn away sadly at Pegotte's announcement this morning, that she had a gallant.

Then Pegotte felt something tremble in a corner of her heart. She left the crowd outside discussing what manner of punishment she merited for her conduct and, entering the house, took her water jar to go to the fountain, hoping to rejoin Branot under the

piners. There she found him, and said, in tones as gentle as a summer sea in calm:

"You know, Branot, it is not so. I have no lover."

"Oh, Pegotte; is that the truth you are speaking now?"

"Yes, O yes, the very truth."

How happy he seemed! this little friend, at hearing that. . . . Taking her hands, he looked lovingly at her with his frank, brown eyes and whispered: "How happy you make me, Pegotte! I am so glad, I don't know how to prove it to you . . . what can I do for you? Will you go to the sea-shore with me Sunday?"

Pegotte sighed as though her heart had entered paradise and, almost suffocated with joy, stammered:

"Oh, Branot, will you really take me to the sea . . . that I may find it at last?"

What mattered to her now, the punishment of her master? She would know the sea that called her; she would look upon it, and with Branot.

She closed her eyes with very happiness, and, afar off, heard the soft voice still calling, the voice of her sea mother, wafted over the singing pines: "Ah! ah! the lover you invented has come. . . . He is surely thine, Pegotte."

Translated from the French of Jean Rameau.



THE TOP-NOTCH NASTY NOVEL.

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

DON JUAN, with a hump, is no new thing in life or letters. We all remember the power Byron had with women, and with those creations of the same sex, the fashions. But the hero without legs, or at least such portions of the legs as fall below the knee, must, of necessity, afford a strong attraction to a certain perverted type of mind and body.

These are not matters that one considers at great length if one's taste be of the nicest; yet, when one does consider them, one cannot remain blind to the fact that in a touch of the abnormal there appears a sort of charm. The explanation of this charm is a thing the doctors have terms for; one does not use these terms in polite places. But the polite, the nice, have their affinity to the emasculate; let us fling the polite, and the nice, therefore, to the winds; let us be bold and tell the truth, even as our untrammelled novelists do; let us see life whole, even if we have to see its heroes without legs.

Most of us have already been introduced to *Sir Richard Calmady*; he is long since a household word in those regions where newness and nastiness are sufficient passports to the fame of the moment. Yet it is interesting to delay a verdict concerning this three-quarters portrait of a man, "*Sir Richard Calmady*," in order that the first wave of clamor about him might pass. Now that the wave is receding, let me point out that he is no very new thing, and that one might as well read about *Richard the Third*, *Rigoletto* or *Lord Byron*. Never, for a moment, moreover, is he creature of flesh and blood; from the moment when his deformity is produced as the result of his mother's seeing the father, maimed, on his death-bed, he is fantastic and improbable. As to whether he is at all possible, doctors differ. The author of "*Sir Richard Calmady*" is a woman, and one hates to keep a woman to accuracy, but if she must meddle with these medical matters—well, the fact is, *Lady Calmady's* condition was such that when she saw her husband's shorn limbs she was already long past the time when it would have affected the unborn heir within her. But let us not linger with the possible. It makes for disenchantment. Let us away to other matters. And of all the

matters, men and women, in the history of "*Sir Richard Calmady*," what is more worth while, more typical of the sort of book this is, the sort of person who wrote it, than *Helen de Vallorbes*?

Only a woman could have pictured *Helen de Vallorbes* in the quaint, contrasting glimpses we obtain of her. The contradictions are of the essence of the feminine. She had hair of the color of heather honey-comb, and she was giving to wearing gowns like the sea. Beware of these women that mingle honey and sea-tints! *Helen* played the very devil with her cousin, *Richard Calmady*, that much is certain. Sometimes her gowns were sea-green, again they were sea-blue. But always as the sea, and as the swimmer plunges into the sea, so did men plunge—but hold, one must not imitate too closely the passionate prose of the author of "*Sir Richard Calmady*." Still, one cannot describe *Helen* if one does not use, verbatim, some of that same passionate prose. And note the contrasts! At first, when *Richard* was a boy, innocent, and not yet embittered to the point where, as later came, he went about the world sipping all its vices and its honey, other than the *Helen* brand. *Helen* was "a something ravishing, so that you wanted to draw it very close, hold it, devour it." She was "a something clear, simple and natural, as the sunlight, and yet infinitely subtle." Later the author throws the veil a good deal farther back, thus: "*Helen de Vallorbes* had the fine aesthetic appreciations, as well as the inevitable animality of the great courtesan." The artist was at least as present in her as the —." The word I omit is one found often enough in the Bible and in current masculine speech of the ruder sort, but it is rather startling in a polite novel. But our writers of the gentle sex mince nothing nowadays; their spades are not only spades, but dirty spades. Contradictory as these quotations are, they are not more contradictory than many other touches in the portrait of *Helen*, who, despite these incoherencies, remains, beyond all doubt, the really large figure of the book. She is so sheerly the animal, and her passion, made up half of perverted sexualism, half of revenge, for *Richard* is such an utter abomination, that her share in this book is the measure of the advance we have made in late years as to the license allowed in fiction. One can fancy nothing more appealing to the passions of perverted men and women than the two scenes in which *Helen*, so aptly described as "ravishing," feeds her appetites in the case of her cousin. She chose, for these occasions, always her garments that shimmered like the sea. Upon these details the author dwells in complete rapture; one finds the like nowhere else in English literature. If that be a distinction, the author of "*Sir Richard Calmady*" may well claim it. We have done these things brutally, in forthright, frank terms that shock; but never in loving, lingering phrases that are like to corrupt whosoever they fall. There are two of these scenes in which *Helen* lives up to her "ravishing" quality, in the active sense. In the first she only approaches success; in the second, she tastes it. Observe the first situation:

"*Helen de Vallorbes*, clothed in a flowing, yet clinging, silken garment of turquoise, shot with blue purple and shimmering glaucous green . . . knelt upon the tiger-skin before the dancing fire. Her hands grasped the two arms of *Richard's* chair. The loveliness of her person was discovered rather than concealed by those changeful sea-blue draperies. And there, in an arm-chair, sat *Richard*, with his ravisher momentarily closing in upon him. He could feel the honey in her hair, see the dangerous potency of her body." All would have indeed been sea-blue had not his mother come in just then. *Helen* came out of the scene with infinite tact, and there's an end of that little temptation.

Later on, *Sir Richard* is soured by other affairs and vows to go to the devil his own way. So he bids his home and his mother goodbye, and starts for the East

and the Italian shores. Again just like Byron. Alas, poor Byron! One wonders if he, too, was made love to for the sake of the exquisite sensation his hump might lend the perverted women of his time. But let us to the second scene of ravishment, the successful one! It is in Naples, and there is no mother to interfere. *Richard* is, this time, on a couch; you will note the slight improvement upon the armchair. The couch lends itself more fitly to the episode I must, in my faint, halting way, hint at. They have just had dinner together, *Helen* and *Richard*. She has already given him warning. He is in something of a state of mind to say nothing of body. All his three quarters are fevered by expectation. Then, from the direction of *Helen's* apartments he hears the whisper of silk. He sees before him *Helen*. In the haste of her bare-footed journey "the fronts of the sea-blue, sea-green dressing gown she wore had flown apart, thus disclosing not only her delicate night-dress, but—since this last was fine to the point of transparency—all the secret loveliness of her body and her limbs." Then she informs *Dickie*, *Dickie* lying pale and fevered amid his cushions, that "let what will happen to-morrow, this, very certainly, shall happen to-night—that with you and me Love shall have his own way, speak his own language, be worshiped with the rites he found in the sacraments ordained by himself, and to which all nature is, and has been, obedient since life on earth first began!"

As impossible, as completely foreign to life, as is that speech, so is the entire book. No courtesan, of ever so fine a fibre, ever made man such a speech, or ever would, had he legs or no legs, "since life on earth first began." Utterly an effort at rhetoric, a thousand miles removed from truth, from life, that speech is the measure of the whole book's specious folly. The hundreds of pages showing the trials of *Lady Calmady*, and the manner in which her son, *Sir Richard*, meets the misfortunes of his deformity, are all sheer padding. What the author was really after was to write those questionable scenes of abnormal passion between a something less than a man and a something other than wholesome woman. She saw the sensation she could make out of so perverted a position. A refined courtesan, who ravishes a man with two thoughts in her mind; one the exquisitely perverted nature of the passion to be conceived between her and this deformity; the other the revenge she means to bestow upon him later on; such is the heroine upon whom the best efforts of *Lucas Malet* are expended in "*Sir Richard Calmady*." These situations are nothing less than abominable. There has been no book in recent recollection that is less fit for decent minds. The episodes upon which the most loving care has been bestowed, those episodes that I have tried as faintly as the decencies of these pages allow to echo, are utterly and entirely unfit for aught save the columns of the medical journals. And for those columns they are too fantastically untrue to life.

The vital element of life is lacking here. All these people are shadows moving in an unhealthy glimmer of perverted passions. The memory of Lord Byron, the most fantastic stories about him, are a thousand times more worth recall, than this would-be sensational imitation of the Byronic tragedies. The author's pet figure is *Helen de Vallorbes*. She, with her sea-blue, sea-green draperies, her honey-colored hair, her appreciation of the delights of the abnormal passions, belongs, not to the world where honest men and women move, but in that land beyond the pale where the excesses and ecstasies of Paris and of Rome mingle to fill the asylums for the insane.

Lord Byron, beyond the fame of his verse, his vices, and his death, left the world a collar. I doubt if *Sir Richard Calmady* has life enough in him to leave the world a pair of breeches. The *Calmady* Knickerbockers would, like this book, sound well, but be impossible to be seen in.

THE KING.

BY VANCE THOMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

The King's Youth.

AS long as he could remember the boy had lived on this sprawling, unkempt farm in the North woods. There was an old woman in the house. All winter she sat, sleepy and stout, wrapped in multiple petticoats of wool, by the stove in which a huge wood fire bubbled and snapped; at intervals she would rouse herself and bemoan some vague youth she had spent "down South." Then the old farmer, who was her husband, would fill his pipe and stroll out to the tranquility of the barnyard. He was a lean, old man, all grey—eyes, hair, beard and clothes; he had, too, a grey reserve of patience. Two Norwegian farm-boys, who smoked long porcelain pipes and plodded bovinely about their work, and a draggled kitchen maid completed the household. They rarely spoke to the boy. His one friend was the Indian who lived up by the Long Lakes, north of the run. Joe was not much of an Indian, but he was the best there was in that segment of Wisconsin. A half-breed, who had a Swedish squaw in a hut somewhere, he lived royally in free forestry. He knew wood-craft and the art of killing the bird in the air and the fish in the water; and these things the boy learned, learning withal how to lie out at nights under the stars and wonder—wonder—wonder what things were done elsewhere.

One morning, when he had finished his breakfast, the old farmer said: "Y'ad enough to eat?"

"Yep," said the boy.

"Tha's right," the farmer said slowly, "coz ye're goin' away—they sent for ye."

The boy asked no questions. What was it to him that he was in one place or another? He nodded his dull, sullen head and let them do with him as they pleased.

A long drive over the rough forest road; gradually the clearings became more and more frequent; they crossed a railway and came to a ragged little wooden hamlet. The farmer baited his team at the tavern and they had a midday dinner. Then they drove on, interminable miles, through the wooded country. The boy dozed a little. He woke, cramped from the long ride, as the horses stopped in front of a lonely wooden house on a hillside. He looked about him, sullen and watchful.

"Here y'are," said the farmer, "git out."

The boy climbed down lamely from the wagon.

"G'on in," the farmer added, "I'll fetch your box."

His hands in his pockets, the boy slouched up the grassy path to the house and knocked. Glancing back down the hill he could see the smoke and spires and roofs of a town—it seemed very wonderful to him. As he stared at it an old man in black opened the door and came out and laid a kind, old hand on his shoulder. For the boy, that was the beginning of a new life—his real life, it may be, though all those dull and dim days of childhood were woven in the web of it.

Of old, Portage had been merely a missionary station. The French priests, who first came down into these Wisconsin woods in the fatuous hope of saving the Indians for God, had named it in a moment of splendid exultation, when, waist-deep, they carried the crucifix over the stream. Most of them were dead. Some had perished as futile martyrs. Some had died of old age and the distress that comes to men when they see their ideals going down before rifles and steam ploughs. Another and a newer religion—one that weighed more lightly upon the business of money-getting—had come upon the wilderness, wherein these

priests had been soul-hunters. In the wake of their endeavors thousands of strong-handed men had swarmed into the country; had found the soil ready for the sowing; had sown—and reaped sawmills, granaries, a town hall, a jail, two wooden chapels that pointed lean, painted fingers to heaven, scores of box-like houses, a railway station and a wooden bridge, dyed red. And while the bustling citizens voted themselves into office or oscillated between the naked chapels and the jail, the old and faded priests—for they knew no better—prayed to the white Christ who agonized there on the smoky wall of the empty mission house. They were all dead now, save Father Bourdieu and one companion, a very, very old priest.

When he had supped, the boy fell asleep on his chair, for he was tired from his journey, and had no curiosity. It was broad day when he woke and he was lying on a little pallet near the stove. He looked up and saw the man in black—it was Father Bourdieu—kneeling in front of the great pallid figure of the Christ. In this morning light the boy saw it was of silver and wood—a wonderful, pallid figure. He raised himself on his elbow.

"You pray to that?" he asked.

Father Bourdieu turned and looked at the boy with old, kind eyes.

"Were it lifted up," he said softly, "it would draw all men unto it."

Then he finished his prayer; the boy who had never seen a crucifix lay on his pallet and stared at it—the crown of thorns, the bleeding hands and feet and the face, His misericordial face.

In a few days the boy found his way to the town. He came in one afternoon, smeared with mud and blood. There was a red glow in his eyes. He talked thick in his throat and cried: "I'll kill 'em—I'll kill 'em!" and he swore again the oaths he had learned that day. He had fought with a crowd of the village boys and had been beaten and battered; now the lust of killing was awake in him—blood was trickling down into his mouth; he tasted the salt savor of it.

"I'll kill 'em!" he repeated with a boyish shriek.

The very old priest, who sat all day drowsing by the window, looking at nothing, lifted his thin, deep-lined face and found for that moment a voice. In a language the boy did not know, he said: "*Ne tuez pas, Monseigneur—c'est pour Dieu a tuer—moi, j'ai tue et—et*"—he broke off and began to murmur Latin prayers.

Father Bourdieu put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Why do you want to kill?" he asked quietly.

The boy did not try to explain; he nodded sullenly and went out. Most of his idle time he spent in the forest. Withal he studied a great deal in those days. Father Bourdieu had very few books—mainly devotional works in the stately French the churchmen write so well. The very old priest, however, had a box of books, historical chiefly. It was in these books that the boy studied. In a little while Father Bourdieu talked only French to him, as all his studies were in that language. So he came to know the tongue and even when abroad in the woods he talked it to himself and the birds.

"*Pour le Roi!*" he would shout to the birds, for he was reading of Rocroy, and the birds, it seemed to him, answered in universal chorus: "*Noel! Noel! a notre sire le Roy!*"

To charge in battle with the *bel Philippe*, with the great Charles, or with Conde—at Rocroy!—or with d'Estrees; as these thoughts kindled in the boy, he grew careless of defeat or victory, and calling upon the enemy he rushed down the muddy street of the little village. At these times there was a mad light in his eyes and he charged like a bull, his sullen head swaying to right and left, while the enemy fled before him or stoned him from alleys and corners—thus,

bloody and bruised, he would come back to the mission-house. Sometimes triumph glowed in him; sometimes, full of shame, he knelt beneath the pale crucifix and prayed, wilfully, as he had fought.

The very old priest was dying. He had been slipping so imperceptibly toward death that neither Father Bourdieu nor the boy had noticed it. He was sitting by the window. The August sunlight made a halo round his gaunt, white head. He called the boy. The boy, poring over a book of brave and beautiful deeds, did not hear. Father Bourdieu went to his old friend and companion.

"What is it?" he asked gently.

"For him," the old priest gasped, "for him—"

A thrill ran through his old carcass and made it rigid under the black of his gown; with a sudden effort he rose. The boy approached slowly, wonder in his eyes. Father Bourdieu supported his friend. The old priest drew from his bosom the rosary that had reckoned up so many prayers; with it a broad silver medal. He lifted the medal to his lips and kissed it; then, with eyes in which the last flicker of life shone, he looked at the boy and sank upon his knees, whispering: "Your majesty—your majesty"—

He pitched forward and fell face-down at the boy's feet, dead.

CHAPTER II.

The King's Advisers.

The silver medal was the souvenir of an old story and an old crime. On the obverse was the head of a child—that little Dauphin who became king of France when his father died, not ignobly, on the guillotine; the reverse bore the lilies of France and a "*Vive Louis XVII, Roi de France.*" When this little king escaped from the Temple—smuggled out of his prison in a hamper of dirty linen, while a scrofulous child died in his stead—he wandered over Europe, hunted by the agents of the Republic, by the spies of Napoleon, by the hired assassins of his uncle, who, as Louis XVIII, stole his throne. He hid himself under alien names; the years made a man of him; he married a peasant wife. One royal kinsman who tried to see justice done him, was murdered by a bravo—Louvel—hired by the usurper, Louis XVIII, and his chief minister Decazes. So the king came never to his own. In 1845, he who was the seventeenth Louis died and brave little Holland—defying the royalties of Europe—buried him at Delft, as "Louis, King of France and Navarre." His son claimed the throne and died; died, too, he who should have been Charles XIV of France; died, too, the feckless, feeble creature who was the nineteenth Louis, after having dragged his squalor over half the globe, leaving his royalty to his son, Louis Henri Charles de Bourbon, born August 24, 1881, in Quebec in Canada. An old priest who had made ready the poor king for heaven, took charge of the homeless child and placed him with simple folks on a farm. After all, was it not a kingly education? The forest, the stream, loneliness, the savage democracy of a new settlement were his instructors. When the priest, a very old man, died, the boy first learned that he was Louis XX, king of France and Navarre.

The boy's life had made him ready in action, but slow of thought. It was after the old priest's burial. Father Bourdieu was putting in order the papers—all the ragged, ironic records that proved the eternal kingship of the house of the Bourbons. Now and then he looked askance at the shabby, dogged lad; he was bewildered, for his creed taught him to honor Caesar. The boy stared through the open window at the lift of the woods and the sky. A wood pigeon flew in the blue of the air, with sharp cries of fear; down upon it a hawk swooped—silent, swift, steady—the sunlight

on its wings. The boy watched the flight with unthinking interest. Then the reflection came:

"Everything is made after its kind—hawk must be hawk and the trout must take the running water and the deer, whose courage is in his legs, must be swift; and the robin must sing—each must do as best he can in his own way," the boy thought, "now, since I am a king, I must be a king. That is all there is to it."

He went to work in his stark-willed way. Father Bourdieu could not help him much.

"What is justice?" the boy asked once.

"That," said Father Bourdieu, "is giving each man his due."

"Who judges and decides?"

"In heaven, God," the priest said.

"And on earth? The king? And if they do not agree," the boy added thoughtfully, "it is difficult—I see."

More than all, his ancestors helped him. In the thick of the fight at Montlhéry he learned from Charles the Bold; and from Louis XI at Peronne. He was with Henry of Navarre at Ivry; he charged with the princes of his house—those laughing, perfumed lads in ribbons and fluttering lace—at Steinkerque. He mounted the scaffold with Louis XVI. He wept in prison with the little Dauphin and shared his dreary vagabondage over Europe, a crownless king. So he learned many things. The lonely woods taught him much. He used to lie there and look up at the sky.

"All these kings are in me," he said to himself.

It was a marvelous thought; he brooded over it and the ghosts of his royal race cried to him and bade him be a king. Two years longer the boy idled over the old books in the mission house or among the pregnant silences of the forest; then he was no longer a boy. Father Bourdieu wept when he went away; his own eyes were not dry; but always the king, and every king, must set out to seek his throne. He was a young savage who had learned to think. He went forth penniless, for he knew that a king must be either richer than all men or poorer than any; royally, with empty hands, he went to claim his crown.

CHAPTER III.

The King's Coronation.

A town in France; a stone-flagged street, narrow, lit by infrequent electric globes; lines of shops, the windows stuffed with food and tools and garments and tawdry jewels; a crowd going to and fro, sullen—men in working clothes and wooden shoes, women dragging children; at the wine shops groups arguing, drinking; in the square in front of the town hall a denser crowd, to which a man, mounted on an empty wine cask, was speaking. He was a little man. His face was lean and bilious and bearded; his small eyes sparkled with envy and passion and hate; ape-like in gesticulation, he shouted: "Brave men you are, brave men! Go starve; you and your wives and children. Strike? You have your strike, but what will come of it? Nothing! Nothing! You elected Clement—you are getting what you deserve!"

"He is a better Socialist than you," said someone in the crowd.

"He!" shrilled the little man. "What has he done? Has he suppressed the Army? or the Senate? or the Church? He's a priest-ridden hireling, a false Socialist! What's he done? What has he given you?"

A woman's voice cried: "We want bread."

"Work!" said a man.

"Ye'll get neither from Clement," the little Socialist foamed; and so, for a long time, he iterated that the oppressors of the poor laborer were God, and the State, and the Army, and the Senate, and—his successful opponent—Clement. The crowd went and came, listening or laughing; the men who had still a few sous

drank at the wine shops; the women argued with each other in voluble anxiety or waited, hopeless and apathetic; half-grown boys quarreled with each other or hooted the talking man; the shop-keepers stood in their doorways, waiting, too, for the news.

Suddenly a dozen troopers swept down the narrow street, scattering the idlers, wheeled and drew up by the steps of the town hall. The crowd gathered thick in the square, silent, expectant, tense. The doors of the town hall opened and three men came out. One was Clement, the Socialist mayor and deputy, an imposing man with a huge beard and long hair. Behind him was an old, squat man, so horribly deformed with fat that he could hardly walk; he was the Baron Reyneck, owner and director of the factories. The third was a slim, young cavalry lieutenant, hardly more than a boy. Clement took an orator's attitude and made a professional gesture.

"As your delegate," he began, "I have agreed that you shall resume work at the old rate of wages."

Some of the men cursed him; others shouted words that were approbation or menace; over the tumult rang the shrill cries of the women, exultant.

"But owing to the state of the market," added the great Socialist orator, "Monsieur Reyneck cannot open the works for a month. In the meantime, as mayor—"

A tempest of cries—the oaths of men and the wailing of their womenkind; they knew that once more they had been ambushed and betrayed by this labor-leader, in order that the lump of suet, which was their master, might rig a market in the goods they made. Their wrath rose; it was like the roaring of black winds; an iron storm. A stone flew; then another. At that moment Demos might have risen and claimed his own, but there was neither head nor chief. The other Socialist orator grinned biliously and slunk away. The little officer, in his boyish voice, piped an order and the troopers spread out. A closed carriage swung round from behind the town hall. Clement and the tallowy baron stumbled in and the coachman gave the whip to the greys. With a plunge the carriage went forward and the troopers closed around it. Having crossed the square and mounted a small hill, the carriage, with its retinue, entered the Reyneck domain, and the huge iron gates closed on it. The two men—the Socialistic politician and his master—gasped relief. They felt that death had been very near them—had flapped with viscous wings about their heads. So they dined and comforted themselves with wine. Women with subtle eyes and shoulders splendidly white made mirth for them; the two kings of the modern world laughed over their cups.

The crowd had been dazed by the sudden departure of their delegate and their master. Some of them laughed bitterly. There is always something humble about a crowd—the atavism of herded sheep. The men tried to think, reckoning what the future would be; the women—who saw already the future—whose hungry brats wailed the future—took to tears or stony patience. At this moment a girl (a woman, rather, for though young she was gloriously female), sprang to the top of the wine cask and shouted: "Bah! you cowards! Why didn't you stick a knife in his fat belly—cowards!" and she spat in the air. "Go, starve—and let us starve—if there were a man among you—"

A great, lean, shaggy lad in rags, stood up on the steps of the town hall, dominating the crowd. Calm and rigid he stood there in the glare of the electric light—a gaunt silhouette.

"What is it, my people?" he said in precise and antique words; "my people, what is it you need—ask and you shall have—I am the king."

Some did not understand him; others laughed; a few hysterical women lifted up their haggard brats toward him and cried: "Bread—bread!"

"Bread," the man repeated, "but there is bread for all. As I came through yonder street I saw the shops gorged with bread. And my people cry in vain for it? I should be indeed no King were I to suffer this."

The crowd began to break up; one said: "A crazy tramp;" another said, "His name is King;" and one, "He is mad and drunk;" but the girl on the wine cask—splendid, impure, insolent—turned and cried to the lean fellow:

"Lead the way, Your Majesty—royalty first!"

"Then follow me, my people," the man said. As he came through the crowd they saw how big he was and tall. "Follow me, my people, and cry, '*Vive le Roi!*' I am Louis, king of France and Navarre—the twentieth Louis of France! When my people cry for bread, shall I not give it to them? Forward!"

There were mocking cries of "*Vive le Roi!*" but the crowd followed him, a huge and sweaty train, coiling through the night.

"He is a King—the only man of you all," the girl shouted; she took her place at his side.

"Your Majesty," she said impudently.

He looked at her coldly.

"You know me then?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "you are not afraid—so you are the King. And I, because I am a harlot and not ashamed, I am the Queen—kiss me!"

The king pushed her away gently and strode on; yet her kiss had awakened a strange fervor and strange antenatal memories in him; she followed, laughing; behind them pressed the mob, seething, mocking, savage. They had turned into the stone-flagged street. Near the corner was a bread-shop, the two broad windows filled with loaves. In the doorway the baker lounged in his floury blouse.

"My good man," His Majesty said, "my people are hungry—it is here I shall feed them."

Nimble, in spite of his bulk, the baker darted back and brought to the heavy oak door full in the king's face; the mob jeered. The girl watched His Majesty with sombre eyes. The king went to the broad plate window; he shattered it with his shoulder and entered in a rain of sparkling glass.

"Come, my people," he said simply.

With a wild scream of pride and mirth and lust, the girl sprang to his side and tossed the loaves of bread to the crowd—then tumult, while the mob swept in and reaped.

They drank and ate that night—the subjects of the King.

The mockery seemed less and less; the shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" were half sincere. The men dressed themselves in the loot of the shops. The women, full of bread and meat and wine, sang as they decked themselves and their children with pillaged silks and gems and gauds. Of a sudden those far down the street began to howl like wolves, savage and shrill; but withal they gave way, as the little cavalry officer galloped down on his black horse and forced a path to the King. Louis seized the horse by the bit and threw it back on its haunches, quivering.

"Monsieur, is it thus you approach your King?" he asked sternly.

"Let go," cried the young soldier; "let me pass!"

He had been sent to the railway station to telegraph for troops, for fear had crept into the chateau—white, impalpable as fog it brooded there over the wine-cups and the tinkling girls.

"Give way!" he said, and flashed his sabre over the King's head, but before the blow fell the harlot leapt screaming to the saddle and drove a knife into the young soldier's throat; and she dragged him down and underfoot. There he died horribly. The mob had tasted blood. And now the cries were like the clangor of a smithy: "Long live the King! To the chateau!"—and an iron monotone of "Death! Death! Death!" In vain the King bade them be still; he could not make

himself heard. He sprang upon the back of the cavalry horse and caught up the reins.

"My people," he cried, and his clear voice was a bell, "we shall go to the castle. It is mine—and to-night you are the King's guests. In my castle, yonder, the great King of Navarre was born. It is the palace of my ancestors. Who are the men there now? I do not know their names or their race. What have they to do in the Bourbon's house? Forward—to the chateau! and cry, *Vive le Roi!*"

And even as he spoke the night was stabbed and ripped with yells for the King! the King! the King! And the trollop, her rags torn half away in the crush, swung herself up behind His Majesty and straddled the black horse; shameless, mad with love and laughter and blood, she cried, "the King! the King! the King!"—one arm around his neck, the other waving his wild followers on. His Majesty felt the girl's flesh against him, the pulse of her body, the throb of her savage youth and love.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Madelon," she said, "'tis the name of a Saint."

"'Tis Magdalen, you mean," Louis said; "she who loved our Lord—"

He turned to his people; in him there was faith and the miracle and a mystery of future days; he said: "My people, this is your Queen—our royal consort, Magdalen, queen of France and Navarre, by the grace of God—God save the Queen!"

Laughing, shouting, with drunken and obscene jests, His Majesty's people hailed the queen; her eyes were filmy and soft; she shuddered and clung to the King, breathing quick.

"Forward, my people!"

The iron gates of the chateau went down, crackling like egg-shells; the mob surged up the stately avenue and came to the castle.

"Some one go say the King is here," Louis commanded.

There were a dozen, a score, a hundred who rushed upon the door, thundering, "the King! the King!" and the doors gave way, disclosing a wide hall lit with little gilt bulbs of light and, beyond, a huge oval dining room. His Majesty dismounted and gave his hand to the girl. A strange quiet was on her now. Her hand in his, she went up the steps with him. She was half-naked in her flapping rags; there was blood on her hands—blood was dark in her red, matted hair. Ragged, too, was the gaunt King who led her on. It was thus Louis-Henri-Charles de Bourbon, King of France and Navarre, Duke of Normandy, entered one of his ancestral homes. A grinning fellow in a blouse and wooden shoes ushered him.

A dinner table, covered with damask and porcelain and silver and flowers and crystal; women, whose white, perfumed flesh bulged from the chalice of their bodices; the hairy apostle of Socialism and finance, crouching, yellow with fear, at one end of the table; opposite him, an egg-shaped mass of bloated fat, the lord of castle, town, factories and the lands thereby.

"You are intruders," said His Majesty; "to-night the King claims his own—and these are my guests."

He glanced round at the throng of fiery faces in the doorway and the hall. The Socialist tried to speak, but the spittle dried in his mouth.

"The King stands," said Louis abruptly; gasping with terror the Baron Reyneck heaved his fat deformities out of the chair; the women fled with cries like the twitter of quails.

"The King welcomes you," said Louis, turning to the throng. "Enter my people."

"My people," he said;—upon the edge of these words there was a sudden cry from without, a bugle sang, on turf and gravel there was the thunder of hoofs—His Majesty's people fled. Crazed by the antique and hereditary fear of gun and sabre, they fled, trampling upon each other and upon their wives and

upon their children. Soldiers, naked steel in one hand, revolver in the other, dashed into the dining room, smashing the glass conservatories at the back. The orator took a long breath and moistened his glue-y lips. A cruel smile crept into the abject fear on the fat face of the lord of the castle. His Majesty, Louis XX, King of France and Navarre, stood alone—not quite alone, for Madelon stood near him, though she did not touch him. The insolence of her latter life had fallen away from her. She was watchful, intent, calm, as a Queen should be. Her red hair was loose now; it fell about her, hiding her proud nudity and the obloquy of her rags.

Without, in the park and far down the village street the guns were barking—a hunt was on, man hunt, woman hunt, child hunt, the harrying of the King's people. The *hallali* of the hunt woke a simultaneous thought in the minds of the two men, baron and sophist, and they gave orders: "Seize that man—take him—kill! kill!"

"Stand back, men, I am your King," said Louis quietly, "and this," he added, taking the girl's hand, "is Her Majesty, the—"

That instant the first sabre struck him—a clean blow; it sheared into his neck as though it had been the guillotine knife that killed another King of France. The other sabres drew blood, but he was dead, fallen like a log. Madelon took this dead thing, that had once been Louis of France, in her arms and kissed it; when she lifted her head there was blood on her lips, and face, and hair, and she cried, wildly: "*Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!*—for you cannot kill the king!"

And though neither fatted baron, nor his lacky, the orator, knew it, she had spoken the great truth and voiced the great prophecy.

The soldiers standing by wiped their red sabres, and wondered.

PLAY CRITICISM.

BY HOMER BASSFORD.

YOUR public wants two things of its theatre—entertainment and a satisfied curiosity—these two and nothing more. Those of us who fondly think that it cares to be instructed or even modestly lectured are sadly wrong. Those of us who, with our fixed standards of play construction and stage taste in mind, seek to force the public into thinking that the Rogers Brothers are not worth while and that Pinero, Ibsen, Sudermann, Hauptmann and Henry Arthur Jones, and others of this tribe, are real and right, will waste our good time and render unto ourselves the derisive laugh.

You may say, with honest conviction, that there must be a standard of art, that the few must say to the many, that this is right and that is wrong; that the man who cares for the simple, old-fashioned forms of the stage is a fool, and that the studied excellence of the Fitchcrafts is the thing to which we must bend the knee. All of this you may say over reams of good white paper day in and day out, week after week, but you will find in the end that your public will not agree with you.

Let us take a current example. The play made from Winston Churchill's book "The Crisis," is not a first-class example of dramatic literature (by what we call the best standards). It is rich in conventionality, turgid in tawdriness. There are scenes in the piece over which the gallery at Havlin's would writhe in honest ecstasy. There are speeches in the piece that must stick in the throat of the talented young Mr. Hackett, who speaks them. The piece flings insult at the Old South, and is a caricature, in many respects, of the gentle people who made up the old regime. Yet the piece is good entertainment. The audiences of last week said as much, and there sat in these audiences

hundreds of men and women whose family traditions and teachings are in all ways contrary to the ideas that are seriously set forth in Mr. Churchill's play. Here and there, through the audiences that saw the new play, there were men and women who saw and believed this; yet the majority of all of these gatherings at Mr. Short's theatre went no further than the conclusion that there was related a good love story and that the pictures were pretty and rich in atmosphere. The man who managed the lights in the second act got more attention than the man who wrote the lines of the play. Had the audiences gone to the Olympic for instruction they would have resented the imputation that gentlemen of the Old South were as weak-kneed as Mr. Churchill's *Colonel Carvill*, as colorless a picture as ever shown forth on our stage. Don't mistake my meaning. Mr. Hall's picture of *Carvel* was good to look at, as a drawing. His hat was at the ideal angle and his whiskers were as good as anything ever drawn by Howard Chandler Christy. But he was an old sap-head, an unappealing weakling who was born to be defeated; who, not for an instant, represented the great Southern type. The critic who would say that the play of "The Crisis" failed for such reasons as this would not be believed by the audiences that gathered to see the piece. They would write such a critic down as a disgruntled dyspeptic, and the actors would write letters to the editor to say that the critic's chair was vacant. These audiences would remember the pretty, blue moonlight, the fluffy dresses of the girls and some of the smiling speeches of *Virginia Carvel*. All of these were entertaining. They slapped history in the face and forced appreciation when the serious play-student was reaching for his hat and saying that it was time to go home. What did the audience care for the telling memories of Lincoln or of that critical period? It only wanted to know whether *Stephen* was to marry *Virginia* and when.

Some one has asked me to say that "The Crisis" is a bad play. Of course it is—if you are a wise, world-worn builder of thoughts and serious dreams. But, thanks be, this sort is rarer than the busy thousands that leave the day's work for a joke and a laugh and a tale of love's young dream. What do such good people care for Crises, unless it be to skim over the subject in a dull hour that has been set apart for such serious studies as the history of days dead and gone?

So, in most cases, your play critic is sure to be right when he is wrong and wrong when he is right. If he is a reviewer whose estimates are to be of value as a guide to the majority of appreciative play-goers, he must put aside some of his own hardened views and use rose-colored glasses. He must look down from the balcony or gallery and laugh with the youth and maid who are lucky if they can tell you the story of the piece after the curtain is down. He must sit at the view point of the book reader who remembers all he ever read of "Ben-Hur" and "David Harum" and "Richard Carvel," "The Little Minister" and "Trilby." He must think that there is curiosity to be satisfied and that this is one of the reasons that 20,000 persons crowded into a single theatre in a single week; he must know, unless he is confident in his conceit, that these 20,000 people have made a standard that is better than his own, dug from experience and sober study; better because it is stronger and richer in the virility that comes of honest enthusiasm that is not too thoughtful.

All of this will not keep the essayist out of print nor will it change the minds of the bookish expert who knows that "Wheels Within Wheels" was a better play than "David Harum." It will not weaken his main view that Willard is a better actor than Nat Goodwin and that feminine sweetness has been mistaken for play-acting all over this country for half a century. The Essayist and the Expert will remain in their own classes and there will yet be a broad field for the reviewer who knows his public and who recognizes its right to have criticism whose standards are based on curiosity and desire for simple entertainment.

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STORY OF A STORM.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

LAST summer 4,000,000 acres, a promised land in the far southwest, were given to 80,000 men and women who had never stepped upon its short, brown sod. It was in August that two armies of men and women, one southward, from El Reno, and one westward, from Ft. Sill, spread fan-wise across the dusty prairies, like giant swarms of honey-seeking bees. They carried no weapons but the utensils of industry, no pledges of the future but the scrap of paper which made them free-holders of an Indian domain.

The hot sun poured an ocean of brazen sunlight on them; the blue sky arched them as fixed and cloudless as a dome of steel; the yellow dust rose up from the undulous, endless prairie like the chrome vapors that rise from the floor of a golden sea in the morning. The hot winds blew the sand into their faces till their nostrils choked and their garments chafed with the slime of muddy sweat. In the lowlands and ravines they found sinuous meandering thickets of cottonwood, willows and underbrush, but the river-beds which they marked were but reaches of blinding, white sand that upwhirled and swept before the breeze in mocking eddies.

It had been a season of rainless days which preceded their coming, but they saw that the earth was rich, even in its famished desolation, and they said to each other: "Wait till it rains." Then they sat down upon the dusty wastes, spread their tents, tethered their cattle upon the crackling sod and—waited. Some of them bought lots in the fixed townsites and cut down the weazen corn-stalks which the Indians had left to encumber the "business corners" of the new city. They started "emporiums" in dismal little tents through which the restless showers of dust sifted and settled; they dug wells and sold water by the pint; they planned, prophesied, bartered and hoped. But it did not rain.

In the outlying hills the farmers toiled in new-made furrows that blew away almost as they made them. A dog, galloping across the hill, raised a little cloud as his padded feet smote the flour-like earth. The horses toiled themselves into a filth of slime and the breeze powdered them with sprays of tawny sand. The men, women, and children, their heads grizzled as with premature age, struggled, gasping, through the furrows, and in the hot, sifting ridges dropped the seed from which must spring their hope of the future in the new "home." Baths had become almost a forgotten luxury, for wells were costly and the scattered pools in the river beds were few and far between. So through the

autumn these argonauts of a new empire worked, made almost hopeless pledges to un pitying Nature, stifled during the breathless days, dreamed over the life they had left in the lush valleys of the East and North at night, and—hoped.

Autumn drifted into the chiller atmosphere of winter, but yet no rain fell. The wind, with screeching fury, lashed sand and pebbles into the smiting air, howled across the bleak hills and moaned like banshees in the river-timbers. But the sky was always steely blue and the sun and moon scoffed in cloudless satire upon the pitiful work of man. Twice a light snow fell, but it uprose in drifting fogs before the early sun and vanished like wreaths of mist at noon, leaving not a cloud of promise in its path. Then came the balmy days of spring when the wind in mercy or in weariness died away and for a week there was a hint of something tenderer than even sunshine in the air.

Off towards the West at evening loomed a shadowy veil like the forecast of a benign and unknown spirit. The breeze that stole whispering from the Washita had the perfume of dews and melted snows that are trickling through pine cones. The people scented it from afar, and standing in groups on the waste hill-tops, or knee deep in the red dust of the villages, sniffed at the air, even like the cattle which herded about them, all mad for water. By the light of the stars, till the moon was gone, all night they watched the West for the coming of that cloud, but when the sun came dazzling, the sign of promise lay yet dim and low above the distant foot-hills. They took heart of grace when they saw that their cloud was not routed and all day, at intervals, they looked at it and—hoped.

The women prayed, and the men, unbeaten yet, spoke words of cheer that they scarcely believed. The rumble of trains dashing along through tunnels of dust into the new country, was mistaken for the peal of distant thunder. But the night came down, hushed and cloudless, while the watchers gathered again in forlorn hope to watch the western sky and spread their dry nostrils to the message of the wind.

It was not that these people had never known the hardships of the drouth. Some were from Kansas, where the mid-summer wind whips like a desert si-moon. They had seen their wells go dry in other states; they had watched the rivers vanish beneath the hot beds of sand. Some had even known the black, waxy soil of Northern Texas to be baked into dreary stretches as hard and bare as the asphaltum pavement of a city. But this was their first year in the "New Country" which they had come hundreds of miles to possess. Others had found it a paradise. Their all was in the seeds in the ground, in the fences, shanties

and barns they had built, in the ploughs and harrows which had hardened their hands and worn their cattle. They had risked everything upon a single cast. If no rain came they must face another year without a crop or water. They must lose the homes which, for many were a final, a supreme effort to cheat misfortune. Just give them a year or two "for a start." Then they could face the dust, the desolation the destruction of a drouth. But in the first year it spelled ruin.

It was about midnight in the first week of March that the cloud, which had been hovering for days above the western horizon, loomed majestically into the quadrant and spread its wings, umbrous and sullen, across the sky. Uncertain spots of phosphorescent radiance appeared at intervals on its dark bosom, quivering at last into pale, formless flashes of wavering light. There was no sleep in the new country that night. The fate of a promised empire was fluttering in the clouds. The air was so still that the tread of cattle wandering on far-off hills could be heard crunching the dry sod. The voices of unseen people, musical with hope, could be distinguished across the pulseless distances. The first, hesitating growl of thunder was answered by a cheer, now near and loud, now faint and far, but given with that ecstasy which the beleaguered remnant of a famished garrison might show the first shot of the rescuing artillery.

The wind sprang cool and gentle from the West, and old men, young in the dreams for their children, danced in the dust with the sons of their sons as the first big rain-drops fell. Strong men stood bareheaded and bowed with silent gratitude as the shower increased to a steady, driving, pelting rain. Women wept with delight or laughed, fearless of the nearing thunderbolts. The patter of rain on their gaping fields became, to these people, a music that is not heard in any other part of the world; its clatter against their warped shanties was like the tattoo of triumphant drums. They tore off their grimy garments and ran about in darkness laving their hot, dirty bodies in its cool waters, lapping it in delight from the very hoop-prints of cattle, paddling their fingers in the puddles as lovers caress their sweethearts.

And why not? This water falling like mercy from the clouds gave sacramental meaning to the dry word "home;" it consummated the nuptials of the too long scornful sky with the yearning earth and made pregnant the seed which lay waiting in the hot furrows of four million acres. It marked the first auspicious epoch in the story of a new and dauntless community and gave back their courage and their faith to 80,000 people who had dared everything, risked everything, suffered everything that they might transfigure a trackless Indian hunting ground into a tropic garden.



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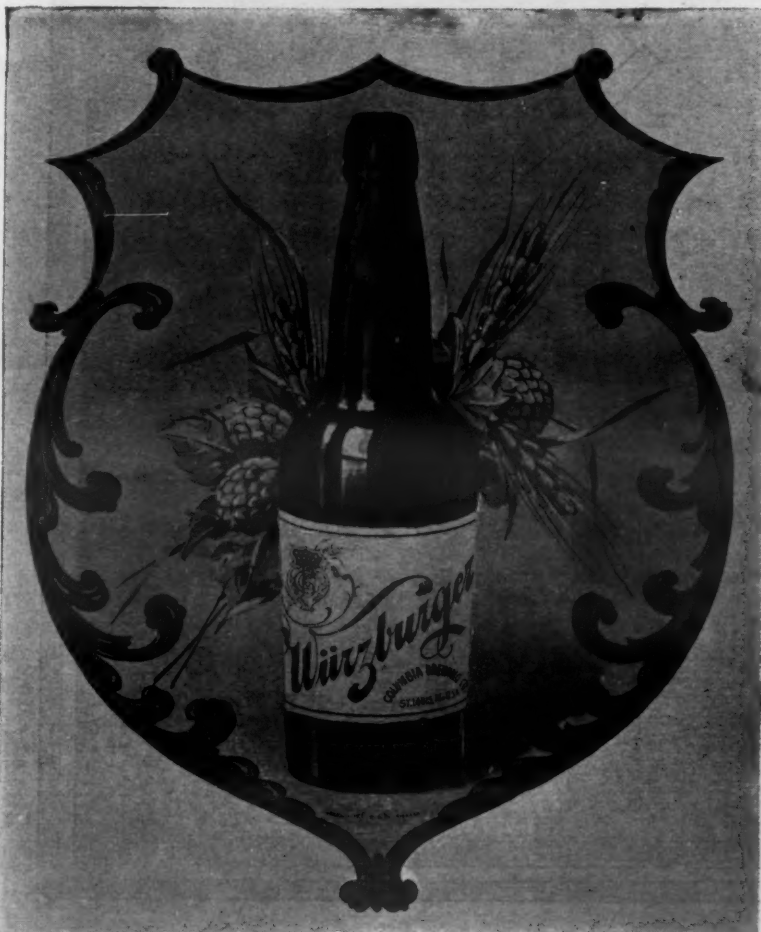
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MUSIC.

A PIANIST IN BLOOM.

Ten, maybe twelve, years ago, St. Louisans interested in piano forte study, heard much of a gifted child pianist named "Gussie" Cottlow, who lived in Shelbyville, Illinois. The precocious youngster played Bach, Beethoven and others of the masters usually heard from only matured and disciplined fingers. So well did this "infant phenomenon" acquit herself publicly that she became famous in her own little way and was in a fair way of being spoiled, artistically, when those who had her welfare at heart, removed her from public view and took her abroad for study.

Last week she returned to St. Louis for the first time since her "infant phenomenon" days and played the Tschaikowsky "Concerto" in B flat minor with the Choral Symphony Orchestra.

Augusta (no longer "Gussie") Cottlow has been doing this sort of thing all season in the Eastern cities and, generally, with much success. Her years of work in Germany have fully matured her powers as a pianist. However, judging by her fragile face and figure, one fears that her health has suffered in the maturing process. But if the countless hours spent bending over the keyboard have injured her physically, there is no evidence of it in her playing. Her power is astounding. Her marvelously supple fingers and wrists seem to have an iron force. Miss Cottlow's mechanism in her playing might, with advantage, be copied by all ambitious students of the pianoforte. Technically her schooling has been perfect. Intelligence and musical knowledge, too, are evident in her work. The reading of the "Concerto" was illuminative. It was punctuated, capitalized and paraphrased in the most elucidating manner. What more can one ask for? Possibly, expression more spontaneous and less studied. Of this the slender pianist, with all her gifts, seems incapable. Her splendid playing though, was generally very satisfying, even taking into consideration the fact that the performance of this wondrous Tschaikowsky "Concerto" is work for which only a man is fitted. Probably in the whole literature of the piano there is to be found no work more terrifically difficult than this Tschaikowsky composition. But the compensation for the amount of work its playing involves is found in its effectiveness. Nothing more showy, richer, or more virile can be imagined.

Miss Cottlow was further handicapped by her piano—one of those awful affairs to which young pianists so often foolishly bind themselves for the sake of a few dollars.

The solo work was hardly as unreservedly to be commended as the work in the "Concerto." The group of pieces, however, were very well played and the "Waldesrauschen" of Liszt, played as an encore, was more than very well played.

Mr. Ernst and the Orchestra were at their best.

CASTLE SQUARE.

"Faust" and "Lucia." Surely the amusement-seeking public that likes its opera as it is Castle-Squared, is in clover this week. The two well-seasoned works which now form the bill are of the most popular in the repertoire of this company. Both operas are carefully cast. Josephine Ludwig's *Marguerite* is her earliest success, and she has made great strides in her work since the time she pleased Chicago by her naive interpretation of that role. Sheehan, in his best form, is the *Faust*. Norwood is an unwilling, but effective, *Lucia*. The handsome singer does not fancy *coloratura* music, but nevertheless manages cleverly to make her audience like her singing of it, so the "mad scene" goes with the usual enthusiasm.

Delamotta, who weekly gains in vocal strength and clarity, is the tragic *Edgar*. Goff's *Henry* goes without saying.

The chorus is in its happiest mood.

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Our Stock.

J. Bolland Jewelry Co.,

MERCANTILE CLUB BUILDING,

Seventh and Locust Streets.

The Humphrey Crescent Instantaneous
Water Heater.

Price,
\$20.00

Only
\$20

Hot Water the Instant You
Require it.

Invaluable for Baths and
Domestic Use.

The luxury of Hot Water in any quan-
tity night or day.

The Finest, Most Perfect and
Efficient Made.

Reduce your gas bills by using this
the finest system known for producing
hot water.

No Home Complete Without an
Instantaneous Water Heater.

See it in practical operation at

Backus Building.

1011 Olive St.

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CORNER KING'S HIGHWAY AND McPHERSON AVENUE.

EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN • CAFE.

STRICTLY HIGH CLASS.

FRANK M. WHITE, Manager.

THE WEST END HOTEL,

Vandeventer Avenue and West Belle Place.

Absolutely Fire-Proof. • Strictly High Class. • Both Plans.

RESTAURANT AND GRILL ROOM.

FORSTER HOTEL COMPANY.

DAVID LAUBER, Manager.

The Marlborough
Family Hotel.

Kinloch A 1905. 4056 McPherson Ave.

HASKINS & SELLS,
Certified Public Accountants,

No. 30 Broad Street, New York.

LINCOLN TRUST BUILDING, ST. LOUIS.
CHICAGO. LONDON.

—The—
Guerdan
Hat Co.

Broadway and Walnut St.

SOUTHERN HOTEL.

Have your Front Door and Vestibule
Varnished this Spring with our

Marine Exterior Varnish.

A Quart (\$1.10) will do it.
Sealed cans only. "Watch Out."

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY,
St. Louis Department. 300 South Fourth.

E. Jaccard Jewelry Co.'s office at Mer-
mod & Jaccard's Jewelry Co., Broadway and
Locust street.

Importers and Sellers of Fine Diamonds.

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Mrs. Leon Hull is spending some time in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ziebig left last week for Hot Springs.

Mrs. J. G. Parrish, is among the St. Louisans at Hot Springs.

Col. and Mrs. J. G. Butler have returned from a trip to California.

Mrs. W. Clark Kennerly is visiting relatives and friends in Mobile.

The Cabanne Club, will give their next dance on Friday evening, March 28.

Mrs. Otto Bollman, will give a large reception on Monday afternoon, April 7.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M'Kittrick Jones are spending a few weeks at Hot Springs.

Mrs. E. K. Peugnet, of Carthage, Mo., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Peugnet.

Mrs. Arthur Lambert and Mrs. Henry Koehler have gone South for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Drummond are home after a visit to the Southern resorts.

Mrs. Eugene Williams left last week for Florence, Alabama, to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Nugent entertained last week with a St. Patrick's evening.

Mrs. Reid Northrup and Mrs. M. M. Buck, have been spending some time in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Floyd Jones have been for sometime the guests of St. Louis friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Thompson have been receiving congratulations upon the advent of a daughter.

Mrs. Clarence White will entertain the Morning Etude at her home in Parkland place, on March 28.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Wissing and their son master Leon Wissing will leave soon to visit friends in Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Lambert are entertaining Miss Shields of Richmond, Va. Miss Lily Lambert is still in Cuba.

The engagement of Miss Ida May Boles to Mr. Ralph Waldo Bugbee is announced. The wedding will take place in April.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Calhoun are at Atlantic City, visiting Mrs. Calhoun's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Whitmore, of New York.

Judge and Mrs. Chester Krumm are entertaining their daughter Mrs. Thomas Q. Dix, of Cleveland, Ohio, and her two little children.

The Century Club celebrated its eighth anniversary, last week, at the home of Miss Myra Skinner, in Webster Groves, with a Dutch tea.

Cards have been sent out by Mrs. John L. Phelps and Mrs. Richard Mills for a Euchre party, on Tuesday afternoon, April 1, at the Mercantile Club.

St. Teresa Church will give a Euchre party, on 1st, of April, in the School Hall at Grand avenue and North Market street, for the benefit of the church fund. There will be sixty prizes awarded. Tickets fifty cents.

Miss Florence Ghio, and Mr. Robert Carr have set April 11, for their wedding day. The ceremony will take place at the home of the parents of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. James B. Ghio of 5347 Vernon avenue, and will be a very quiet, family affair.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Newton, have sent out cards for the marriage of their daughter Miss Florence Newton and Mr. Lewis Rumsey which will take place on April 2, at half-past eight o'clock, at St. George's Church, Rev. Dr. Holland officiating. There will be no reception.

The marriage of Miss Celeste Michel, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Michel, and Dr. Philip Von Phul, will be one of the Easter weddings, taking place on April 10, at St. Francis Xavier's Church, at five o'clock in the afternoon. A small reception from half-past five to seven will follow, after which the newly wedded pair will depart for the East. They will reside in Cabanne.

Whether worn by the domestic who waits on your guests, making unpleasant "music wherever she goes," or by the belle who walks up the aisle during the solo of the sweet-voiced soprano, there is no greater nuisance than a pair of squeaky shoes. If the case is so desperate that oiling thoroughly around the soles where it joins the upper and then immersing in hot water for half an hour does not cure it, with a tiny awl bore two or three small holes through the lower layer of the sole, and, with an oil can having a very fine nozzle, insert a drop or two of oil, in fact, as much as the spot will absorb, and you may go on your way, noiseless but rejoicing. But a better way is to get your shoes,—if you want the best in fit, finish and durability—is to buy them at Swope's 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

JEFFERIES, IMPORTER OF EXCLUSIVE AND ORIGINAL MILLINERY, Room 403, Mermod-Jaccard Building, Locust and Broadway.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c

Are you invited to a Wedding?

Several weddings in society will be celebrated after Easter, and what to give for a wedding present is often a perplexing problem. Our magnificent collection of solid Silverwares offers a thousand solutions. It contains everything from a set of Teaspoons to a \$5,000 Dinner Service.



A suggestion:—A beautiful Bon-Bon Dish of colored glass, covered with solid Silver deposit, like cut, 3 1/2 inches high, 6 1/4 inches wide, only

\$13.50

MERMOD & JACCARD JEWELRY CO.,
On BROADWAY COR. LOCUST.

Write for Catalogue.
3,500 Engrs. Mailed Free.

FATHER DE SMET.

BY GEORGE MOCKLER.

To perpetuate the memory of the missionary priests who labored among the Indian tribes in the earlier days of the development of the territory acquired in the Louisiana Purchase, is the purpose of the movement inaugurated by the various organizations affiliated with the St. Louis University and the Jesuit community of this city for the building of a monument on the World's Fair site to the late Peter John De Smet, S. J. To reverence the memory of such a man is indeed praiseworthy. Father De Smet, like the hardy and saintly Marquette, knew not the meaning of fear, and toil unceasing was his daily allotment. He left a home of luxury in Belgium to devote his life work to the Indians of the Western part of this country and glorious indeed were the successes he achieved in his trials and travels. The "Black Gown" as he was called by his Children of the Forest not only preached Christianity to his charges but he taught them also the habits of industry and order. He encouraged them to cultivate the land and very often furnished the seeds and implements necessary for this work.

Father De Smet was born December 31, 1801, in Termonde, Belgium. In the public park of this pretty little town stands an imposing statue of the priest, erected in loving remembrance by his townsmen. It was while a young man attending the seminary at Mechlin, that he formulated the plan which made him one of the world's greatest missionaries. The idea was the result of an address delivered by the Rev. Charles Nerinks to young De Smet's class at the school of theology. Father Nerinks had just returned from a long tour of the wilds of North America and he spoke of the need of work among the Indian tribes. With some five others of his class De Smet joined the Jesuit order and set sail for the United States, reaching Whitmarsh, Maryland, where there was a Jesuit community, in 1823. John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, applied about this time to the Jesuits of Maryland for a community to establish schools and missions in Missouri and further West. His request was granted and a party composed of two priests and seven novices, among whom was Father De Smet, started in the spring of

1823. It took the party just six weeks of rough travel to reach the west bank of the Mississippi. From Shawneetown, Ill., to this city, a distance of 140 miles; they came on foot. They established quarters at Florissant, in St. Louis County, where they erected buildings including a school—the foundation of the St. Louis University. Besides all his other distinguished accomplishments, Father De Smet, was one of the founders of this great fount of learning. After his ordination to the priesthood he entered actively upon the work to which he had consecrated his life. His first important mission was among the Pottawatomies, in Kansas. The success of the mission spread the fame of the "black gown" far beyond the boundaries of the mission. Under his masterful hand, turbulent, wandering, troublesome tribes settled down to practicable ways and habits of industry. In 1841 a delegation of Flathead Indians made a trip to this city from their reservation far beyond the Rocky Mountains to beg "black gowns" from the Bishop of St. Louis. So great was Father De Smet's enthusiasm in favor of granting the request of pilgrims that he agreed, if the funds could not be had otherwise, to return to his home in Belgium and get the means from his people. The mission was undertaken, and Father De Smet, accompanied by Fathers Horcken, Congiato and Verhaegen, made the trip and received ovation after ovation from these savage warriors of the Northwest. In personal appearance Father De Smet was indeed a commanding figure. He had a noble countenance, an elegant bearing and at all times was gentle and considerate. His black gown and the large cross he carried at his belt instead of a bowie knife or pistol, gave him safe conduct through hostile bands and protected him from the dangers that beset the paths of others.

For forty years this remarkable man of God carried on his missionary work on the frontier and in the mountains. The privations he suffered were many but his health remained good and no task or undertaking, however arduous, seemed to discourage or hinder him. Up to 1853 he had journeyed by land and water a distance four times greater than the circumference of the globe. He kept a faithful record of his travels and, in 1872, when his travels ceased, his book showed a total of 169,000 miles.

Father De Smet occupied a high place in

Mannish
Ideas—

Ladies' Waist Patterns.

Distinctive and exclusive showing of the correct and newest Wash-Waist fabrics in Scotch Madras, Oxfords and Linens—each pattern an uncommon and confined idea, which will appeal to ladies desiring individuality in waists.

Two and a Half-Yard Lengths,
and
\$1.50 up to \$6.50
Ladies' Stocks and Collarettes,
50c to \$1.50.



Werner Bros.

Clothiers, Haberdashers and Hatters,
Republic Building, Seventh and Olive Sts.

Paris

London



515 Locust Street.

Importer of French
and English Models,

The Best Goods, the Latest Styles,
at the Most Reasonable Prices.

New York

St. Louis

the estimation of the Government, especially the War Department, and his good offices were often sought when treaties were to be made with the various tribes. In 1859, when the Government dispatched troops to suppress the threatened Mormon rebellion Father De Smet was commissioned as Chaplain of the Seventh Regiment Regulars, under Colonel Morrison. During his connection with the Army he endeared himself to all the officers and men. His influence with the Indians accomplished, very often, what could not be obtained with rifle and sword.

The closing years of this illustrious life were spent in calm retirement at the St. Louis University. The vigorous life, toil and exposure told on him and he aged rapidly. Up to his death, in May 1873, his kindly interest in the Indians never relaxed. To the last they were his special friends—his children, as it were, for whom he was prepared to make any sacrifice.

His remains are resting in a grave at the Novitiate, in Florissant. It was at this school he completed his studies preparatory to the consummation of his dearest project in the civilizing and Christianizing of the red man.

A monument to Father De Smet and his illustrious co-workers in the missionary work of the Louisiana Territory is a commendable project and Christian people generally should give it their most cordial support.

Most of the fine harness outfits seen on the boulevards and in the parks of our city are the handiwork of the J. B. Sickles Saddlery Company. If you wish to be strictly a la mode in your driving equipments you should visit the elegant retail establishment of this company, at Twenty-first street and Washington avenue, where they are displaying a magnificent assortment of everything pertaining to horses and vehicles and adapted in style and price to the ideas of all.



A. A. Aal Cloak Co.

515 Locust Street.

Our Reputation as a Waist House has long been established. We are now ready to show the Most Complete line of wash and silk waists in existence—Styles, Shapes and Fabrics are Exclusive with us—If you contemplate going away this season make your selection now—Prices are much less, and the assortment more select than you will find elsewhere—or later.



Extra--Special.

Finest Tailor-Made Suits to order, under the direction of Mr. L. Grossman, late of Meyer Jonassen, New York and Boston. Silk Lined Broadcloth Suits \$40, or furnish your own materials and we will make complete Suit for \$20.

ENOUGH FOR HIM.

A cynical bachelor listened to some women who were discussing female suffrage and was asked by one of them for his views on the question. He replied thus with great deliberation: "I once heard of a woman who was asked how she had voted at the recent election. 'In my plum-colored gown,' was the answer." Then the cynical bachelor bowed and escaped.

Mr. Chas A. Waugh, thirty years with th E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

Fine Diamonds—Mermod & Jaccard's.

WE MAKE THEM.
WHAT?

UMBRELLAS,
PARASOLS and CANES.

IT'S FROM
FACTORY
TO YOU.



Samendoff
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

A SAVING
WORTH TAKING.
519
LOCUST.

FAUST & SONS.
Oyster and Restaurant Co.

We Control
and
Operate 5 PLACES.
viz :

Delmar Garden.
Fulton Market, 412-414-416 Elm Street.
Wholesale Department, 414-416 Elm Street.
Restaurant and Cafe, Broadway and Elm Street
Exposition Cafe, Exposition Building.

\$5,000 AND \$25 A WEEK.

Accident Insurance

For \$10.00 A YEAR.

A POLICY INSURING AGAINST

PERILS OF TRAVEL AND BURNING BUILDINGS.

RAILWAYS, STREET, CARS, STREAMBOATS, PASSENGER ELEVATORS, AUTOMOBILES, ALSO CYCLONES OR TORNADOS.

PROVIDING

\$5,000.00 for death.
 \$5,000.00 for loss of both hands.
 \$5,000.00 for loss of both feet.
 \$5,000.00 for loss of both eyes.
 \$5,000.00 for loss of one hand and one foot.
 \$5,000.00 for loss of eye and either limb.
 \$2,500.00 for loss of right hand.
 \$2,500.00 for loss of either foot.
 \$1,700.00 for loss of left hand.
 \$1,000.00 for loss of one eye.
 \$633.00 for loss of hearing.
 \$25.00 Weekly Indemnity.

WEEKLY INDEMNITY PAYABLE FOR 52 CONSECUTIVE WEEKS.

Policies of Smaller Amounts at Proportionate Rates.

\$2.00 a year for \$1,000 and \$5.00 a week.
 \$4.00 a year for \$2,000 and \$10.00 a week.
 \$6.00 a year for \$3,000 and \$15.00 a week.
 \$8.00 a year for \$4,000 and \$20.00 a week.

The Policy Contracts

of the

Union Casualty and Surety Company

ARE THE . . . **BROADEST,
 CLEAREST AND
 BEST POLICIES
 EVER ISSUED.**

POLICIES COVERING

ALL ACCIDENTS AND ALL SICKNESS

At Rates Lower than Those of Any Other Stock Company.

**Union Casualty
 and Surety Co.,**

Home Office: Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Capital.....	\$250,000.00
Assets.....	\$524,993.66
Surplus to Policy Holders.....	\$346,977.22

\$250,000 Deposited with the Insurance Department of the State of Missouri for the Protection of Policy Holders.

Losses Paid to Date.....\$2,900,000.00

Let us send you Sample Policies and Interesting Literature.



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TEXAS

Resorts

AND RICE FIELDS.

Solid Vestibuled Trains

St. Louis to Galveston

AND

San Antonio

VIA

PARIS.

W. S. KEENAN,

General Passenger Agent, GALVESTON.

"A little lower than the stars."

MOUNT RAINIER

From Seattle or Tacoma, Mount Rainier presents a beautiful appearance, and is one of the most charming mountain views on the Pacific Coast. This region is best reached by the

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

and their connections. Fast through trains, smooth tracks and courteous employes commend these lines to the best class of travel.

Four Track Series No. 5, "America's Winter Resorts," sent free, on receipt of a two cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Grand Central Station, New York.

**Best Passenger Service in
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"No Trouble to Answer Questions."

Write for Resort Pamphlet and New Book on TEXAS—Free.

E. P. TURNER,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent,

DALLAS, TEXAS.

BEAVER LINE.



ROYAL MAIL PASSENGER STEAMERS
Between Montreal and Liverpool and All European Ports.
Lowest Rates and Best Service on all classes. Regular Weekly Sailings.
MAX SCHUBACH, General Southwestern Ag't, 110 North Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEWEST BOOKS.

Audrey, Mary Johnston, \$1.20; Siege of Lady Resolute, Harris Dickson, \$1.20; Kate Bonnet, Frank R. Stockton, \$1.20; Melomaniacs, James Huneker, \$1.20; At Large, E. W. Hornung, \$1.20; Valley of Decision, Edith Wharton, 2 vols., \$2.00; Starboard Sights, A. B. Hawson (master), 75 cents. Also, a full line of Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymnals and other books for Easter gifts; cards and Easter Novelties at JETT'S BOOK STORE, 806 Olive Street.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Diamonds and Jewelry

CENTRAL LOAN OFFICE,

204 N. FOURTH STREET



3rd. NATIONAL BANK OF ST. LOUIS. BANK

CAPITAL.....\$2,000,000.00
SURPLUS.....\$1,000,000.00

OFFICERS.
C. H. HUTTIG, President.
W. B. WELLS, Vice President.

G. W. GALBREATH, Cashier.
J. R. COOKE, Assistant Cashier.

Condensed Statement of Condition at Close of Business, February 25th, 1902.

RESOURCES.	LIABILITIES.
Loans and Discounts.....\$10,120,365.84	Capital Stock.....\$ 2,000,000.00
U. S. Bonds and Premiums..... 2,797,300.00	Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 1,135,221.92
Other Stocks and Bonds..... 1,019,269.37	Reserve for Taxes for year of
Banking House..... 200,000.00	1902..... 22,000.00
Other Real Estate..... 11,000.00	Circulation..... 2,000,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange..... 7,373,419.77	Deposits..... 16,364,133.06
\$21,521,354.98	\$21,521,354.98

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF

The National Bank of Commerce in St. Louis.

February 25th, 1902.

RESOURCES.

Currency and Coin.....	\$5,306,195.20
Checks and Cash Items.....	611,891.36
Exchange.....	9,284,992.62
\$15,203,079.18	
United States Bonds AT PAR.....	5,740,000.00
Bonds, Stocks, etc.....	3,143,006.23
Loans and Discounts.....	23,547,741.98
Real Estate.....	55,000.00
\$47,688,827.39	

OFFICERS:

W. H. THOMPSON, President.
J. C. VAN BLARCOM, Vice President.
JNO. NICKERSON, 2d Vice President.
B. F. EDWARDS, Cashier.
C. L. MERRILL, Assistant Cashier.
W. B. COWEN, Assistant Cashier.

LIABILITIES

Capital.....	\$5,000,000.00
Surplus and Profits.....	3,735,213.02
Circulation.....	4,800,000.00
Deposits.....	34,153,614.37
\$47,688,827.39	

DIRECTORS:

JAS. W. BELL.
GEO. O. CARPENTER.
NATHAN COLE.
SAM'L M. DODD.
W. T. HAARSTICK.
JNO. A. HOLMES.
T. H. MCKITTRICK.
JNO. NICKERSON.
H. C. PIERCE.
E. C. SIMMONS.
W. H. THOMPSON.
J. C. VAN BLARCOM.
CHAS. G. WARNER.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY TO DEPOSITORS.

CAPITAL, SURPLUS, PROFITS AND DOUBLE LIABILITY OF STOCKHOLDERS, \$13,700,000. ACCOUNTS OF INDIVIDUALS. MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, BANKS, BANKERS AND CORPORATIONS SOLICITED UPON FAVORABLE TERMS. PERSONAL INTERVIEWS AND CORRESPONDENCE INVITED. LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED. INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.

"Humphrey's Corner."

Everything New but the FIRM, Which was established in 1873.

During the twenty-nine years of existence, it has borne the reputation of selling the finest, most stylish and most durable clothing sold in any city or country.

Having three successful retail stores on Broadway, New York, we have facilities of knowing and getting styles not enjoyed by other establishments.

Our Clothing is all made by Hackett, Carhart & Co., of New York, who caters to the fine retail trade of that city.

We get the benefit of their work and experience, hence are far ahead of

All Competition.

Men's Suits from.....	\$10.00 to \$40.00
Men's Overcoats from.....	10.00 to 35.00
Young Men's Suits.....	10.00 to 25.00
Boy's Two Piece D. B. Suits.....	3.50 to 15.00
Boy's Two Piece S. B. Suits.....	3.50 to 15.00
Children's Sailor Blouse Suits.....	3.50 to 15.00

Children's Hats and Furnishings, Second Floor.

Humphrey's,
Broadway and Pine, St. Louis.

EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITIES.

To visit all points of the Great West for pleasure, education or business.

The Union Pacific has authorized the following excursion rates:

Twenty-Five Dollars from Missouri River points to California, Oregon and Washington points every day during March and April.

Phenomenally low rates to the Pacific Coast and intermediate points. Single trip Colonists' tickets open to all during the coming spring and summer.

Special round trip excursion rates will be sold to the Pacific Coast at less than one cent per mile. Choice of routes returning.

It will be to your advantage to make inquiry in regard to these low rates to the Pacific Coast before deciding on the trip.

Call or address postal card to

J. H. LOTHROP, General Agent,
903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

APPROPRIATE.

Miss Gush: "O! Mr. D'Auber, I saw your painting at the academy exhibition."

Mr. D'Auber: "Did you, really?"

Miss Gush: "Indeed, I did, and I thought it was just heavenly."

Mr. D'Auber: "Huh! Probably the com-

mittee thought so, too, and that's why they skyed it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

PLAUSIBLE ENOUGH.

Ascum: "How did you make out with that story you sent to the Klaptrap Magazine?"

Scribbles: Rejected. I fancy it was too clever."

Ascum: "Too clever?"

Scribbles: "Yes. I suppose they were afraid it would distract attention from their advertising pages."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

HIS UNATTRACTIVE LITTLE WIFE.

"I don't believe you love me a bit?" sobbed his wife.

"But I do, darling! I—"

"Don't tell me! It's unnatural you should. No man could love a woman who wears such old hats as I do."—*Answers.*

Fine watches—Mermod & Jaccard's.

Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney
DRY GOODS COMPANY.

Manufacturers' Samples in Art Nouveau Leather Goods

The season's latest ideas in

wrist bags
chatelaines
bill books
finger purses

carriage bags
card cases
portmonnaie
stamp cases

Some exquisitely lovely goebelin blue and cyprus pocket books—mounted in sterling silver and French gilt—and priced—or underpriced—at \$1.50 to \$3.00.

Beautiful crocodile and Levant leathers finished in gun metal with sterling silver in relief and priced at \$2.88 to \$4.80.

Portmonne, fitted with card compartment—memo-randum, mirror and tiny comb—many of the best styles are copied in miniature for children.

Richly illuminated card cases in the gun metal appliques will be sold for \$2.50.

Bill books—beautifully made—all leather lined harness stitched—in seal—Levant and morocco—some metallic effects—as antique copper on leather—when mountings are used they are applied with perfect smoothness—there are no rough nor imperfect places in goods from this great maker.

Chatelaine bags, leather-lined, in shapes out-of-the-common—genuine Russian leather with outer card compartment—furnished inside with memo tablet and handkerchief pockets leather straps and leather mounted chatelaine books—very elegant and but four dollars.

Fob-shaped bags in Levant leather—with steel gray mountings—quite unique—\$3.75.

Black leathers, beautifully treated—harness stitched seams plain—and mounted in sterling and oxidized silver—some very unusual effects in crocodile—with sterling silver mountings—treated with gold relief—to be sold at \$6.75.

Wrist Bags—with soft plaited leather handles—serpent chains and the new heavy link chains—real Russian leather in several beautiful maroon shades—some stone gray seal bags, with hammered silver rims—set in turquoise—serpent handle with head set in same stone.

Finger Bags in different sizes—some have card compartments—in all the new tans and browns.

Carriage bags—very handsome indeed—in black—maroon and rich deep green calf—12—14 and 16 inches—fitted with separate card case purse and sterling silver mounted vinaigrette at three to ten dollars.

Please bear in mind that these are all samples—that there is a great variety of styles—all different—and each article is greatly underpriced.

Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney
DRY GOODS COMPANY.

Mistress: Do you know, Carter, that I can actually write my name in the dust on the table!" Carter: "Faith, mum, that's more than I can do. Sure there's nothing like education, after all!"—*Punch.*

QUIT ON THE MINUTE: Pat—"What caused the explosion?" Mike—"Riley wuz carryin'

a case of dynamite when the whistle blew."—*Ex.*

Wedding invitations, in correct forms, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. 100 fine calling cards and engraved copper plate; \$1.50; 100 cards from your plate, \$1.00.

THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

Capital, - - - \$1,000,000.00

Surplus and Profits, - 937,572.69

H. A. FORMAN, President. EDWARD A. FAUST, Vice Pres. DAVID SOMMERS, 2d Vice Pres.
G. A. W. AUGST, Cashier. VAN L. RUNYAN, Ass't Cashier

Interest Paid on Time Deposits

Letters of Credit Available in All Parts of the World.

Prompt Attention and Courtesy Assured.

S.E. COR. FOURTH & OLIVE ST.

Sole Agents North German-Lloyd S. S. Line.

Saving Deposits

Open an account for any amount (from \$1.00 up,) add to it from time to time as your circumstances will permit, ere long you will have enough to invest in a bond or buy a lot. This company can be of assistance to you in more ways than one.

Highest rates of interest on both check and savings accounts. Savings Department open till 8 o'clock Monday evenings.

LINCOLN TRUST COMPANY,

(ORGANIZED APRIL, 1894.)

SEVENTH AND CHESTNUT STREETS.

Capital, Surplus and Profits \$3,600,000.

WHITAKER & COMPANY,

(Successors to Whitaker & Hodgman)

Bond and Stock Brokers.

Monthly Circular, Quoting Local Securities, Mailed on Application.

300 NORTH FOURTH ST., ST. LOUIS.

G. H. WALKER & CO.,

310 N. Fourth St., New Stock Exchange Building.

BONDS, STOCKS, GRAIN, COTTON.

Members—New York Stock Exchange,
St. Louis Stock Exchange,
Chicago Board of Trade.Direct
Private
Wires.

DEALERS IN

High Grade Investment Securities.

H. WOOD, President. RICH'D B. BULLOCK, Vice-Prest. W. E. BERGER, Cashier.

JEFFERSON BANK,

COR. FRANKLIN AND JEFFERSON AVES. - ST. LOUIS, MO.

We grant every favor consistent with safe and sound banking.

Highest rates of interest paid on time deposits.

Letters of Credit and Foreign Exchange drawn payable in all parts of the world.

St. Louis Trust Co.

Capital and Surplus, \$5,000,000.00

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

Safe Deposit Boxes \$5.00 and Upward.

GUY P. BILLON,

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for THE MIRROR by Guy P. Billon, stock and bond broker, 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. " 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102½-103
Park " 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	109-110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	April 10, 1906	110-111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jan 25, 1907	102½-103½
" " 4	A. O.	April 10, 1908	104-105½
" " 3½	J. D.	Dec., 1909	102½-103
" " 4	J. J.	July 1, 1911	111-112
" " 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1919	104-105
" " 3½	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104-106
" St. L. & S. (Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107-108
" " 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	107½-108½
" " 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	107½-110
" " 4	J. D.	June 1, 1914	109-110
" " 3.65	M. N.	May 1, 1915	104-105
" " 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102½-103

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277

Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Funding 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104½-105½
" 3½	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102-104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. & D.	June, 1920	104-106
" 4 5-20	A. O.	April 1, 1914	104-106
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-103
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	108-105
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	104-105
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	105-106
" 4 10-20	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105-107
" 4 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104-106
" 3½	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101-103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75-80
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100-101
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	106-106½
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	--60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101-103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100-101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99-101½
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mtg	1928	107-107½
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	109-109½
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1929	116-116½
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112½-113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	115-116
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s	1927	90-92½
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100-101
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	93½-93¾
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1910	103-100½
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90-99
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	102-104
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100-101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100-104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75-80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$750	Dec. '01, 8 SA	300-303
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8½ SA	216-220
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	325-350
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	267-270
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5 p.c. SA	289-291
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	180-190
German Savings	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	330-340
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1902, 20 SA	775-825
International	100	Mar 1902, 1½ qy	167-175
Jefferson	100	Jan. 02, 4 p.c. SA	185-200
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	525-575
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Mar 1901, 1½ qy	259-267
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	160-170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Mar 1902, 2½ qy	331-333
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	125-128
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Mar 1902, 8 SA	130-135
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	110-115
State National	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	212-214
Third National	100	Mar 1902, 1½ qy	257-259

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100	Forming	168½-169
Colonial	100	Mar. '02, 2 qy	224½-225
Lincoln	100	Mar. '02, 2½ qy	248-270
Miss. Va.	100	Mar. '02, 2½ qy	448-450
St. Louis	100	Mar. '02, 1½ qy	373-374
Title Trust	100	Mar. '02, 1½ qy	124-125
Union	100	Nov. '08, 8	463-464
Mercantile	100	Mar '02, 1, Mo.	419-420
Missouri Trust	100		126-127
Ger. Trust Co.	100		206½-207

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.		
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1912 102½-103
Citizens' 20s 6s	J. & J.	1907 109-111
Jefferson Ave.	Dec. '88	
10s 5s	M. & N. 2	1905 105-107
Lindell 20s 5s	F. & A.	1911 106-107
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115-116
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J. & J.	1913 115-116
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	M. & N.	1896 105-106
People's	Dec. '89 50c	
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	J. & D.	1912 98-103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	M. & N.	1902 98-103
St. L. & R. St. L.	Monthly 2p	100-
do 1st 6s	J. & J.	1925 103-107
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M. & N.	1910 100½-101½
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	1913 102½-103
St. L. & Sub.		88-90
do Con. 5s	F. & A.	1921 105-105½
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1914 117-120
do Merimac Rv. 6s	M. & N.	1916 112½-114
do Incomes 5s		1914
Southern 1st 6s	M. & N.	1904 104-106
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 106-108
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	F. & A.	1916 107-108
U. D. 25s 6s	J. & D.	1918 121-122
United Ry's Pfd.	Apr. '02 1½	85½-86
" 4 p.c. 50s	J & J	89½-89¾
St. Louis Transit		30½-30¾

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	237-238

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	Jan. 1902, 1½	32-3
" " Pfd	100	Jan. 1902, 1½ qy	91-92½
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	150-160
Bonne Terre P. C	100	May '96, 2	2-4
Central Lead Co.	100	Mar 1902, 1 MO.	128-136
Consol. Coal	100	Jan. 1902, 1	19-21
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar 1902, 1 MO	128-135
Granite Bl. Metal	100		262-267
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Nov. 1901, 1	90-98
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	48-52
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901, 1 MO.	110-115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901, 3 SA 3½	116-120
Laclede Gas, com	100	Mar. 1902, 2 p. c	89-90
Laclede Gas, pl.	100	Dec. 1901, 2 SA 2½	108-109
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		42-46
Mo. Edison com.	100		10-15
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Jan. '02, 1½ qy	100-101
Schultz Belting	100	Jan. '02, 2 p. c.	97-100
Simmons Hdwy Co	100	Mar. 1902, 6 A	185-190
Simmons do pl.	100	Sept. 1902, 3½ SA	158-160
Simmons do 2 pl.	100	Oct. 1901, 4 SA	154-156
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Mar. 1902, 1½ qy	16-17
St. L. Brew. Pfd.	100	Jan. '00, 2 p. c.	46-48
St. L. Brew. Com	100	Jan. '99, 4 p. c.	41-43½
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Sept. '94, 2	45-52
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec. '95, 2	1½-2½
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Feb 1902, 1 qy	72-75½
Union Dairy	100	Nov. '01, 2 qy	135-145
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Oct. '01, 2 qy	232-240
Westhaus Brake	50	Dec. 1901, 7½	176-177
Coupler		Consolidated	48-50

CRAWFORD'S

EASTER

"St. Louis' Greatest Store."



Millinery Dept.



Easter exhibit in our spacious Millinery Salon of all the latest importations and creations. Among the many we are exhibiting, and the very latest, is the Ribbon Hat, a very stunning and fetching conception, made of ribbons and flowers. Nothing like it shown elsewhere in beauty and design. We also call your attention to our original ideas in Misses' and Children's Hats! We are rapidly winning a most enviable reputation in this line. We are making a specialty in the Children's, Misses' and Infants' Departments.

High-class Novelties in Tailored Hats for street wear; exclusive numbers carried this season for our trade. Prices ranging from \$11.50 each, to.....98c

One of the latest Novelties is the Tuscan Straw Hat, made of soft Tuscan Braids; can be bent and shaped to become any one. Price, untrimmed, each, \$2.25, \$1.50, \$1.25 and.....98c

All the new Flowers and Foliage shown this season by the importers can be had here at exceptionally low prices:

Roses, 3 and 6 to bunch, worth double, at, each.....29c, 19c and 10c

Foliage—Autumn and Green Leaves, with buds and berries; worth double at \$1.25, 98c, 69c, 49c, 29c, 19c and 15c each

June Roses, Buds, Small Flowers and Blossoms, large bunches—69c, 59c, 39c and 19c each

Largest and best assortment of Baby Caps in St. Louis; prices from \$7.50 to 19c each

For up-to-date style, moderate prices and smart effects come to Crawford's.

The "Duke's" Departments

SPRING SUITS

Are now brimful of all the Easter novelties for the Spring of 1902, and as never before. Don't buy your new Spring Suit till you see ours.

There is no such display elsewhere—none so large—none so good as our stock of Ladies' Suits, Cloaks, Waists, Jackets, etc. How could there be? Where should you buy? Crawford's to be sure.



For \$3.98—A lot of Ladies' Fine Dress Skirts; all the latest styles; colors, tan, gray, red, blue, castor and Oxford; were \$5.75 up to \$8.50; now \$3.98.

For \$5.98—Here is a grand bargain in Ladies' Black Taffeta Silk Dress Skirts; made with deep flounces, trimmed with ruffles and ruching; were \$7.50 up to \$10.98; now only \$5.98.

For \$10.75—Ladies' Fitted Back Covert Cloth Raglans, made with 3 shoulder capes; colors, castor, black and Oxford; bought to sell for \$15.00; Our Raglan Special, only \$10.75.

For \$12.50—Here is a special bargain in Ladies' Fine Gibson Suits; handsomely tailor made; an \$18.50 suit; only \$12.50.

For 25c—One lot of Ladies' Wash Waists, black and colored; were 98c up to \$1.25. Our Waist special only 25c.

For \$5.98—Ladies' Black Taffeta Silk Eton Jackets; an \$8.75 Eton for \$5.98.

For 75c—Just received a fine assortment of Ladies' fancy figured Percale Dressing Sacques, trimmed with embroidery; bought to sell for \$1.25. Our Special Price only 75c.

Ribbon Department.



Unprecedented havoc in prices. Every item embodies a grand bargain offer, at prices that can not be duplicated elsewhere for such high-grade merchandise. Finest qualities of striped and plaid fancy Brocades, plain Taffetas, Liberty Satin and Satin Taffetas, all in the very latest foreign designs. A group of telling bargains in 6 lots:

Lot 1—Nos. 7 and 5, pure silk plaid and striped Hair Ribbons, actually worth, yard, 10c—	
Sale Price, yard.....	5c
Lot 2—3-inch pure silk fancy plaid and striped Wash Ribbon, "fast colors," actually worth, yard, 15c—	
Sale Price, yard.....	10c
Lot 3—3-inch plain Taffeta Wash Ribbon, pure silk, best value in the city, actually worth, yard, 19c—	
Sale Price, yard.....	15c
Lot 4—6-inch pure silk Taffetas and satin Taffetas, high luster, metallic finish, actually worth, yard, 45c—	
Sale Price, yard.....	25
Lot 5—4, 5 and 6-inch pure silk, fancy stripe and jacquard effects, best quality made, actually worth, yard, 45c, 50c and 65c—Sale Price, yard.....	25c
Lot 6—All our fancy Ribbons in best grades, worth from, yard 59c to 75c—all go at, yard.....	29c

D. Crawford & Co.,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

Intemperance

The leading business men and ministers of St. Louis endorse the IMMUNE TREATMENT for Intemperance. They not only endorse it, but use their influence with those in whom they are interested, to take this Treatment.



PAQUIN IMMUNE CO.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

GENTLEMEN:

We have, on more than one occasion, been approached by you for an endorsement of your Immunizing Treatment for Intemperance. We have heretofore refrained from giving this for the reason that we were not sufficiently assured of its effective cure for Alcoholism.

The endorsement of the leading business firms of this city, supported by that of our prominent local clergymen has excited our interest, and we have carefully inquired among unfortunates who were powerless to refrain from drink, and we find that after using your Immunizing Method, they are able to assert their manhood and are improved, both physically and mentally.

We therefore, cheerfully give you this letter, hoping that others may be induced to improve their condition through your effective Treatment.

Very truly yours,

MEYER BROTHERS DRUG COMPANY.
Per C. F. G. MEYER, Pres.

We, the undersigned, ministers of the City of St. Louis, recognizing that persons treated for alcoholism object to the use of their names for the purpose of giving publicity to a Treatment, however meritorious, and being satisfied, from the personal examination of testimonials of trustworthy men, that Dr. Ozias Paquin's Immunizing Treatment is accomplishing great good and is curing unfortunates, many of whom had relapsed into drunkenness after taking other Treatments, we earnestly recommend it to all sufferers from this dreadful scourge, and believe it a Christian act to lend our names, hoping it will serve to induce them to take this cure.

FRANK G. TYRELL, Pastor
Mt. Cabanne Christian
Church.

J. C. ARMSTRONG,
Editor *Central Baptist*.

J. P. T. INGRAHAM, Rector
Grace Ch. N. St. Louis
Episcopal.

JAMES THOMAS COFFEY, Pastor
St. John's Church, Catholic.

ROBERT P. GARVIS,
Formerly Editor St. Louis
Observer.

NAPHTALI LUECOCK,
Union M. E. Church.

JOHN F. CANNON.

D. S. PHELAN,
Editor *Western Watchman*.

MANLY J. BECKER,
Cor. Sec. Brd. of H. and F.
Mis. of M. B. G. A.

W. B. PALMER, Editor
St. Louis Christian Advocate.

B. P. FULLERTON,
Pastor Lucas ave Cumb.
Pres. Church.

FRANK W. SNEED,
Washington and Compton
aves Pres. Church.

J. H. GARRISON,
Editor *Christian Evangelist*.

JOHN T. M. JOHNSTON,
Delmar ave Baptist Church

SAM'L J. NICCOLS,
Pastor 2d Pres. Church.



THE PAQUIN IMMUNE COMPANY,
CITY.

GENTLEMEN:

We have this day received letter from Mr. — of —, Ky., inquiring about your Treatment for the drink habit. We have earnestly recommended it to him, for, as you remember, we have been the means of causing quite a number of persons to take your Treatment, all of whom have been completely cured of the habit.

We are especially interested in Mr. — because he is a man of exceptional talent and ability, and is capable of almost anything if he could be rid of the habit which he has unfortunately contracted, and we trust that if he takes your Treatment, you will, for our sake as well as his, give him special attention.

Yours truly,

MAYFIELD WOOLEN MILLS CLO. CO.,
J. D. SIMPSON, Sec. and Treas.

The Immunizing Method is unlike any other Treatment for the drink habit. We treat this disease from the *physical*, not the mental side; or, in other words, our Treatment affects the body, only, and it does it in such a way as to permanently remove all desire for drink, and at the same time, build up and strengthen the general constitution. There is scarcely a St. Louis firm of prominence but has endorsed this system of treating Intemperance, and their letters will be submitted to any one interested. Call on or address

PAQUIN IMMUNE COMPANY,

417, 418, 419, 420 and 421 Fullerton Bldg.,

ST. LOUIS.

Note—Those who write will please mention the MIRROR.

A TRIP IN THE OZARKS.

ST. LOUIS, March 12, 1902.

DEAR TOM:

You ask me to let you have the data regarding our late trip to the Ozarks and the little romance connected therewith.

I have rifled my wife's diary to get it for you—of course I have changed the names, but that is the only way in which I have altered it.

It seems queer, in this humdrum life of ours, that we should come in contact with circumstances such as these—It only goes to prove that facts are stranger than fiction.

Janet and I spent part of our honeymoon in the Ozarks. I wish I could describe to you her version of the scenes that were enacted in the Spring of 1901.

George is now in New York, and, needless to say, Louise is with him. If ever you get as far West as St. Louis come in and see us.

Yours,

Jack.

MARCH 7.

The most delightful music in the world was the sound of that bell. It warned us that we would start in a minute. We had hardly time to say good-bye, but I took the time to give an extra squeeze to the hand that was holding mine. Partings are always bitter-sweet. I had hoped for this trip to Eureka all winter, but now that I was on my way, it was with regret I left my many friends—and the hand to which I had given the extra squeeze.

It was with no regret, however, that I bade good-bye to slush, to snow, to smoke and to gray days.

We were a queer party, Colonel Brown and his wife, Mr. S— of New York, for whom the trip had been planned, father and his secretary, George Calvert, Louise and I. We were all bound for Eureka, but the Colonel, Mr. S— and father only meant to make it their headquarters, for business was the power that drew them from their offices this time of the year.

The Colonel's business was to get rid of his rheumatism and to be the jolly, good fellow for the party. Mr. S— and father were interested alike in the lead and zinc, mines also in the onyx, of which they had large holdings in the Ozarks.

The men played cards, and Louise and I dreamed of the delightful horseback rides

we were soon to have and the sunny mornings idling by the springs.

It was a glorious night; the moon, a crescent, seemed to be shedding as much light as if it were full. Why is it we St. Louisians go abroad to see a beautiful country, when one is spread at our very door—beauties that are not surpassed in the far-famed East or West?

The Frisco line runs through some of the most fertile country, not fertile alone in soil, but fertile in mineral, in timber, and as we sped along I beheld bits of scenery that, could they be put by some master-hand on canvas, would immortalize old Missouri.

The Colonel had retired, and I heard father and Mr. S— speaking of the things that had brought them to the Ozarks. It seems Mr. S— a New Yorker by birth, had sustained a severe loss in the elopement of a sister. She had married a man, not a desirable *parti* from a social stand point, just on the eve of the day set for her marriage to one of New York's Four Hundred. Her family never forgave her and, after years of lukewarm affection, they had finally drifted apart.

Some six years had passed and no word of her had reached the East. In the meantime Mr. S—'s family had died, and he

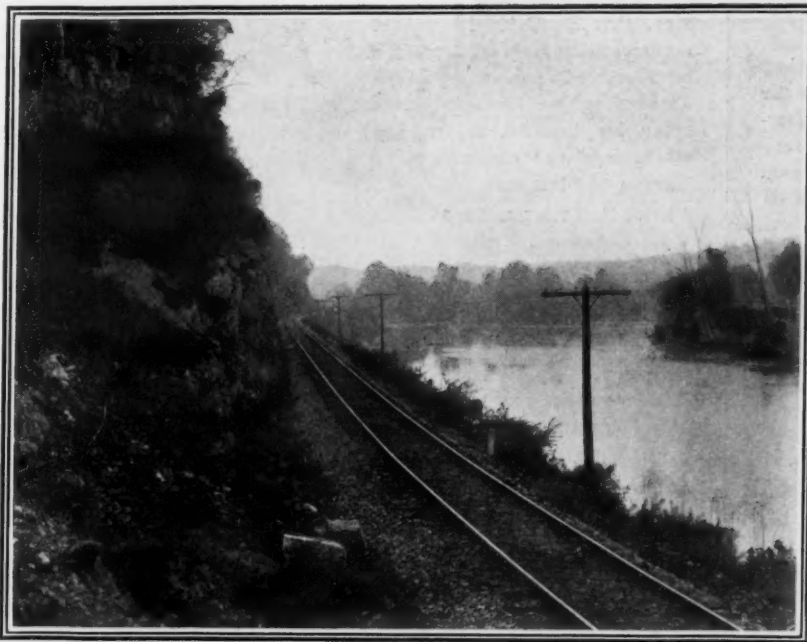
turned with much longing to the sister from whom he had been parted years before.

It was to find some trace of her that he

land through which it passes would delight the heart of a poet, and make the thoughtful ponder as to why nature had been so



ON THE WHITE RIVER.



SCENE ON BIG WARRIOR RIVER.



SCENE ON THE TOMBIGBEE RIVER.

had come to St. Louis. In St. Louis he had been told that she first lived in Rolla, afterwards moving up into the Ozarks, that her husband had become interested in mining, but had not been very successful, and there was a rumor that he had died, leaving his widow but poorly provided for. Notwithstanding the most diligent search, nothing further could be learned.

The other reason that brought them here was to inspect a certain mine in which Mr. S— and father each owned a fourth, the other half being owned by a mother and son who lived near the property. Up to this time the mine in question had never been a paying property, but recent news had held out the most brilliant promises. It was to see these other owners and buy them out, if possible, that they were now journeying. I fell asleep listening to father and Mr. S— discuss mines and the hidden wealth of the Ozarks.

I awakened next morning feeling fine and very much in love with life. To travel on the Frisco means maximum comfort and minimum worry. The road's equipment is perfect, its officials most courteous, and the

lavish with her gifts in this region.

While I acknowledged being desperately in love with the owner of the hand I was so loathe to part with, when leaving St. Louis, I also confessed to being desperately hungry, so when we reached Monett I fairly rushed from the train into the station. Who has ever breakfasted or dined at Monett and forgotten it? It is the Inn of sure-enough country butter, real eggs, the earliest and freshest vegetables and fruits, all supplied with a lavish hand and served by rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed waitresses, in dainty caps and aprons. After leaving Monett you are in the heart of the mountains before you realize it. You look back from the train and can hardly believe you have gone up such steep inclines.

The scenery had so bewitched me that we had reached Seligman before I was aware that I had been deserted by our party. Mrs. Brown, the Colonel's wife, was the only one near me and she was deep in a book, wholly oblivious to the open page that nature was holding up to her. Louise and George Calvert were apparently engrossed in each other and I noticed Louise wearing flowers, that she did not possess the night before, a flower of the same kind adorning George's coat. This young man strangely interests me. His manners are those of a city-bred man, but he claims to have been brought up in a country village and educated entirely by his parents. He is most reticent regarding himself, and while he has been with father over a year, we know little more of him than we did when he first came to us. He has quite won the regard of Mr. S—, and his regard is not lightly given. Mr. S— expressed himself to papa, as quite envying him his secretary.

MARCH 20.

We have reached Eureka, that queer little Alpine village transplanted just over our Missouri border. Its architects must have had the birds as tutors. No picture or description would ever do it justice. You enter a reception hall and after climbing a flight of stairs to your boudoir, you find you are still on the street level, for from your boudoir window you can walk out on the street just above the one you left. When you look up at the Crescent Hotel that

crowns the highest point in Eureka, you mildly wonder if you are to go up in a basket let down by a rope. At first one feels inclined to fear the steep roadways and shelf-like streets but the beauty of it all grows upon you daily and you would not have it different. You question why a town ever sprang up in such an unlikely place. The answer is—water—and such a delicious water, a water that, to-day, is restoring so many to health and, at the same time, is as sweet as the water we taste in our dreams. That water is about the only good thing, you cannot get too much of—its specific gravity is such that there is no discomfort, no matter how much of it you drink.

It seems almost like being home to be in our old rooms at the Crescent Hotel. We

news awaiting us. Mr. S,—while he has not found his sister, has found that the one-half interest in the mine in question was held by none other than his sister.

He is much depressed, however, to know that his sister died some two years ago leaving a son, who has gone to St. Louis. Of this child's existence he had had no idea.

This conversation had taken place in father's sitting room. During it I had noticed that George Calvert had changed color more than once. When Mr. S— had done speaking, George arose and looking at Mr. S— said, "Sir it was my mother who held the half interest in the mine of which you speak, and I am the child who went to St. Louis immediately after her death."

It was only a few days before that George

TO ADD INCHES IN HEIGHT.

This is particularly for the maiden or youth who is not tall, but desires to be so. One must hold one's self erect in the first place, without the least bending of the knees, which must be drawn in firmly, but not held tensely.

This erectness of pose can be acquired without stiffness by practice. Draw the hips well back, and throw out the chest. Carry the head high and well poised.

This poise can be attained by walking about the room five or ten minutes daily with something—a book, or basket—on the head. If one can balance a weight on the head while walking, the movement is from the hips, instead of from the waist, which improves the gait and makes a woman more thoroughbred in appearance.

Stretching is the next step—genuine, old fashioned stretching, both early and late and often; upon rising, upon retiring and during the day. Reaching up with the right arm, as though one were trying to touch the ceiling, then with the left, then with both arms, is an exercise which lengthens the line from the waist up.

Stretching makes the muscles elastic, and it helps to reduce a superfluous flesh. Again stand firmly, bend the body forward until you can touch the toes with the fingers without bending the knees. This stretches the muscles of the leg, just as certain breathing exercises and arm movements expand and broaden the chest.

Another exercise for lengthening the limbs is to swing the leg in as much of a circle as possible, pointing down with the toe, as though about to dig a hole in the floor—when your toe reached it. This will be difficult at first, but with practice can be kept up for some time.

All these movements must be done slowly; rapid ones are of no use. Don't overdo the matter at first—not more than twice a day until the body becomes accustomed to the work.

Let her also remember that the secret of grace is to teach every joint of the body to bend all that it can, and that the curves that most bewitch the eye are made by sidewise movements and attitudes which always please more than those forward or backward. By a little thought and practice one may acquire the willowy grace of swaying orchids.

THE "CALL" WAS A "RAISE."

The Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage tells the following story, of which he claims not to see the point, to illustrate the guilelessness of members of his profession. A clergyman and a prosperous layman were one day discussing the various aspects of the minister's occupation. Finally the layman said, a little scornfully:

"The trouble with you parsons is that you are not practical."

"But I insist that that is exactly what we are," replied the clergyman, warmly.

"No, you're not," said the layman, firmly.

"Well, how do you make that out?" inquired the indignant parson.

"Well, I'll tell you. You had an offer to go to Boston at a salary of \$5,000, didn't you?"

"Yes."

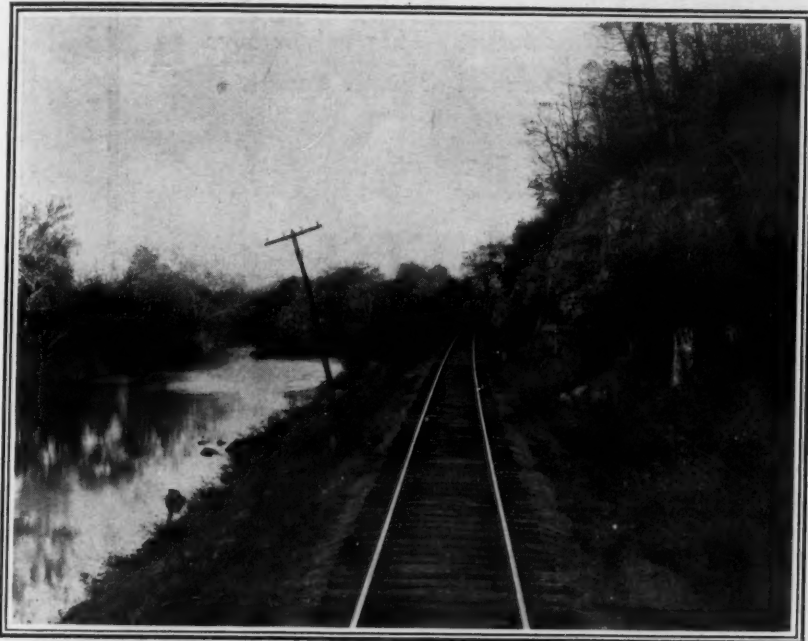
"And you're getting \$3,000 here?"

"Well, what of that?"

"Nothing—except you said you had a call didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, that wasn't a call at all. It was a raise."—*New York Tribune.*



SCENE ON CLEAR CREEK.

have been here three days, and the Colonel declares that his rheumatism is already better. Louise and I have had the most glorious horseback rides. Every tree and bush the country round is in bloom and the whole day long we are out of doors. Yesterday we rode to Marley, the largest of the many caves near here.

Yesterday George disappeared for the day, returning in the evening very moody. He did not even tell Louise where he had been. Father and Mr. S— are out of sorts, too. They have received information that the owners of the other half of the mine do not live near the mine; that the mother died some two years before, and the son moved East. To-morrow they are going to the mine to see if the glowing reports received from there are true. But father is to take his secretary with him, so that means to have Louise out of sorts.

The Colonel came knocking at my door bright and early this morning to know what was the matter with us all going up to the mine. He said, "don't be in a hurry girls, Mr. S— received telegrams calling him to Springfield this morning, so it will be a couple of days before he returns." He continued, however, and said, "I am going to take you all up to my peach farm, so be ready at ten o'clock."

The Colonel's farm is about twenty miles from Eureka and it is truly worth going twenty miles to see. He has one hundred and fifty acres. Every tree was laden with blossoms. His crop will be perfectly immense, and every one knows how delicious are the peaches of the Ozarks.

On our return to the hotel we have great

had learned that he had an interest in the very mine that Mr. S— and father had come down to see about.

His father had, at one time, large holdings in a number of mines in the Ozarks, but, so far, they had proved valueless, and it was only when he visited the property a few days before, that he heard that he was the very man Mr. S— and father were seeking.

MAY 1.

We spent three more weeks at Eureka, making little trips to all the villages near by. That country up there is certainly God's own country, and each day brings scores of people seeking health, rest etc.

While in point of population Eureka, is only a large village, in all the modern comforts, electric lights, perfect sewerage system, etc., it is certainly a city. The St. Louis & San Francisco system connect it with the rest of the world. Its trains run into Eureka many times daily thus keeping it in touch with the world's interests no matter where they may be.

SOMEWHAT RATTLED.

Everything was in readiness. The groom, best man and the minister were gathered in the vestry. The organist began to play and the minister started for the door. "Wait one minute, doctor," called the nervous groom. "Is it the right or left hand the ring goes on?" "The left," hurriedly replied the minister. "And, doctor, is—is it kismet to cuss the bride?" But the minister had fled.



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Why this hurry, worry and stew over the job of selecting a suitable suit?

What's the use? Why, the millennium will be pretty near when it becomes as easy for a man to find a collar button as it is to find fault with a poorly made suit or garment.

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POE'S MILITARY RECORD.

Edgar Allan Poe, author and poet, according to the records of the War Department, enlisted as a private in the United States army, served nearly two years with distinction—and was honorably discharged. His enlistment, which took place three years after Byron's death in Greece, was a boyish freak, prompted, perhaps, by reading books of military adventure. Poe served under the name of E. A. Perry, his right name coming into the record only in connection with his offer of a substitute. The enlistment was at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, May 26, 1827.

Poe is described by Lieutenant Griswold,

who enlisted him, as 22 years old, 5 feet 8 inches in height, gray eyes, brown hair and fair complexion. He was assigned to battery H, First artillery, which was soon afterward transferred to Fort Monroe, Va. Nearly two years after entering the army Poe was advanced to the non-commissioned staff, having, while at Fort Monroe, shown ability that attracted attention. On April 14, 1829, he offered a substitute, and was honorably discharged, having, at that time, the rank of sergeant major.

On July 1, 1830, he was admitted to the military academy at West Point, and on March 5 of the following year, was dismissed by order of court-martial, having grown tired of military life and purposely

violated rules and regulations which he knew would cause his dismissal.—*Washington Post*.

THE "TUXEDO."

"Owing to a discussion as to the proper use of a so-called Tuxedo coat, will you kindly state in your columns when and where the coat is now generally used?"

The Tuxedo coat is worn at informal home dinners and sometimes at the theater when there are no ladies in the party. It is not a dress coat and cannot be worn at any formal entertainment unless by a young man not old enough to wear a dress coat.—*New York Herald*.

The new stamp, which bears the effigy of King Edward, has not been received with much favor by his loyal subjects, who regard it as being highly inartistic. One of the queer customs that prevail in England is that the heads of successive sovereigns on coins and on stamps must face in opposite ways, and the king's head on these new stamps faces the same way as did that of his mother. Through some seeming flaw in the plates, also, his majesty carries on his forehead a slash which makes him look like a battle-scarred German student. The result is that an entirely new issue of stamps must be made.

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